

TURMOIL & TRAGEDY IN INDIA

1914 AND AFTER

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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Etc.

TURMOIL & TRAGEDY IN INDIA

1914 AND AFTER

by

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FOREWORD

WHILE the West was in the throes of the World War, there were many interesting and untoward happenings in India, which even if published in the Press at the time, attracted little attention. These events are, however, remarkable for several reasons which include the skill and devotion of those at the head of affairs, notably Lord Hardinge, Sir Beauchamp Duff and Sir Michael O'Dwyer, as well as the *Ghadr* Rebellion of 1915 ; the attempts to disrupt the army ; the drama at Singapore ; the loyalty and devotion of the martial races ; the enthusiasm and assistance of the bulk of India ; the bitterly persistent enmity of the implacable.

As a matter of historical interest they should be duly recorded and cherished in our memory at all times. The Rebellion in the loyal Punjab ; the treachery of Amanullah, who tried to incite India to revolt ; the cruel sequel of Waziristan ; the heavy loss to troops and native tribes directly attributable thereto, all form part of the drama of the Great War ; and are also to be noted and tabulated for the formation of sound judgment.

In the second part of this book I have outlined the post-war discontent and refractoriness, which have so marred the reigns of our political Viceroys, and made the benevolent intentions of Great Britain to add the coping stone to their great work of rebuilding, so difficult to attain. The Moplah Rebellion of 1921 ; the attempted Red Shirt rising of 1930 ; and the Afridi inroads ; the Cawnpore Holocaust of 1931, are all of vital importance to those who are old-fashioned enough to think that Britain bears responsibilities to India and duties to herself ; or to those who are so enterprisingly eager to pour new wine into old bottles and watch the resulting fun.

This narrative emphasizes the remarkable phenomena that have occasioned the troubles and perplexities that

have beset our Viceroys and their Cabinets since the end of the World War, as well as during the years of that struggle, and we may perhaps marvel at the skill with which the balls have been kept in the air, without one falling actually to the ground, even if juggling is not always equivalent to efficient Government.

G. MACM.

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TURMOIL AND TRAGEDY IN INDIA

CHAPTER I

BELOW THE INDIAN SURFACE IN THE PAST

The Argument. The *Coup d'œil* of India. Underground India through the Ages. The Suppression and Drama of Thuggee. Risings against the British in the Past. The Underground Concomitant of the Mutiny of the Bengal Army.

THE ARGUMENT

THE happenings in India during the World War remain practically a sealed book, not only to the world at large, but also to the peoples of the British Empire. The struggle was so tense in the West that this appears natural enough. Yet those in France who saw that astounding forest of masts and smoke-stacks coming up on the horizon which heralded the arrival of the Indian contingent, and how Marseilles went beside itself at the sight, should take some interest therein. Those who fed the Allied hosts should know something of what was going on in this continent of what was then 322 million souls, from which so many stores and supplies arrived.

The story of the strange hidden activities below the surface and the powder barrels of the East on which the British sat solemnly, even smoking their pipes thereon, is an entrancing one. Immense underground currents were in action, from the more stately morocco-bound letter from Kaiser William, signed by the Chancellor, telling all the princes of India that he was coming to release them from British oppression, to all the subterranean gamut, that had been gathering force; all the Communist and Bolshevik spies, counterspies, dirty dogs, and panders,

courtezans and tear-shirts, religious mendicants, interpreters, double-crossers, secret service agents, and the like. Over it all, two hundred thousand well-armed frontier tribesmen watching, with the Turk, the Sheikh ul-Islam himself, declaring a Holy War from the mosques and minarets of Stamboul—and the drum ecclesiastic-like to roll along a thousand miles of frontier. The Commander-in-Chief in India, than whom none knew better, the countless barrels of powder on which he sat . . . poured forth, persuading the Government of India that he could hold the fort . . . poured forth his troops, resources and reserves of arms, into what was really the insatiable maw of Lord Kitchener. Lord Kitchener knew what was there, and heartily and readily did Sir Beauchamp Duff, taking counsel of his courage rather than his fears, advise the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, and his Government that they might go. It is one of those things that some day history will place in its proper niche, in the appraising of values.

When we understand the mass of the explosive materials on which he and the Viceroy were seated, and the underground movements that the Governments of India had ken of, and still more those of which they were unaware, we shall find that there is much to marvel at, as also in some of the adventures which befell those whose duty it was to keep watch and ward, and dig the countermine.

Underneath the outwardly placid state of India, the chronic discontent, never still for hundreds of years, had opened its arms, as this story will disclose, to every sour and bitter fraternity that uncontrolled imagination can conceive as well as to every inimical one, that the War God brings in his train.

THE COUP D'ŒIL OF INDIA

It is always essential to any one who would visualize the Indian problem of to-day and the Indian story of the

past, to keep steadily before him the hard facts that govern both problem and story. They must think of the white Aryan races coming down through the Afghan plateau and passes to the Indus and Ganges valleys and plains over five thousand years ago ; of the teeming millions of Dravidian and other aboriginal races, with what is now believed to be an advanced culture of their own, whom they conquered. They must visualize the gradual domination of the Aryan as he penetrated jungles and mountain ranges ; of the natural lust of the young warriors, of the miscegenation that resulted, of the fear of the white race that their identity and superiority might thus be lost. They must then think of the evolution of the system of caste, *pari passu* with the development of the Brahminical religious teaching and of the priesthood as the spiritually dominant order, and how from this have arisen the strict inhibitions, combined with religious ordinances, which have kept the white races pure and intact, and the mixed peoples inferior. Let them mitigate their wonder thereat by thinking how profoundly deep with the intolerance of an inherent natural instinct lying deep in our Aryan consciousness, is the aversion of the American public to all admixture with negro blood, which is extended even to the most able and most beautiful who betray no visible sign of black intermixture.

Then let them remember the story of the rise and wane of Buddhism ; the incessant early inroads of Tartar conquerors and colonists in the North. Then again, at the time of the Norman Conquest of Britain ; the period of the fierce Moslem invasions ; the relentless hordes of the Crescent, that destroyed priest and temple and all who resisted. Let them think too, how, from this time Hindu Aryan India fell under the sway of the conquerors who covered the whole land, till they too were reduced, after many centuries, to a chaos that the British merchant-

adventurers, to their intense astonishment, were called on to restore—how they remodelled it through the generations, bringing peace and goodwill where there had been but enmity, hatred, chaos and lawlessness thrice personified; how the French would have taken a part with them had not the folly of Louis XVth's Government let them go down before the British whom they had provoked, but failed to come to terms with.

Let them envisage the strange events which brought the British to supreme control, the enmity of the Mahratta chiefs which only accomplished their own downfall; the fateful lure of the Indus, which compelled the unwilling English to occupy, however great their reluctance, almost the whole of what was once the Mogul Empire.

Then let them turn to their vast improvements, their countless miles of railways; their millions of irrigated acres; their mitigation of the drought-caused famine; their colleges and training institutions; their medical and sanitary achievements; all carried out in a space of time half that of the Roman occupation of Britain. Having done all this, they will see how vain is the cry of the fanatical youths of the murder cult, that British rebuilding has destroyed their nationality, their spiritual afflatus, when that had been killed by Islam close on a thousand years before, through the centuries of Turkish and Afghan oppression from the North.

Let them realize this in outline, and have regard to the population, 353 millions in 1931, as numerous as Europe outside Russia, inhabiting a country just about as large, with the great divisions of Islam and Hinduism strangely and fiercely inimical, with many other religions and countless divisions within Hinduism and under the Hindu umbrella. To crown all, let them remember 222 languages of which a great number are separately spoken by many millions . . . they will then be the more ready to

realize that during the World War, the problems may have taken a critical and embarrassing turn, from some of the many inevitable conflicting cross-currents.

UNDERGROUND INDIA THROUGH THE AGES

Through the ages, every power that has occupied the great throne of India has had to contend with underground forces of disruption and upheaval. The over-riding, ruthless Muhammadan conquerors from the North, the Mongols, Turks and Afghans, had a short enough way with all such disturbers when they could catch them, but the situation was endemic and incurable. In all countries there are some to whom peace, prosperity, contentment, are no soothing drugs, who are born acrid, bitter or at best visionary and to them nothing but Essex's remedy can apply: "Stone dead hath no fellow."

But the ferment through the centuries seems to have had its first manifestations when the Brahminical control of India fell before the steady advance that Buddhism made through the ages; since the first teaching of Gautama, Brahminism, that strange undying force, apparently driven into the potholes of the desert and the recesses of the forest thereby, never died, and came again to its own after a thousand years.

Under it, as we know vaguely, the whole of the old Hindu structure that the Buddha's teaching had undermined re-formed, and the old Hindu society and chains were reformed. Just as the *sacerdotum et regnum* of Brahminism seems to have recovered its own, came into India a new force, the wild conquering drive of the sons of the Prophet just mentioned. Brahminism had failed to form a common front to a common enemy. As the Moslem domination spread through India, hundreds of thousands of the lower classes, and indeed of the higher castes too, surrendered, often of their free will, to the regime of the

Crescent : Brahminism lost its hold to a great extent. It was, at any rate, in few parts of India left as the power behind the throne. Therefore, the conquerors and their faith became the object of persistent resistance. Patient and enduring beyond measure, it again lay dormant for 600 years. Then, the Hindu dominion of the Mahrattas and their Brahmin prompters seemed about to wrest the Turkish Empire of Delhi from the hands that could not hold it. In 1761 the despairing Moguls called in the great adventurer who became the founder of the Durani Empire. The host of the Mahrattas was destroyed on the blood-stained and fatal field of Panipat. The Hindu losses were enormous. Thousands of prisoners were put to death in cold blood. The underground capacities of India were instanced here by the bankers' cryptic message received all over India, in the vaulted chambers of those who hold the money-bags, announcing the disaster : " Two pearls of great price have been dissolved, sixteen gold *mohurs* have been lost, and of the silver and copper, the total cannot be cast up." For a generation Mahratta ambition and power was stayed. By the time that it had recovered from Panipat, an entirely new situation had arisen. The British power had grown out of all knowledge as it brought the trowel of reconstruction to the débris of the crashed Turkish Empire that had succeeded to the other Turkish dynasties of Delhi.

Gone now was the fierce rule of the Moslem. The British practised a meticulous protection of faiths and priesthoods, but still the age-old Brahmin instinct worked for the essential *sacerdotum et regnum*. All the venom that had been gnawing, unseen and often unsuspected, at the Moslem vitals, turned its attention to the British. Not that high caste Hindus were necessarily antipathetic. Far from it. Countless Brahmins are numbered among the ordinary laity, cultivator's soldiers, and men of learning.

These not only eagerly served the new-comers in numerous capacities, entered their service and shared their troubles, but were in many cases enthusiastically friendly as they are to this day. But the old patient venom and enmity still lived in the marrow somewhere, inscrutable and untraceable, yet always pregnant with life and possibility. Since the British succession to the derelict Mogul heritage this venom has displayed itself in many directions.

Whether the great upheaval of the Bengal Army and some of the provinces of India in 1857 was primarily due to Brahmin plotters, could never be ascertained, but there were countless lesser manifestations to show that such revelled in the condition which British want of vision had allowed to arise. There was a vast and cruel upheaval in which India, usually innocent India, suffered cruelly, at the mercy of arrogant soldiery and unscrupulous plotters. Driven underground muttering, but quiescent, the symptoms reappear whenever the time is at all propitious.

But Britain, who had kept the peace, held the balance of ill-will between Hindu and Moslem, and until Mr. Montagu appeared on the scene had, at any rate, induced the two peoples to live in amity, was forced to face another stream of trouble from the children of Islam. Islam is a world religion and a world power. Does the Islamic drum ecclesiastic beat in any part of the globe, it reverberates in India. Numerous are the occasions in which trouble from this source has arisen, in the past.

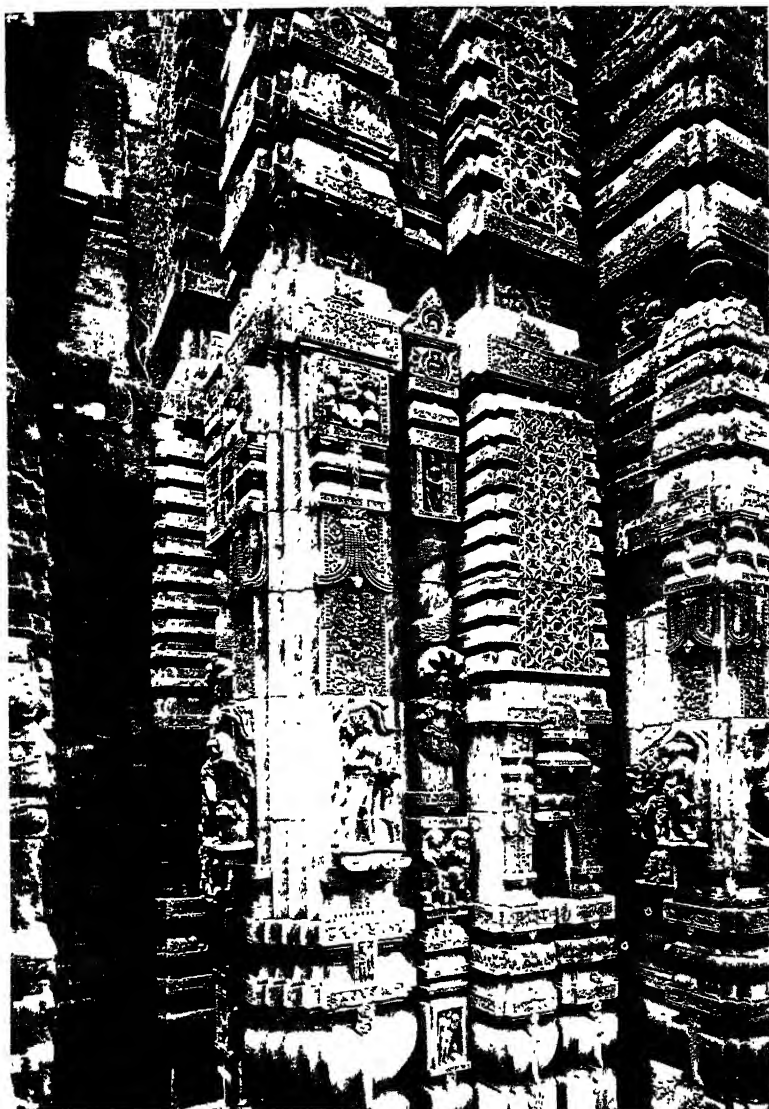
There were two pests in India, tackled by the British in the opening decades of the last century, that are steeped in the peculiar psychology which Asia can alone produce. They were, first, the age-old secret curse of the Thug, the ordered semi-religious theft murders which only came to the surface about 1830. Secondly, the Pindari curse of massed and organized banditry, due in this particular incarnation to the disorder consequent on the overthrow

of the Mogul dominion, but which, doubtless, was a normal concomitant of earlier irregularity. They are worthy of a more detailed description for they illustrate the inherent faculty of the East for the underground.

THE DRAMA AND SUPPRESSION OF THUGGEE

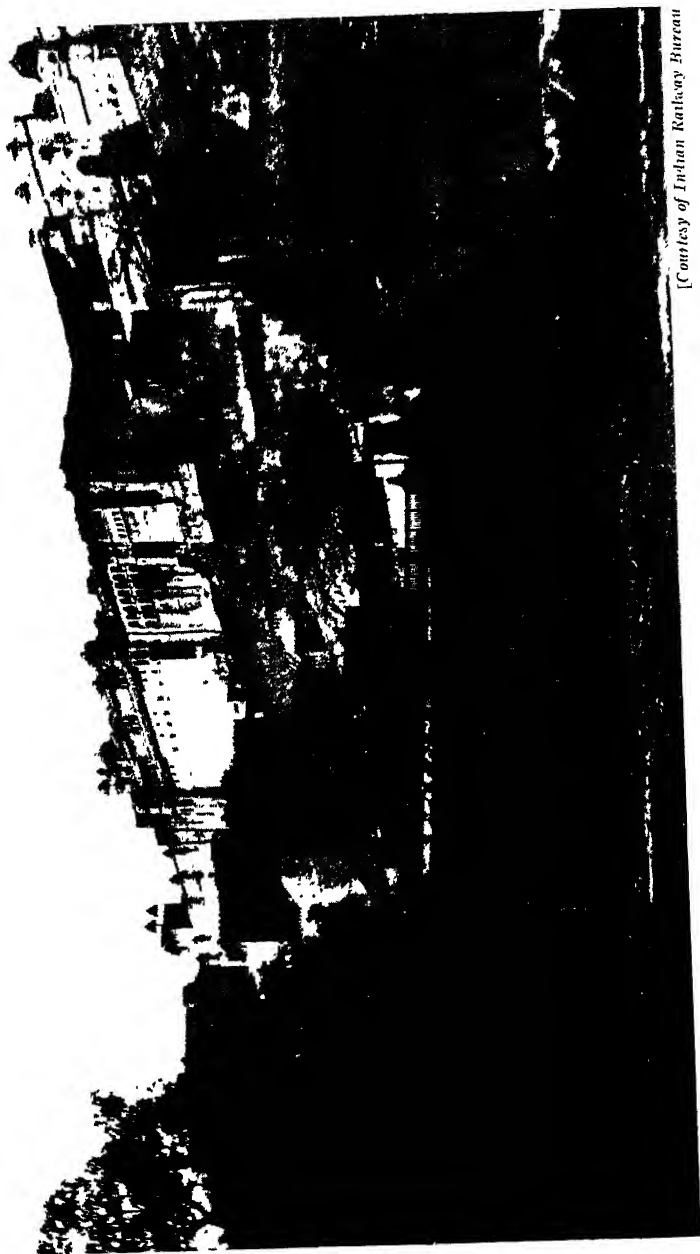
Early in the nineteenth century the attention of the Government of India was drawn to a phenomenon, that is amply illustrative of the capacity of India for underground burrowing, and criminal or subversive burrowing at that, which is such a feature of the real control. We need not trouble ourselves to dwell on the cause; the faculty is no doubt the results of ages of war and persecution as well as religious introspectiveness. But so long has it been indigenous to the character of the East that its eradication can only come but slowly.

There had long been indications and rumours of mysterious disappearances of well-to-do and important people in many parts of India, but especially in those in, and adjacent to, the Deccan and Malwa, and those territories which were coming more under British ken and jurisdiction during the opening decades of the last century. More than one officer in intimate touch with the people had collected information and compiled notes. The outbreak of the Mahratta War of 1817 and the hunting out of the nests of the astounding land pirates known as the Pindaris, just referred to, postponed inquiry. These freelance bands numbered many thousands who attracted all the masterless men whom the collapse of authority had urged to the calling of the bandit, or those whose uncurbed instincts were now free to follow their bent. This needed two years' march and countermarch of many mounted and other columns and all the attention of civil administrators, as well as more money than was easily obtainable. It was not till it was over that authority was free to verify the



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]

HINDU TEMPLE OF DAYS GONE BY, RICH IN THE LEGENDS AND
ANCIENT LORE



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]

PRINCES' INDIA

The old fortress-palace of Ambhur.

sinister rumours that were current, rumours of disappearances that had driven the military authorities some years earlier to order their Indian soldiers proceeding on furlough to their homes, to travel in bands, and armed at that.

The story of the secret murder cult and society is sufficiently astounding to be incredible, were it not fully recorded and documented. Among the many strange things that the impure accursed British—in the Gandhi metaphor—have done, nay one of the holy things, has been the rooting out of this accursed cult of Bhowani, who is but the Goddess Kali, of the *Phansigars*, or stranglers, known generally as the Thugs. From the time of Akbar at least, and probably for many thousands of years, there had existed an unknown, but greatly suspected widespread society, a secret fraternity, whose doctrine was the murder of the well-to-do and the wealthy for the sake of their goods. For generations, merchants, travellers and others had disappeared without their relatives having the least knowledge of what had become of them. They, and often their families as well, would just pass out of existence. Now and again some prince or ruler would exterminate a band on which he had lighted, but it was merely an *ad hoc* extermination for crimes that were brought home to them. That he had touched on a widely spread organization of crime tinged with some mystical fanaticism was never known to him, even if sometimes suspected. Only in a country that continued a prey to disorder through the ages could such a thing be. Yet we shall see the same instinct, developed on other lines, swaying revolutionary Indian youth in 1914. We shall see the same goddess that the Thug stranglers invoked in their enterprise, sanctifying the young bomb-parasts, the bomb-worshippers of Bengal.

In the stress of their labours in India, it was some little time before the British were able to put their thoughts into words. The word Thug had long been a term of ill omen,

but what it stood for no man seemed to know. Some facts had already been collected by Dr. Sherwood so early as 1816, and he wrote a paper for the *Literary Journal of Madras*, which purported to reveal the strange story. Then authority a few years later had time to study the matter and the fantastic nightmare proved to be as Dr. Sherwood had described it, only perhaps tenfold more widespread than even he supposed.

What exactly then was this cult? It was a vast secret society which both Hindus and Muhammadans joined. It was based apparently on some inherent hatred of the wealthy and fortunate, as enemies of mankind, descended perhaps of some ancient Persian cult such as animated the *Assasseens* of mediæval times. Its members expressed supreme devotion to Kali, wife of the god Siva, a *persona* of the deity. Siva represented the harder and more active side of life, birth, death, action, and Kali the female aspect of existence. As Bhowani the Thugs rendered her homage, dedicating their allegiance to her as directrice and protectrice. Their cult, however, had merely the aim of obtaining wealth for the personal use of its votaries; nevertheless, perhaps for the psychological reason aforesaid, every initiate soon developed a sacred joy in depriving people of their lives for the mere sensual gratification thereof. It became, in fact, a form of Sadism, and that unholy joy with which female Soviet executioners are said to have put their prisoners to death, or with which women of the mob howled round Madame Guillotine.

The statements of Dr. Sherwood were believed, at first, to be too sensational to be true, but as various magistrates took the matter up an astounding vista began to unfold. It was not, however, till the confessions of an approver came to be analysed and probed, that the whole story came to light of the highly-trained gangs who in disguise consorted with travellers. How each had his appointed

office of grave-digger, investigator, fugelman and strangler, and how their methods worked. Several of the public camping-grounds and groves were found to contain the bodies of literally hundreds of victims. Just as the Kali, to whom the Bengali boy anarchists are made to vow obedience, is depicted with garlands of skulls and with gnashing teeth closing on victims, crying "*Main Bookhi hun*," "I am hungry," so did the goddess Bhowani demand ruthless murder. Husband, wife and beautiful children would all be silently strangled with the silken noose and put into the waiting grave. The famous Colonel Sleeman, or Captain Sleeman as he then was, who was one of the principal exterminators, could not believe all that Feringhea, the informer, told him, till he was informed that thirteen recent victims lay beneath his very tent, as he immediately proved by exhumation. Hundreds of thousands must have been the tally of victims. How the British Government between 1830 and 1840 hung and transported for life the worst offenders, and confined the lesser in settlements at Jubbulpore, is outside this story, but is a remarkable achievement. The point indeed of the outlining of the matter here, is to throw light on the secretiveness, the mystery, and the burrowing that India is capable of, before showing something of what the British Government and their indefatigable and highly organized secret service had to contend with in recent times. Perhaps also, it will suggest that the spirit that animated the Thug fraternity stalks the land to-day, vowed to the same goddess of gnashing teeth, who is symbolic of human tragedy.

THE RISINGS AGAINST THE BRITISH IN THE PAST

It is not to be expected that a Western people should have gained the control and accomplished the pacification of the Continent of India for over two centuries—about half the time as already said that Rome ruled Britain—

without encountering risings and rebellions. At the same time, it is to be remarked that the occasions of these have been so rare, and their results so easy to repress, that it will be impossible for the historian to admit that British rule could have been anything on the whole but extremely acceptable and extremely wise and tactful. To this must be added the fact that until the Mutiny of a part of the army in 1857, the number of European troops in the whole of this vast area was something like 35,000 men. The martial races of the countryside have always flocked, as they flock now, to serve the men who understand and lead, to serve eagerly, all over the world, the flag that the Gandhi miserables find so oppressive.

In the earlier days there were combinations of the free chiefs outside our control, notably of the Mahratta group, to prevent our further expansion and to drive us forth in the opening years of the nineteenth century. In the last decade of the eighteenth, Tippu, the usurping ruler of Mysore, after years of encroachment and three wars with the British, called on Islam, called on the Durani Emperor or as much as was left of him, to come down and drive forth the foreigner. Yet it was Indian chiefs and soldiers led by the spearhead of a small British force, who destroyed Tippu and broke the power of the Mahratta. The great rebel army of Gwalior, and the fierce legions of the Sikhs, both European trained, went down before forces of which 75 per cent of the massed red coats were Indian, with dusky skins atop the King's or Queen's scarlet. The fiercer fighting in these two wars fell, it is true, on the white troops, but the great unflinching red line was largely Indian.

But fanatics and deplorers have often led small rebellions and those of the underground type. In 1770 the *Sanyassis*, the religious recluses in Bengal, engineered an abortive rising, engineered it when the British rule had had little

time to make its beneficence felt. It was easy enough to repress it, despite the underground milieu in which it was worked.

In 1806 there was a serious outbreak, largely military, in Madras, known as the Mutiny of Vellore. Several underground organizations, both political and semi-religious, were able to work on the disgruntled feelings of some of the troops. It came to nothing because authority, with Rollo Gillespie at the point of danger, was prompt. There were similar outbreaks in Bengal in these days, owing to some discontent or misunderstanding of the soldiery, but these risings were easily suppressed.

In 1764 the 9th Battalion of Bengal Sepoys mutinied, and Clive had the ringleaders blown away and there were three or four similar cases before 1812 in Madras. So recently as the great mutiny of the Bengal Army referred to in 1857, this penalty was imposed to a considerable extent on soldiers who had combined mutiny with murder and atrocity. This mode of punishment is instantaneous and far more humane than that of impromptu tree hangings, which is a process of slow strangulation. The former is not only instantaneous and therefore painless, but has the great advantage that should form the motive of all serious punishment, that it acts as a terrifying deterrent. There are many extant accounts by eye-witnesses of such executions, in which indeed one of the outstanding features is the fortitude with which the condemned accepted their fate, recognizing its instantaneous method of dispatch from one sphere to another, which in the East is in itself never dreaded.

To this day this mode of execution is in constant use in Afghanistan. A few years ago the Amir in a fit of economy ordered that the noonday time gun should also carry out any executions pending. This gun was fired from the Behmaru heights above Kabul, and the villagers below

complained that the pieces of the victims fell among them, as they ate their midday meal in the courtyards outside their houses at high noon.

In 1831 there was a movement in Bengal subversive to authority due to that fierce leaven of puritanic Islam which will be alluded to again, the Wahabi movement. Then one Titu Mian led his fierce followers to the destruction of temples and the slaughter of Hindus. A year or so later there was a different type of rebellion which required considerable repression. That was a rising of the large group of the aboriginal Kol tribes also in Bengal, to be followed in 1856 by similar outbreaks in the Sonthal hills.

In these troubles it was always found that religious or other agitators were eager to seize on any local discontent to foment disturbance and rebellion, and that the local religious mendicants were almost always used to spread any rumours that might inflame simple folk. Among the many and constant sources of trouble would be rumours that food was being tampered with. Sometimes these tamperings and adulterations were attributed to some set of traders who had enemies, sometimes to local police or rival religious bodies, sometimes the rumours were set afloat to stir up ill will against authority. Prior to the mutinies of 1857 the rumours that Government, that the Queen of England, had ordered defilement by impure food which would destroy the status of high caste Hindus and ensure their turning to Christianity, were most sedulously spread by the mischievous and the implacable. So much was and is this still the case, that when fifteen or twenty years ago the Government of India decided for the first time in history to feed the Indian soldier itself, it was most essential that Government should grind its own wheat and be in a position to show its mills to delegates and so assure them of the groundlessness of rumours regarding tampering with flour. Government indeed contemplated

if such tales were rife, of placing sepoy representatives to watch the whole process from grain to sack.

The foregoing gives a faint idea of what is constantly below the surface and will prepare the reader to follow the strange growth of anarchical sedition in India during the first quarter of the twentieth century.

Not many years after the Mutiny there arose in the Punjab a wild movement, in which Tara Singh, a carpenter, a mixture of religious devotion and political theory, headed a movement among Sikhs known as *Kukas*. They had seized arms and put to death many harmless natives before local civil authority, with the memory of 1857 fresh in their minds, repressed them ruthlessly. For fifty years afterwards it was thought necessary to publish confidentially reports of all movements of *Kukas*.

THE UNDERGROUND CONCOMITANTS OF THE MUTINY OF THE BENGAL ARMY

The story of the "Mutiny of the Bengal Army," more often if inaccurately called the "Indian Mutiny," is outside the province of this book, save so far as allusion to its underground concomitants is concerned. It was, let it be said, a Mutiny of the big army of Bengal, but the large army of Madras was unaffected, as also the large, but lesser one of Bombay, at least for all practical purposes. Such important side forces as the Hyderabad Contingent with its horse, foot and artillery, not only stood out, but took a prominent part in its suppression.

Suffice it to say here on the general question, that the India of the first half of the nineteenth century had been changing. The British Army had experienced their first large scale reverse in Afghanistan. The Bengal Army had had more hard knocks than its rank and file appreciated in the two Sikh Wars, and foolish administration had deprived commanding officers of much of their authority,

fatal in any army, doubly so in an Eastern one. The annexation policy of Lord Dalhousie had set the princes and the bazaars talking and wondering, and for a moment British prestige and infallibility as well as benevolence were in question. The Moslem spirit was abroad within the Palace of Delhi where the shadow of the old Mogul Raj lived in some comfort and dignity, but with no power. The old King was, in fact, where the British had put his grandfather, after they had rescued him blind and destitute from Mahratta durance fifty years earlier. Forgetful of the Mahratta peril, the court entourage dreamed of tipping the British from their throne, though there was not one among them with any genius for anything but the lowest intrigue. In Lucknow, the capital of Oudh, the annexation forced on the Company by generations of pitiful misrule, had set the spirit of Islam restless. The native army of the Bengal Presidency had been expanded beyond all sense of proportion to garrison the new responsibilities undertaken during the ten years preceding 1857. Regulars and irregulars had been greatly increased, and not only was there hardly any balancing addition to the European garrison, but that garrison had been weakened by withdrawals for the Crimea.

In Brahmin circles the age-old ferment went on : watching and waiting. At Bithoor, near the cantonment of Cawnpore, there was a special centre of Brahmin unrest, owing to it being the residence of the dethroned Peishwa since 1817, and subsequently that of his adopted Brahmin son, the Nana Dundoo Punt. There were thus many centres of possible trouble and passing between them were plotters and intriguers, and then the strange good fortune that came to such, born of the "greased cartridge" rumour—the rumour that the drill for the muzzle-loading rifle that was coming to the army involved the tearing off from the top of the cartridge, of a greased patch, necessary in

ramming home the bullet. Tearing off the top of the cartridge with the teeth was no new thing, but the greased patch was. Rumour said that the Queen had ordered the grease to be of pigs' and cows' fat mixed, so that Muham-madans should be defiled and Hindu prejudices hopelessly outraged, and both peoples be driven in despair to adopt Christianity. In a country where nothing is too preposterous to be believed, this story spread like a forest fire. Every mischief-maker and every plotter repeated it. There was sufficient doubt concerning the composition of the grease patch in the experimental cartridges from England to provide a slight basis to the rumour. But long before any of these could have reached the troops, they were greasing their own with native butter. The military authorities were prompt enough in their action, but rumour had got ahead of truth. Then was added the bone-dust in the flour fiction, and any other one convenient tale, and the whole Bengal Army went up in flames. Chance had brought what no plotter was clever enough to have thought of : a cry that could unite the usually antagonistic Hindu and Moslem beliefs had come not from heaven, but from hell. We need not pursue the story further, save to point to the medium in which Eastern rumour can work mischief. We have seen this as recently as 1930, when the new Marriage Bill, framed by Indians, was distorted beyond belief, as will be related. Between 1857 and 1930 there were numerous examples of similar phenomena. Curious among such correlated matters is the phenomenon of that portent, the attention-drawer.

Just before the outbreak of the Mutiny there occurred that curious sign, the snow-ball sign of the *chupattis*, the distribution of unleavened cakes. These began to arrive at villages, and were sent from the watchman at one to the watchman of another, with a verbal message to make four more and send them out " to the north and the south,

the east and the west." No man could say whence this originated, and how far it went, whether it began as some practical joke or from some misunderstood action, or whether it was circulated of fell purpose. Indian opinion inclined to the view that it meant : " Look out for something to happen." Old men told of its having occurred before. Government never discovered whether it was started of design or if it had anything to do with the outbreak, but it certainly set men agog, and our own officials as they got wind of it, wondering. Many years later some excitement was occasioned in Behar when it was known that trees were daubed in many districts with mud and hogs' bristles stuck therein.

With the widespread come and go of the religious mendicants, the spreading of any sign is always an easy matter. Meanings of such are often as hidden from normal Eastern mind as from the Western, but then India is a country of many abnormal minds and ten thousand strange customs, that derive from far back into antiquity.

CHAPTER II

INDIA IN 1914

The British Position in India in 1914. The Frontiers and Neighbours of India. The British Provinces. The Princes' States.

THE BRITISH POSITION IN INDIA IN 1914

THE spring months of 1914, despite untoward movements of sedition and mass piracy, that were in progress in Bengal, to be described hereafter, and despite seditionist agitation of some years' standing in a somewhat different place in the West of India, opened, as they opened in Britain and, indeed, all the Empire, with every sign of prosperity. Trade boomed, the rains had been copious the year before, irrigation ensured crops over many millions of acres, Indians were taking an increasing share in legislation and in progress, Lord Morley's Legislative Councils in every province, as also at the Central Government with a non-official majority, had appealed strongly to the more sober elements. The great machinery of Government and the network of private enterprise, flourished.

The area of the continent of India, with its 1,800,000 square miles, as all the world should know, is so organized or has so developed that some three-fifths of the area are directly administered, and two-fifths are in the hands of "Ruling Princes" whose territories vary from the size of half of France to that of Battersea Park. The Princes number between five and six hundred, and have entered into alliance and subordination to the British under many varying terms. In some of the States the rulers come of dynasties whose establishment dates far back in the mists of time. The division of British India was into many provinces each with its own legislature, varying in size from two or three million acres, as in the Frontier Province, to those as large as the United Kingdom.

India was defended by a British Indian army of some 70,000 Europeans of the British line and some 150,000 regular Indian soldiers, besides irregulars and military police. Both were mingled in the war formations, the British and Indian units side by side. Since 1857 the major portion of the artillery has been European. A great camaraderie existed between the units of the various races, while the Indian ones consisted also of men of different native races either in separate units or in regiments in which the peoples of different stocks were grouped in companies.

But of all the millions of India it was estimated that during the War, when man-power was closely studied, that only some 35 millions of every age and sex were of sufficient physique and capacity to produce men fit to bear arms, with an actual total at most of five millions of military age.

The come and go of Indians to Britain for the purposes of business and education, and of amenities, or to share in great functions, was very considerable, and was yearly increasing. The Princes took a special delight in visiting Britain and the European continent.

Lord Morley's Legislative Councils, aforesaid, with their large nominated leaven, were giving great satisfaction and helping the administration solve the now so insistent daily problem of pouring new wine into old bottles, without those bottles, those very old bottles, bursting. All the while the strange anarchical underground agitation in the youthful intelligentsia in Bengal was at work, as will be described later, a movement born of the ideas of Western anarchists and freedom-merchants transplanted into a rank soil supercharged with the more harmful bacteria. But this did not affect what the foolish Mr. Montagu later called the pathetic contentment of the people. Why it should be pathetic to be content with your lot, to see the

sun shine and the rain fall in due season, to see two blades of grass, and with the help of the British irrigation engineers a hundred, grow where one had grown before . . . to marry and give in marriage, to enjoy the feasts of the gods, and to be thankful to the power that had made peace possible, is not stated. But, since Mr. Montagu belonged to the world's exiles, what may have seemed pathetic to him was very ordinary content to others. It is no use being discontented when you can neither alter the rigours and vagaries of your climate, nor the salts and moisture in the bulk of your soil. So despite its pathos, the peasantry were content, even as they are now.

“ The ploughman turneth his share
More deep in the grudging sod,
For the land and the corn are all my care,
And the rest is the Will of God.”

And while doing so, they poured forth their martial men, and the non-fighters their labour, so that England and all that England stands for, should not be defeated. What the ruling intelligentsia in the schools said did not matter, or might well wait.

That was the internal situation, the three hundred odd millions, the ten great provinces, the prosperous, if simple life, and the great struggle of the British to assist and guide the people to more prosperity, less risk, and better standards of life.

THE FRONTIERS AND NEIGHBOURS OF INDIA

Outside, the situation, the geographical situation of India, is too often forgotten. She actually touches frontiers with France, with China, and with Persia. But for a strip of no man's land on the Pamirs she touches Russia, while if we include Afghanistan, as she has been for the last four thousand years, within the Indian orbit, we march,

so far as responsibilities go, with Russia for many hundred miles. Whether by alliance and design, whether by geographical position, British India is wedded for all time to the integrity of Afghanistan. Tsarist, or Soviet Russia, the Bear is always the Bear. The fact, however, that Holy Russia was numbered among the allies, expelled for the time being old fears and animosities. The attitude of Afghanistan towards Britain might or might not be in question, the attitude of Russia towards Afghanistan was not. So when the war broke out, it was advantageous to India that with her allies her territories marched.

One factor was of special importance. For several hundred miles on the North-eastern frontier, the friendly Kingdom of Nepal marched with India. Partly Hindu, partly Buddhist, with no very distinct line between, the Rajput rulers and their Mongoloid subjects had been friends and allies of Britain for exactly a century. The fierce Nepal War, fought to drive the Nepalese invaders from the submontane Indian tracts, had ended, in the year of Waterloo, with an honourable peace. The best British General had given his life, many Nepalese chiefs had fallen. Defeat, but not disgrace, was their portion, and the prisoners of war were enlisted into British corps on the very battlefields.

Since then, staunch and unwavering had been the alliance, the alliance of two independent powers. In the troublesome days of 1858, a Nepalese Army had helped to reconquer Oudh. At the outbreak of the World War the Nepal Government had allowed its subjects to fill twenty battalions of the line of the Indian Army, besides serving in military police units, while on the frontier the British were on firm ground so long as they were true to themselves.

The anxieties then confined themselves to the conduct of Moslem Afghanistan should Turkey join the Centra



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]

THE INDIAN WAR MEMORIAL AT DELHI
Some who thought the Raj worth dying for.

Powers. The attitude of the 200,000 tribesmen on the North-west Frontier, Turkey or no Turkey, needed consideration, and gravest of all, the possibility that within their gates fanatical Moslems might respond to a possible call from the Caliph, and the seditious Hindu.

That in brief was the outlook on the India frontiers as it appeared in August, 1914.

THE BRITISH PROVINCES

The ten provinces of India varied as has been said, considerably in population as they do now, from Bengal with over 50 millions to the Frontier Province of 2 or 3 millions. The great Presidencies of Madras and Bombay, as well as that of Bengal, numbered over 20 millions each. Each in its way was a hive of activity, modern business methods and modern manufactures having long been in operation in the great ports such as Bombay, Calcutta and Karachi. Activities of all kinds actuated the provinces, but railway, irrigation and agricultural improvements with general, if difficult, endeavours to prevent disease, were the operations most in evidence.

Universities, technical and medical colleges had been steadily growing, and the problems of the age were being steadily explored on sympathetic lines.

The productive area of India had increased by millions of acres, thanks to irrigation, and the export of wheat was pouring wealth into the corn-grower's pockets, and still more those of the wheat exporter. Several hundred steamers every year were transporting wheat and barley to the West, when the great calamity of the World War occurred.

The visit of King George and his coronation at Delhi two years before, had been a climax of simple yet prosperous content, although it had been necessary to lay by the heels all likely to indulge their bombing proclivities. To the urban public of the country-side, who had seen no real

Emperor since Aurungzebe, his progress and appearance were almost those of a God.

Bombay, Madras, Bengal, Central India, the United Provinces, Behar and Orissa, the Punjab, Assam and the Frontier ; all except the last-named, as large as many of the States of Europe were pressing forward each on its own line, and over it all the great network of railway extended more than forty thousand miles. In the bowels of the earth the volcano rumbled, it is true, but with its rumbling of little import so long as the crust was firmly held. No impartial observer but would comment on India's happy and prosperous state, while however noting as all who know the land, that simplicity of life only is possible in a country where agricultural returns in a thickly populated land with a trying climate are necessarily small. Yet though India is a country of hard and simple living unknown to the West, rarely does man go to bed cold or hungry.

It is rather the custom of those who stand apart, and observe without any knowledge of the past, to remark on the difference in these great Provinces since the "Reforms," saying how restricted they were before, how free now. Devolution for people who are ready for it is ever admirable up to a point, but these provincial Governments had always plenty to do in carrying out the existing laws and orders over their enormous areas, and bearing their immense responsibilities, and they were not in the least the automata that the Liberal writer to-day is pleased to picture. Owing to the meticulous mentality that resides in the brain of the Indian clerical class, Red Tapisism has been customary, especially in matters of account and audit devices that drove the British officer in departments to despair, but it is to be doubted if anything short of miracle can remedy that defect of the Indian mind. The men who hampered more than anyone else, were the successive Secretaries of State, but the

machine that they and the Governments operated was enormous, passing the belief of those who judge by Western models. The point, therefore, in this connection to realize is, that the Indian Provinces, some as large as Great Britain, were adequately, efficiently and humanely governed according to the ideas and shibboleths of the age. It may fairly be said, that save for the fanatical and impracticable aspiration and venom festering among Bombay Brahmins and in Bengal which are to be described, the garden was very fair. India, like many other states and peoples, suffered much from the world cataclysm and the whole course of her development has been affected thereby—a development that should have been steady and methodical has been deflected by jerks and marred by catastrophe. It is almost impossible for people in Britain, for instance, to visualize the tragedy which the fall in the value of silver alone has brought on India, or the strange manner in which the decline in all values has reacted on her countless millions.

THE PRINCES' STATES

But vast and immensely important as are the British provinces of India, let us always remember that two-fifths of the continent and a quarter of the population already referred to are contained within the "Princes' States," States which we call "feudatory," for want of a more accurate term, to the King of Great Britain. These number, as has been said, between five and six hundred. They comprise several categories, first those ancient Princes and States of Rajasthan formed as the old Rajput tribes upped sticks before the Moslem invaders, retreated into the inaccessible mountain deserts and jungles of Central India, and only in the later days of Moslem power rendered fealty to Delhi. To them the advancing British came as saviours who delivered them from the ruthless claws of the Mahratta Confederacy. The next category

are those freelance leaders, such as the Mahratta Generals Sindia, Holkar, and the Gaikwar, who carved principalities for themselves at the collapse of the Mogul Empire ; or of Mogul Governors who became independent at the same period, e.g. the Nizam. A third category would be those that the British Government itself has created such as Kashmir, and a fourth, chiefs outside our then range who appealed at one time or other for protection, e.g. " the Protected States " of the Punjab, Patiala, Nabha, etc. They are all alike in this : that they are in direct treaty with the Viceroy as representing the British Sovereign, and not with the Government of India as such. The difference is very important, and is accountable for the real trouble behind the scenes in fulfilling the provisions of the White Paper.

Many of these princes possessed from time immemorial considerable forces of which in late years a portion has been trained and equipped for the service of the King Emperor and known as Imperial Service Troops. The remainder, of far less efficient character and equipment, were available for Royal ceremonial and support of the police or revenue authority.¹

For many years before the World War, a firm relationship between the Princes and the Crown had been sedulously fostered. The influence of Queen Victoria and her successors had been very beneficial, the friendship and devotion very real. Whether the Princes were good or bad rulers, their whole tradition fostered loyalty to the paramount power, while the respect and honour with which they were always received, especially in London, served to accentuate this feeling. When the World War broke out these chiefs proffered every sort of assistance, their persons, their troops, their treasure and their resources,

¹ Since the World War, all State troops are maintained on one scale of efficiency and reduced in numbers to that end.

often indeed far beyond their real resources. In every one of the previous wars of the last fifty years, great and small alike, the same had been the case. Not only was it the fashion, but a solemn duty and innate pleasure to identify themselves with the Crown, under which all British forces in peace and in war, at all times, serve.

Nor at this stage had any of those seditious manifestations to be shortly described (which it pleased British politicians to cosset and with which they delighted to coquet) any existence in the Princes' States. A short shrift and a long drop was from time immemorial the guerdon of such, or the mouth of a cannon on the ramparts. The Princes' States, then as now, despite their many anomalies, to Western minds, of the autocratic dictatorships, were completely British in sympathy—wholly British because their rulers were so.

CHAPTER III

THE PRE-WAR REVOLUTIONARY CANCER

Sedition in India. The Birth of Modern Sedition. Sedition in Bengal, 1906-1912. The Development of Sheer Anarchical Intent. The Attempt to Poison Madras. The poison in the Punjab. The Initiatory Rituals of the Bomb-Pervert. The Depravation of Youth.

SEDITION IN INDIA

TO follow the eruptions of the Indian Volcano during the War Period, it is necessary to study in outline the systematic attempts by small bitter cliques in India, prompted by the ancient Hindu venom referred to, and by the misdirected world-force that the faith of Islam can, at any time, be certain to produce in fanatical minds.

It is also to be noticed that one of the phenomena of an India, where the robin has a red stern instead of a red breast, is for movements of all kinds to gang agley. Societies are founded by the earnest and the benevolent, which tend to take an unintended form. Even the Boy Scouts have not been devoid of anxiety for this reason in India, while beneficent movements become tainted with communal and political bias very readily. This phenomenon, though accentuated in India, is not unknown, of course, in the West, as those who know the inner history of the Co-operative Societies and their origins are well aware.

There is a mentality in India among the unmanly Hindu classes chiefly, who, through the ages, have never taken part in martial or virile life, which, under the education and freedom that the British have provided, seems to find revolutionary plotting a singularly appetising purpose in life.

Practically from the commencement of the last decade of the nineteenth century this form of adventure had been developing. The good, simple British statesmen, whom the

peaceful life of England thoroughly hypnotizes in their outlook upon the realities of life, have habitually pooh-poohed the warnings and advice that they have received from those who know and understand. The serious warnings that Government received, and the information that this spirit was likely to run riot among many of the impressionable students of the universities they ignored.

The wise partitioning in Lord Curzon's time of the overgrown province of Bengal, which in 1931, despite its various trimmings, numbered 55 millions, was looked upon as a very great grievance in Bengal. It is not necessary here to dwell on the story save to say that an astounding murder cult grew up then, in which Young Bombay and Bengal took a very large part.

THE BIRTH OF MODERN SEDITION

With the Mutiny sores healing, sores which had not extended to more than a fourth of the Continent ; with the administration doing all it could to foster such progress as India needed and could afford, great prosperity was arising as the nineteenth century waned to its setting. More and more were the educated Indians taking a prominent place in life and in official circles. Richer and richer waxed the traders and the merchants of the ports, better used were the people. Nevertheless, for some inscrutable reason, sedition and the nationalism of groups were arising, especially in those highly strung and introspective natures aforesaid.

The movement began in more active form in the West of India, where the Deccani Brahmins tried to inflame the manly Mahratta race, among whom they had long settled, with memories of the glory of Sivaji who had so fiercely struggled with the Moslem. This movement at first aimed at combating Islamic influence, but very soon adopted an anti-Governmental policy. It might be possible to say

that this unrest was not very wisely dealt with in its inception and that we ought to have been able to gain the confidence of the movement. But those who know the kindly sympathetic outlook of all in authority in the India of modern times, and how little use it is to try and placate the implacable, will doubt it.

It is an avowed and stock item in all anarchical plans to devise some scheme—like our own hunger marching—which will bring simple and harmless folk into hysterical collision with the forces of order, and be embittered thereby. Young Hinduism thought of a similar device. In Bombay the movement began in 1892, and its first manifestations were intended to revive Hindu interest in the Hindu god Ganpati, a popular aspect of one of the greater *personæ* of the Hindu faith, whose devotees thought had been forgotten. The Ganpati processions were timed to clash with the processions of the *Taboots*, or biers, of the Moslem festival of the Moharram. As authority would not allow so plain a provocation for broken heads, they would be likely to arouse disaffection by their prohibition. To prevent the insulting of a Moslem mosque, the police had, as anticipated, to interfere. Glorification of Sivaji, hatred of the Mogul memory, and thence of the Moslem, soon developed into anti-British manifestations. Clever heads led the schemers. The Shrine of Sivaji was said to be in bad repair, public subscriptions were raised. Two Chitpawan Brahmins formed, as they still do, societies for physical and military training. Sivaji and Ganpati *sloks* were written and sung which especially called on the people to free themselves from the burden of the English. *Slok* and “slogan” are pretty much the same thing.

Then came a heaven-sent opportunity to agitators of this type. The bubonic plague had made its unexpected appearance in India and commenced its ravages. The narrow quarters affected by the people, the veiled and

immured women, the sanctity of the *purdah*, made treatment, removal of the dead, and sanitary measures, difficult to carry out, which, while repulsive to popular instinct, were essential to the interest of all, as the plague raged and increased. The Indian magistrates and public men were too nervous and incapable, and often too prejudiced themselves, to prosecute the necessary sanitary measures.

Stronger measures were essential if the people were to be saved, and yet they would not adopt them. On May 4th, 1897, Bal Gangadhar Tilak, a Chitpawan Brahmin, editor of the *Kesari*, the most influential Mahratta paper, protested against the sanitary and medical measures and accused authority, high and low, of designs to oppress the people. The Sivaji cult was extolled, and also all revolutions. On June 22nd, when there was a gathering at Government House, Ganeshkhind, in honour of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's coronation, two British officers, Mr. Rand, the Commissioner, of Poona, and Lieut. Ayers, were murdered soon after leaving the Governor's Party.

Mr. Rand was the plague commissioner, and his death was deliberately intended by the plotters; the young officer's murder was incidental. A little later Damokar Chitpawan was hanged for the murder, he being one of the two founders of the military society aforesaid. He confessed that it was he who had tarred and feathered the old Queen's statue in Bombay, "In order to rejoice his Aryan brethren, fill the English with sorrow and put upon themselves the brand of treason."

Shortly afterwards two unsuccessful attempts to murder a chief constable were made by members of the military association and two witnesses to the guilt of Damokar were murdered. Four men were hanged for these outrages.

As Tilak wrote in his paper a provocative apology for, and eulogy of, the assassins of Rand and Ayers, he was prosecuted and convicted of sedition. There was a curious

fact connected with this particular murder that few now know of or remember. The murderers were concealed at one time in or near the Panchaleshwar sunken temple at Bamburda. The priest there was at the time, or a little earlier, old and envenomed, and was believed to have been one of the *entourage* of the Nana of Cawnpore and "wanted" for his share in the tragedies of that period. The Nana, it will be remembered, was a Chitpayan Brahmin, the adopted son of Raji Rao II, the last of the Peishwas. The old priest had not been interfered with, as there was little to be gained by reopening sores which were healed or re-kindling fires that were dead. There was, thus, if true, a plentiful supply of the old venom to hand. As the nineteenth century closed and the twentieth began, the cells and network of sedition multiplied.

There now appeared on the scene Shyamaji Krishnavarma, a Kathiawari, who went to London and started there an Indian Home Rule Society, of which he made himself president. Someone had placed funds at his disposal and he financed lecturers and, among others, recruited a young Chitpayan Brahmin, Vinavak Damokar Savarkar, who had been active in India. We need not follow all the curious little cells formed in London and in Paris, and the establishment of India House, the hostel for revolutionaries, in London. But all the methods of the French Revolution and of Russian anarchists were advocated, and this the good humoured English tolerated. Most of the more openly advanced preferred to settle in Paris, where Krishnavarma found it safer to prosecute his activities.

In 1908 India House celebrated in great form the "Indian Mutiny," and there appeared on the bookstalls in India and elsewhere, a well-got-up history of the Mutiny as it might seem to a young revolutionary, entitled, *The Indian War of Independence, 1857*, wrapped in a dust jacket inscribed "Random Papers of the Pickwick Club." It was

in some respects a clever book, justifying the murders of women and children and the holocaust of over 200 of each in the *bibigarh* in Cawnpore by such sentiments as "would one kill a serpent and leave the eggs." It also showed the cloven hoof of babu English by the mingling together of such references as "the saintly Rani of Jhansi and the heroic Nicholson."

In the meantime the English trusted to their widely sympathetic administration, to their constant construction of railways and canals, both financed at small interest by the English investor, since no Indian would undertake the task, so that famine should no longer stalk the land. Their calculations were well based, for a quiet, prosperous India, just as it had risen to help the English . . . I use this word instead of British for the moment, because it is the word of the seditionists . . . trample out the Mutiny, so it rose so far as the men of fighting worth, the men of trade and the men of learning were concerned, to see Britain through the World War.

Justified thrice over were they, but all the while the stream that began as a trickle, then despised, was becoming something of a spate.

In 1908 the Vinavak Savarkar aforementioned, rose to be leader of India House, vomiting more than ever the praise of the bomb cult, the glory of those who murdered oppressors, and the like. Revolvers and automatic pistols were purchased, the young men learnt to shoot, and a case of automatic pistols was sent to India. At Nasik, Savarkar's elder brother Ganesh, was sentenced to transportation for high treason and attempting to wage war, on June 9th, 1909, news of which was telegraphed to London. On July 1st, Sir Curzon Wylie, the political secretary at the India Office, was murdered at a function at the Imperial Institute by Madan Lal Dingra, a student from the Punjab. On December 21st, Mr. Jackson, the

magistrate of Nasik, who had sent Ganesh Savarkar for trial, was murdered at a farewell party, the weapon used being one of the automatic pistols sent out by Vinayak Savarkar. The arm of the law, however, was not powerless, for three of the murderers out of the seven charged were hung.

Secret societies, conspiracies, oaths and bindings now spread over the Deccan, and an attempt to bomb the then Viceroy, Lord and Lady Minto, at Ahmedabad, was made. From London and Paris manuals of bombings and pamphlets inculcating revolution of all kinds now emanated. This work was almost entirely, so far as the Deccan was concerned, that of Chitpayan Brahmins, and despite all, the community, as a whole, was in no way affected, and British rule in India was not turned in the least from its normal benevolent and progressive path.

SEDITION IN BENGAL

The seditious movement was not long in spreading to Bengal. The originators here were the Ghosh brothers, Barindra and Arabindra Ghosh, sons of a medical officer in Government employ. Arabindra had been educated entirely in England, had taken a first class in the Cambridge classical tripos, and had passed for the Indian Civil Service, but was rejected as unable to ride. Barindra came to Calcutta in 1902 to organize a revolutionary movement. Bitten, apparently, as a lad, with the secret conspiracy virus, he started to spread the infection among his own class, the English-speaking middle-class people, the *bhadralok*. In Bengal, the natives educated in England were a far larger community than anywhere else. Respectable parents eagerly educated their sons for the sake of the clerical employment that might ensue. The over-production of this article resulted in many disappointed hopes, and minds ready to listen.

Both the Ghoshes came to bear a hand, and endeavoured to sow the seeds of unrest of all kinds, publishing their *Jugantar* (New Era) newspaper and endeavouring to mingle revolution and religion, the revival of Hindu glory and devotion, and the poisoning of the really beautiful devout *Baghawat Gita* with their venom. It may be said that Bolshevism and anarchism in the West had little to learn of the psychology of bitterness from these experts, who, with their associates, took to underground plottings as ducks to water.

About this time, events, too, in India and the world as a whole, created a favourable atmosphere in which to propagate their cultures. The victory of Japan over Russia stirred many parts of the East. The march of the West, with all its wondrous inventions and activities and superiorities, had been accepted as inevitable, when an Eastern power showed that it could go one better at the same game !

Also, it then happened that Lord Curzon in his passion for good organization and his desire to improve the astounding congestion into which the demands of progress had thrown thickly populated Bengal, a province far more populous than the United Kingdom, decided, and rightly decided, that Bengal must be broken up into more wieldy size. He also had before him the question of the Moslems of Eastern Bengal, the old rulers and dominators with their traditions, who predominated. He, therefore, broke up Bengal into the Eastern and Western Provinces. Eastern Bengal and Assam on the one side, Western Bengal, Behar and Orissa on the other. It was eminently right and wise, but it came at a time when the Ghosh movement was looking for some peg upon which to hang more general discontent.

Now followed, between 1908 and 1910, a most astounding series of outrages of all kinds. An attempt to murder the judge of Mirzapur resulted in two English ladies, out

driving, being killed by a bomb meant for the judge. A Mr. Allen, a former magistrate, was shot in the back at a railway station, Indians were robbed and raided for funds, and to create terror. A bomb was thrown and exploded in the house of the Mayor of French Chandernagore. The murderers of the ladies, Mrs. and Miss Kennedy, were two youths of the type who have murdered the magistrates of Midnapore in these later years. One student confessed in Court and was hanged. The other took his own life when arrested. The young men in the movement readily joined in that dacoity, that robbery under arms which, at all times, is both epidemic and endemic in India. It was all investigated in a famous trial known as the Alipore Conspiracy case. The approver in this case was shot dead in jail by two youths who had smuggled arms.

There is no need to pursue the ramifications of the murder gangs, the bomb-*parasts*,¹ save to say that they became more and more numerous and subversive, and were extended to kill or over-awe many ordinary law-abiding and contented citizens. It was revolutionary activity animated by a strange topsy-turvy sourness and a fierce rage spreading exactly as when some bacillary disease suddenly finds itself in new soil. The police of India, devoted as ever, struggled with the manifestations, and did, to some extent, get the outrages under, and did also obtain by their own well-organized spy and secret service a fairly good knowledge of all that went on. But hysteria of this sort, when it seizes the student class, is extraordinarily hard to overcome, even with the aid of a civilized administration, as witness the murder, two or three years ago, of Mr. Holmes at Midnapore by two girl students, who had gained access on the plea of asking his advice. In November, 1908, an attempt was made to shoot Sir Andrew Fraser, the Lieutenant-Governor.

¹ i.e. bomb-worshippers.



Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau

AN OUTCASTE HEREDITARY TRADE
From generation to generation



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]

A PRESENTMENT OF SIVA OR MAHADEO (THE GREAT GOD)

It is by his wife or female presentment that the Bengal student swears his oath on joining the murder cult. In front is the sacred Lingam

The educated youth of the country-side, now stirred to lawlessness, formed several bands for the purpose of sheer dacoity and the record for 1909 and 1910 is an appalling one. For 1911 and 1912 it was still more so, students as well as masters of schools taking part in some of the armed robberies, and with a running concomitant of the murders of witnesses and informers. Indian police officers were specially the objects of venom and several were murdered, Eastern Bengal being largely the focus of these later years' outrages and agitations. The police diagrammatic maps, showing the districts in which murders and dacoities were prevalent, with the place of each kind of offence marked differently, give a very vivid idea of how this poison penetrated, and in what particular soil it flourished best.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SHEER ANARCHICAL INTENT

What has been said, however, does not convey the picture of what was happening in this milieu of perverted nationality, turned topsy-turvy after many hundreds of years of alien domination. First, let it be premised, that the coterie of madmen had been nourishing itself on large doses of revolutionary literature of the world, added to all the teachings and pamphlets of the anarchical nests which civilization would not permit in Europe, mingled with the bile from their own misfed stomachs. All the tragedy and venom of pre-war Russian agony was added thereto. The poison spread like wildfire in a new milieu, as has just been explained. The bands of conspirators, knowing the fearsomeness of most of their own people, knowing that they must also have money, conceived a plan of organized terrorist dacoity against their own countrymen. The well-to-do and wealthy were to be raided, kidnapped and terrorized to replenish and store the revolutionary chests. The story of this pre-war period, apart from its murders, seditious gatherings and armings and its murders of

European and Indian officials, reveals a network of outrage and robbery under arms. The police graphics of these happenings as well as those of the murders of Europeans in each year have been already mentioned. They are strange exhibits. The Government and its police struggled hard before and during the War. But even the Governments of the day would not believe all they were told. The story as unfolded seemed so incredible that no Saxon mentality could credit it, or even imagine its depths. Added to this is the strange yellow streak in England, which loves to regard fellow countrymen as evil doers and oppressors, and the almost as dangerous ultra-liberal group, which yaps to any utterance and emission of hot air. The moment it was suggested that Young Bengal was struggling to be free, half the meeting houses in England sniffed with delight. To this day the mirror of common-sense is frosted with the same sentiment. It was in vain that Sir Bamfylde Fuller, with his finger on the Bengal pulse, informed them of what might be coming. Cassandra ! ah ! Cassandra ! and the good liberal British way was to disregard facts, to encourage progress and all would be well. It needs men like Francis Bacon to realize that you cannot placate implacables, especially when such implacability feeds on the emanations of disordered brains stuffed with distorted facts. And behind it all lurked the withdrawn and screened spirit that takes advantage of every evil manifestation. The spirit which pulled down Buddhism, which helped destroy the might of the Mogul, which lies quiescent for centuries, which is never dead and which it seems impossible to divert to practical and useful channels. The same forces which inspire and also pitifully enchain De Valera have worked in India through the ages. Powerless for the country's good, powerless to keep out the Moslem, or the cult of the Buddha, or the British, powerless to organize, powerful to destroy ! The fact that 95

per cent of the people loathe and hate the sinister spirit, does not avail. This verity has remained through the centuries. Its manifestations are varied, and always evil and unprofitable to high and low, to rich or poor.

THE ATTEMPT TO POISON MADRAS

In the wise old Presidency of Fort St. George, which means that of Madras, men took matters more sagaciously. There the Pax Britannica had held sway so long that men had forgotten the days when the hand must keep the lead or worse befall. Well-to-do were the peasantry, fat and comfortable the merchants, well found and wise the intelligentsia. So far from being "The Benighted Presidency," as the envious would call it, it was miles ahead of the North in all save the excellence of its fighting men, which is another story.

Then it occurred to one of the birds of ill-omen in Bengal, whose name has not yet been mentioned, that here was a new and suitable field where infection might, perhaps, run like wild fire. Babu Bepin Chandra Pal, a Bengali journalist, a follower of the poison cult, was editor of a rag called *New India*. He arrived at Madras itself on May 1st, 1907. A few days earlier he had been at Rajamundry, and his visit had been followed by a strike of students at the college there. In Madras he spoke at a meeting and his themes were *Swaraj*, "our own Rule" *Swadeshi*, "our own Country," and the happy phrase derived from the memory of the late Captain Boycott. He did not, however, define, as none of the other preachers of *Swaraj* have ever tried to do, who were "ours." Does "we" mean the men of Bengal, freed from eight hundred years of Islam, does it mean the Deccani Brahmin, whom all distrust? Does it mean the descendants of Turk and Afghan colonists, the whiskered fierce Rajputs of Rajasthan, the great muscular militant Sikh or Rajput Moslems of the Punjab, or the

60 millions of the depressed who fear them and look for protection to the British, or does it mean the secret blue-blooded instinct of the white Aryan Brahmin oligarchy? No one will say, yet some of these weedy enthusiasts will tell you they mean the 353 million folk of this continent, so divergent in creed and blood and instinct. It is a mad dream with the bomb and the revolver to keep the dream alive.

None will answer, and our friend Babuji Bepin Chandra Pal, with a little understanding, but little humour, described the British attitude with some precision at a meeting at Madras, in much the following terms: "The British desired to make the Government in India popular without ceasing in any sense to be British. The Indians desired to be autonomous and absolutely free of the British Parliament. The British administration was based on *maya*, or illusion, and in recognition of the magic character of the British power lay the strength of the new movement."

About this time the news arrived of the deportation of the disturber Lajpat Rai from the Punjab, and discretion appeared to Pepin Chandra Pal to be the wiser course. He did not speak again, and returned to Calcutta. After his speech in Madras, a Madrasí rose (as reported in the *Bande Materan*), urged his hearers to learn how to make and use bombs at which even the Tsar of the Russians quailed, to go abroad and acquire the knowledge and then sacrifice 108 white goats, who were their enemies, at each new moon.

Curiously enough, a little later, in Calcutta, we find Chandra Pal urging the cult of Kali in every village, not the ordinary Kali in her everyday aspect, but *Raksha* Kali, for whom the sacrifice was white goats, not black, and to be sacrificed at each noonday!

The next year some preaching on the same lines followed, speakers calling on the people to shoot the whites, and

urging the troops to rise for more pay. This tall talk went on for a while, and finally, in 1911, the collector of Tinnevely, Mr. Ashe of the Civil Service, was murdered. Several young Madrassi Brahmins had now joined the coterie at India House, or the more active gang in Paris. Madame Cama's *Bande Materan*, published in Paris, held up the deeds of Nana Sahib of Cawnpore to the glory of imitation.

In the Tinnevely trial which followed the murder, the revelation followed the lines that had been unveiled in Bengal.

The convictions for murder and conspiracy put an end to the movement in Madras, and it appeared that very little of it was really indigenous, and it died when the foreign instigators were removed.

Incidentally it may be added that a good many of the seditionists took themselves to the French Pondicherry, till the French Government proceeded against them.

THE POISON IN THE PUNJAB

While the poison was spreading in the older provinces of India, it was not apparent that the manly loyal Punjab, which had so distinguished itself by the way in which it flocked to the capture of Delhi and the reconquest of Oudh in 1857, would fall to the movement. This province had been settled and developed after the two Sikh Wars, and consequent annexation by the pick of the civil and military services of India, and it furnished a very large proportion of the soldiers of the Indian Army, and was enthusiastically British.

Yet the British had not realized how their railways, posts, telegraphs and colleges, had made serious seditious combination easy.

In 1907 it had occurred to certain agitators of the student

class that the Punjab would be a good place in which to stir the mud. The laws of progress, the march of civilization, cut into the customs and rights of more than one community. The difficulty of an equitable handling of irrigation, with the corrupt feet of clay at the bottom of the administration, the somewhat rigorous rules that modern irrigation postulates, were all grounds in which the grievance-monger, especially if animated by sinister motives, might well disport. One Lajpat Rai, a schoolmaster, and a certain Ajit Singh, directed faculties which, in a Western country, would be devoted to stamp collecting or the breeding of prize Turbit pigeons, to seditious ends. Attempts to corrupt the Sikh troops resulted in the removal of Lajpat Rai, but the seeds were left in the ground as tenacious as groundsel in the vegetable plot and as harmful. In the general movement in which Bengal anarchists bore a ready hand, the most effectively mischievous of the modern gang was Har Dyal, a Hindu of Delhi, who was educated in that usually excellent high-grade institution, St. Stephen's College (Cambridge Mission), where he came in contact with one of its greatest teachers, Amir Chand. After a brilliant school and college career at Delhi and Lahore, he was sent as a state scholar to St. John's College, Oxford, in 1905. Throwing up his scholarship in 1907, he returned to Lahore, foregathered with Lajpat Rai, and there they eagerly introduced revolutionary ideas into many young minds. The former, however, soon returned to London, visiting Paris and Geneva, and getting into touch with Krishnavarma, the notorious seditionist who had fled abroad after the dastardly murder at the Imperial Institute of the kindly Sir Curzon Wylie by the Punjab student Dingra. Har Dyal eventually went to America, but in Delhi, his teacher, Amir Chand, at the Cambridge Missionary School, took up the cult. A conspiracy was engineered and came to a head with the outrage against the Viceroy,

Lord Hardinge, as he was riding an elephant in procession through Delhi. A bomb thrown from a window seriously injured the Viceroy, plastering him with gramophone needles and killing some of his staff. Eventually Amir Chand and three others were hung, but Rash Bihari, a Bengali clerk in the Forest Department, escaped and carried on his designs during the War. In America, Har Dyal acclaimed the attempt on the Viceroy as the work of his party. He now set to work to corrupt the thousands of Indians, largely Punjabis, who worked in the coast towns and who had feelings of grievance. Here he started his paper, *Ghadr*, "Revolution." With him were Ram Chand and a Moslem, Barakatullah, a native of the state of Bhopal, and a powerful advocate of anti-British Pan-Islamism. He became a professor in a Tokio University, and from thence visited Cairo, Constantinople and St. Petersburg. He had also published a paper in Japan which became so anti-British that the Japanese Government suppressed it in 1912. Then it was that he went to San Francisco and joined Har Dyal, the product of the Mission School at Delhi. Early in 1914 Har Dyal was arrested by the United States Government, who intended to deport him, but he now broke his bail and escaped to Europe. We shall hear much of him during the World War.

THE INITIATORY RITUALS OF THE BOMB PERVERTS

The conspirators in Bengal and Madras and later in the Punjab not only instituted oaths so binding that even caste prejudice faded into insignificance, but definite rites and ceremonies of initiation into the bomb and murder fraternities were devised, culled from such sources as Masonic ritual and the like. Here follow the actual ceremonies and committals in use in Bengal Samitis, or Lodges. The "obligations" or vows were four in number viz., the Initial and Final vows, the First and Second special vows.

The full texts are long and discursive, but practically the various oaths are as follows :

THE FIRST VOW (*Adya Pratijna*).

Here the initiate vows that he will never separate himself from the lodge, that he will always obey its rules, that he will carry out all orders, that he will never conceal anything from his leader and will never speak anything but the truth to him.

THE FINAL VOW (*Antya Pratijna*).

In this the fully passed candidate undertakes that he will never divulge any internal matters of the Samiti ; that he will not move from his residence without informing the leader ; that he will always return when summoned, and that he will never reveal any of the secrets or practices to any person who is not under the same vow or " obligation."

Then we have the FIRST SPECIAL VOW (*Pratam Bishesh Pratijna*) with the solemn motto : *Om, Bande Materan.*

"In the name of God, father, mother, preceptor, leader and Almighty, I make this vow, that I will not forsake this circle until its object (until the object of the samiti) is fulfilled. I will not be bound by the tie of affection for father, mother, brother, sister, hearth and home, and I will without putting forth any excuse, perform all the work of the circle under orders of the leader. I will do all work in a steady and serious manner giving up all loquacity and fickleness."

"If I fail to keep this, may the curse of Brahmins, of father and mother speedily destroy me."

This is followed by the SECOND SPECIAL VOW (*Dwitiya Bishesh Pratijna*) with the same mystic *Om*, and *Bande Materan*.

"In the presence of God, fire, mother, preceptor and the leader (making them witnesses) I swear that I will do all the work of the circle necessary for the development of the samiti, staking my life and everything that I possess. I will carry out all commands and act in opposition to those who are in opposition to the aforesaid circle, and do injury to them to the utmost of my power. I swear that I will never discuss the inner secrets with anybody and that I will not divulge them to my relations and friends or unnecessarily ask anything about them even from those included in the circle."

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"If I fail to keep this vow or act in opposition to it may the curse of Brahmins, of the mother, and of the great patriots of the country speedily destroy me."

The clap-trap of all secret societies is here evident, with perhaps some slight remembrance of a Freemason's obligation thrown in, all much the same all over the world, from Peep o'Day Boys to the *Vehmgerichte* and Rosicrucians.

From the story of a boy initiate it would appear that the members were sworn in before the goddess Kali in one of her temples, or, to make it more terrible, a figure of Kali was brought to the burning ghat or cremation ground.

It is to be remembered that this was specially designed to secure domination over the young mind, and possibly to exploit to their purpose the natural instinct of boys to toy with vows and secrets, as well as to stir them to a fine Mahratta fury and its Bengali equivalent.

At the feet of the goddess, as one lad reported, were two revolvers and the initiates were made to touch the image and repeat the new Samiti names of their baptism.

THE DEPRAVING OF YOUTH

The innumerable pamphlets discovered contained every sort of description of anarchical societies all the world over, with their rules and instructions for increasing the network. Among the many subsidiaries were full instructions for enlarging the revolutionary chest by false coining. Curiously enough, a popular textbook was a well-known novel, *Ananda Nath*, by one Bapin Chandra, which deals with the strange Sanyasi rebellion of 1774, suppressed by the East India Company.

Indeed history was searched for its precedents and also, curiously enough, any known copies of the *Red Pamphlet*, the anonymous account of the Indian Mutiny¹ composed as it progressed, were much sought after and even stolen from their owners. They were initiated, one of the boys stated, in the *Pratyakirha* position, which is supposed to represent a lion springing on its prey !

Among the many documents employed were rules for the "inspectors" of the branch lodges. Incidentally these give reasons why Moslems are to be excluded. It was to be a completely Hindu organization. The learned Bengali judge who tried the conspiracy case in which these were exhibited had no hesitation in declaring its purpose.

A somewhat pathetic instance of the would-be military zeal of the movement was the collection of military books found at the various revolutionary headquarters from Hutton's *Swordsman* to all the British military manuals, such as Eisler's *Handbook of Modern Explosives*, etc. The theft of fifty Mauser pistols from a Calcutta gun merchant, all such being numbered, and therefore identifiable ; the places where they were found, as well as the number of shooting instances in which Mauser cartridge cases which are ejected when used, were discovered, alone gave certain proof of the homogeneity of this particular organization.

¹ By Captain (afterwards Colonel) Malleeson, the historian.

There was ample evidence among the impounded papers that the boys' and girls' schools of Bengal were the places which were to be sedulously and methodically impregnated. It will be remembered that two girl students killed the kindly Holmes at Midnapur as already mentioned, proving how this poison still spreads and that it has not been eradicated even from the girls' schools.¹ In many instances of juvenile criminals the parents were extremely loyal law-abiding folk who had no sympathy with the movement even in its least harmful form. It is they, indeed, who for the last twenty years have been imploring Government to govern, to protect them from the outrages of this artificially stimulated gang of anarchical patriots, and also save their children from infection in their schools. In fact, to govern the d—d country, though that, in the face of such a sinister movement, may be easier said than done.

It is now twenty-five years since the trial of the first conspiracy case, and the Bengali Judge who presided remarked in his judgment that: "Those responsible for this conspiracy did their work well. They realized that their best chance was to get hold of the youth of the country and inflame them by appealing to their sense of religion and their sense of chivalry, and to this end they have prostituted the teaching of their sacred books, and have represented that under English rule the chastity of their mothers and sisters is not safe. . . . The danger of a conspiracy like this lies not so much in its prospects of success as in its fruition. When once the poison has entered the system, it is impossible to say where it will break out, or how far-reaching will be its effects."

Through the quarter of a century that has supervened since this wise judge spoke how true has his prophecy

¹ The even more recent trials, 1934, of those students, including a girl, who tried to murder Sir John Anderson, the Governor of Bengal, bring out the agony of the respectable parents at the girls' seduction.

and his warning proved ! No measure of success achieved, but murder, death and misery have come to many Indians, and to the families of the students, victims of the inoculation, culminating with the series of Midnapur murders, that has shocked even complacent England.

The propagandist pamphlets of the Samiti give schedules of likely recruits, evidently drawn from some Communist source, putting "boys before they reach maturity" and "Youths before their marriage," in the first and most likely classes to be exploited, and naming "Schoolmasters, professors of colleges, drill and gymnastic masters" as probable recruiting agents. "Through students' messes and hostels, private and public," "Through meritorious students, and intimacy with young boys, behaving with them as younger brothers, helping them with material need."

To these influences must be added those homo-sexual instincts and companionships which flourish so exceedingly in Eastern soil.

CHAPTER IV

THE UNREST IN ISLAM

Islam. The Hindustani Fanatics Across the Indus. The Drum Ecclesiastic. The Rise of Moslem Unrest. The Ali Brothers.

ISLAM

ISLAM means "The Submission," i.e. the submission to the will of God, and it was intended by its founder to be as wide-world a religion as Christianity. It should be remembered how it swept across Asia and Northern Africa like a forest fire. Its fierce apostles from the desert, virile beyond compare, married innumerable women of the conquered races and in a few generations had bred for themselves a host of followers. The Moslems first came to India in the eighth century, and there, as elsewhere, idols, temples, priests and idolators were their abomination, but their conquests did not then increase. The real Moslem invasion or conquest, however, was delayed for three centuries while the waves of Arab conquerors and their bastards lapped round the Afghan hills. When they finally crossed the Indus, their hatred of the Hindu was boundless in intensity. Once more were temples and idols destroyed, priests slaughtered, worshippers murdered by thousands, or forcibly converted and circumcised.

With the intolerant worshipper of the one God of Islam is associated by misunderstanding the God of Isaac and of Jacob, the El of the desert. But the Hindu was and is *masherikh*, the sharer of idols and gods, the man who must devote himself to the service of several deities, and therefore anathema !

But, something more than a century ago, there was born in the potholes of the desert within the orthodox branch of the Moslem faith a dour puritanism known as Wahabism —after Abd-ul-Wahab, its expounder. Under its influence

not only does anger grow against the infidel, but against all those Moslems who live a life of ease and dwell in peace and plenty. Wahabism breaks out again and again to lash its own backsliders as well as to chastise the non-Moslem. This cult is peculiarly dangerous among the tribes of the North-West Frontier, and it may break out at any untoward moment. Patna was one of the Moslem centres where it took root and where it remains dormant for a while, but puts forth now and again bitter implacable young men whose hearts can only cry "*Yah Allah*," and "Heaven for those who bleed." To the Wahabi it is intolerable that Moslems shall dwell in any land in which Islam is not the power temporal as well as ecclesiastical.

How little the Indian Moslem, at any rate, of internal well-to-do India, appealed to the zealot, Lyall tells us in his understanding verse, when the Wahabi leader speaks to the men of Ind :

"Your brains are dull with eating, and
Your hearts are choked with lust,
And your seat is loose in saddle, and your
Scimitars are rust." . . .

A Sermon in Lower Bengal.

THE HINDUSTANI FANATIC COLONY

Wahabism in India, and in modern days fiercely anti-British in sentiment, exists across the border of the North-West Frontier hills in what is known as the Settlement of Hindustani fanatics. This settlement owes its rise very little to British action, but rather to the circumstances of the early years of the nineteenth century. So far back as 1827 the settlement, whose focus has slightly varied from time to time, came into being, and so recently as the World War it was one of the nests of hatred and intrigue.

In the years 1818 to 1821 the British were engaged in Central India in one of the greatest of their acts of purifica-

tion. They were exterminating the vast nests of land-pirates which had been established by free-lance leaders after the collapse of the Mogul power. Among the Pindari leaders was one Amir Khan, himself a frontier-born Rohilla. Among his followers was Ahmed Shah, a young Sayad, i.e. a man of Arab family, long settled in Bareilly in Hindustan. At the termination of the Pindari War Amir Khan foreswore his ways and was made Chief of the State of Tank. Ahmed Shah then betook himself to Delhi where he gained some notoriety for his religious zeal and his upholding of the simple laws of Islam, and the teachings of *El Qoran* unadorned.

In 1822 he led a band of followers from Calcutta to Mecca and Medina, and after four years returned to Delhi, and proclaimed a religious war against the infidel, explaining, however, that he referred to the Sikhs and not to the British whom he rightly considered *ahl-i-kitab*, "People of the Book." In 1826 he went to Tank and obtained considerable support from the son of his old master, Amir Khan. Thence he led a band of devotees through the Rajputana desert to Sind and thence to Kandahar. He received little encouragement from the chief of that city, and wandered away through the Ghilzai Hills till he reached the mountains of the Yuzufzai territory close to the Indus, and came to anchor at Panjattar. Here, much admired for his doctrines, he founded a colony to which from time to time came any young Moslem puritans who had made their own residence too hot for them, chiefly young Wahabis from Patna and elsewhere. Thus was founded the Hindustani fanatic colony whose members were so often hereafter to throw themselves on British bayonets for the glory of God and his prophet. But in the early days the Sikhs, who were ruling the Moslem Punjab, were the enemy. Soon after his arrival at Panjattar Ahmed Shah hurled his followers against the Sikh

garrison at Akora. Beaten off, his prestige nevertheless increased, and in 1829 we see him attacking the Afghan Governor of Peshawur in the Sikh interest, whom he accused of an attempt to poison him. The Governor was killed before General Ventura could come to his support, but the Sikhs drove him off, followed him into Swat, and there defeated him. After considerable adventures he was slain by the Sikhs at Balakot, and his followers largely dispersed. A remnant remained however, and it was much increased by the arrival of refugee Moslem irreconcilables during the Indian Mutiny of 1857, whence they preyed on all and sundry within the British border. It was their punishment and ultimate extermination which gave rise to the Umbeyla campaign of 1863 and the vast frontier risings which resulted. On several other occasions these implacables came into contact with the British to whom the colony's hatred had now been transferred. Notably was this the case at Kotkai in the Black Mountain Expedition of 1888, when a fierce body of them sought the martyr's crown on the bayonets of the Royal Irish regiment. In some form or other the settlement continued, always gaining new adherents, an interesting instance of Moslem implacability under certain concomitants. It was alive enough as a nidus of hatred and a focus of fanaticism during the World War.

THE DRUM ECCLESIASTIC

The force of Islam in the world is one that statesmen of the West, concerned with Eastern countries, must never ignore. The unrest among the Hindu students already described, and the fierce propaganda which they succeeded in starting took rather a different form among Moslems, though it could not be kept from them. Here, however, the authorities were on ground with which they were familiar. Time and again in the past had some outburst of

fervour threatened to endanger the peace in India. Reference has just been made to the Wahabî movement, a Protestant movement within the faith itself, one at war with all comforts and easements of life, and capable as usual, in India, of being diverted into anti-Governmental channels.

Any trouble outside India in which Moslem States were involved, particularly Turkey, started the drum ecclesiastic. The claim of the Sultan to be the Caliph, the Kalifa or the Successor, a claim at all times rather doubtful in character, had been restored to esteem in Moslem countries by the astute intrigues of Abdul Hamid. Some decades before the war he had contrived to secure that the Sultan of Turkey was almost universally recognized as a definite active Caliph. This was marked in India by a new phenomenon, the adoption by many Moslems, especially in the south and west, of the Fez or Tarboosh as a national head-dress, signifying their recognition of religious obligations to the Caliph. In itself it was an unobjectionable move, but was noted by those responsible for watching the signs of the time. It must be remembered that when we are confronted in India with Islamic excitement on religious questions, the North-West Frontier, whence can pour 200,000 well-armed savage tribesmen into India, is always an anxiety. Pan-Islamic enthusiasms so often mean the beating of the drum ecclesiastic on the frontier, with the devil to pay all round in consequence. Also, in the more fanatical centres of India itself, there is always an answering throb to any roll of the Moslem drum.

So far back as 1854 the share that Britain took in the Crimean War was no doubt accounted as righteousness, but it was soon obliterated by the capital made, especially in Delhi and Lucknow, on the outbreak of the Anglo-Persian War and the British victories on the shores of the Persian Gulf and the Shatt-el-Arab.

In the more modern times of the pre-war period, the neutrality of Great Britain in the Greco-Turkish and Turco-Italian Wars was, on the other hand, rightly or wrongly, a source of chagrin to the more fervid supporters of Islam.

In 1897 the intense outbreak of fervour, which produced the widespread risings on several hundred miles of the North-West Frontier of India, and which needed 60,000 troops to suppress and necessitated the use of British and Hindu rather than Moslem troops, was largely due to the success so widely advertised in Islamic circles of the Turkish arms over Greece. After the attacks on the Malakand in the summer of 1897, it was said that young men lay licking their wounds in the villages far down into the Punjab.

Thus the British are well advised in watching carefully all signs of Islamic excitement which may arise in sympathy with Islamic happenings, not necessarily anti-British in origin. It is well known that during the siege of rebel Delhi in 1857—largely held by rebel Hindu soldiery—the call of the faith on the Eed sent numbers of peaceful Moslem citizens, to whom the rebel occupation was truly anathema, to bind green turbans on their heads and go out and die at the muzzles of the British muskets for the glory of Islam.

For many years after '57, the spirit lay dormant and was not even stirred by the events of the Afghan War. Kabul itself and the country round Kandahar however, were, and still are, ever famous for being the seat of Moslem irredentism. Even the Great Amir Abdurrahman for all his despotism and his contempt at heart for Islamic prohibitions had often to bow to the religious fervour and prejudices of the Mullahs. Indeed, as we know, it was the antipathy of religious reactionaries that played a large part in the downfall of King Amanullah.



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]

THE PAX BRITANNICA IN INDIA
Blossom-time in Kashmir.



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]

SHAH DAULAT'S BRATS
(Beggar Children.)

THE RISE OF MOSLEM UNREST

In India, an aggressive anti-British attitude began to be felt in certain quarters owing to British neutrality during the Turko-Italian and the Turko-Balkan Wars, coupled with the injudicious and unnecessary speeches of Mr. Asquith. The statesmen of an Empire numbering many million Moslems will do well to remember the quite genuine susceptibility of their fellow subjects, even in these days when the apostasy of Turkey from the older ways and the disappearance of the Caliph has left the fanatics gasping.

The Indian developments began with the quite natural sympathy of Indian Moslems for Turkey. A fire-brand bitten with something of the Hindu anti-British venom added to his zeal for the Faith, one Zafar Ali Khan of the Punjab, started his paper *The Zemindar*. He organized Turkish Red Crescent funds, in itself unobjectionable, but with that Indian tendency referred to, for all movements to turn upside down and to depart from their original purpose and often to become anarchical, the Turkish Red Crescent movement in India tended to become Anti-Christian and especially anti-British. *The Zemindar* became more and more hostile and seditious, and in 1913 the editor's security was confiscated. The next year the Punjab Government was compelled to suppress the paper altogether. The extremists, if they can yet be so called, had their pro-Turk sympathies stimulated by the coming to Lahore in 1914 of two Turkish doctors in connection with the Turkish Consul-General's visit to Lahore to present a carpet to the Badshahi mosque in return for Red Crescent contributions. This again was harmless enough, unless read with the context of the approaching war and the enmity which Zafar Ali Khan represented, added to the Sultan's desire to fish in any troubled Moslem waters.

Here we may pause a moment to wonder at the worthlessness in themselves of the agitators within the Deccan, in Bengal, and in the Punjab. The importance attached to them by German and other hostile agencies, in the hope that they could lead authority a dance, was much above their real value. But we have the same phenomenon at our doors in Ireland, where, in the absence of sturdy Anglo-Saxon public opinion that will not tolerate such proceedings, a few worthless implacables are able to terrorize and intimidate their neighbours. Especially is this so when encouraged by the platitudes which the hot-air merchants of uncomprehending British politicians have habitually used towards such manifestations. You may vomit venom on Tower Hill and Tyburn and nobody cares, but you cannot safely be allowed to do so on Stephen's Green or on the *Champs de Mars* at Delhi.

THE ALI BROTHERS

Zafar Ali Khan was not alone in his mischief, for two Rampuris of Afghan descent, who have a great deal to their discredit, despite foolish efforts of certain London drawing-rooms to lionize them, joined him. These were the notorious Ali brothers, Muhammad Ali, editor of *The Comrade*, and Shauqat Ali, who bore him company. The wiser Moslems left them severely alone.

The general machinations of the advanced Islamic party, if it be worthy of the term, made two attempts to subvert the Moslem troops, just as the Hindu parties were trying to pervert the Sikh and Hindu Corps.

Muhammad Ali was an Oxford man, and it has always been supposed that he was drawn into his Anti-British attitude by the *reversal* of Lord Curzon's policy of the partition of Bengal, and the antagonizing of Moslem opinion whose sentiments the wiser statesmen had aimed at meeting in a fair and proper manner.

A Moslem educational conference, also harmless in itself, assembled at Rawalpindi in 1914 and was attended by all the firebrands. Moslem education was a burning question then as now. All over India the Moslem was behind-hand when compared with the Hindu, to the general disadvantage of people of that religion in modern progress and employment. This was traceable to the nature of the professors of that faith, to their racial differences, as well as the memory of their earlier domination. It has always been said that the wise decision of the Government of India in 1837, to abandon the Persian utilized as the traditional language of the law-courts in favour of the provincial vernaculars, was the origin of the Moslem backwardness. Persian was the language of the Turkish and Afghan conquerors who had ruled India for so many hundred years. Moslems then had all the court business and clerical work in their hands, and many of them were now thrown out of all engagements requiring education and culture. However that may be, for the last forty or fifty years, the Moslems of India have been very conscious of their deficiencies and disabilities, and the Conference aiming at improvement had no reason to allow the anti-British party to dominate it at all, or even be heard. But, here again, the topsy-turvy heritage of the robin is to be noticed.

We are now, however, close to the War Period and further developments belong to that scroll of history.

CHAPTER V

INDIA ON THE OUTBREAK OF WAR

The Army of India Quarters the Globe. The Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief and Sir Michael O'Dwyer. The First Reaction in India to the Outbreak. The Princes' Part.

THE ARMY OF INDIA QUARTERS THE GLOBE

THE outbreak of the War found India in the reasonably prosperous state previously described. Military preparation in that country was in a somewhat parlous state. The plans drawn up for the defence of India to meet Russian aggression against Afghanistan, with which country we were in firm alliance and were pledged to protect, had been arrested by a Liberal Government, on the plea that the recent agreement with Imperial Russia had completely changed the situation . . . as if any situation involving the Bear was ever changed by pledges ! The administrative services of India, on which the successful conduct of modern war so largely depends, had not been placed on a modern basis. The outbreak of War found India unprepared in many essentials.

A curious state of affairs had arisen only conceivable under such aberration as appertained to the Victorian Liberal mind. Lord Morley, the Secretary of State for India, had forbidden the consideration by the newly-formed General Staff in India of the preparation of any plans for sending troops to Europe and had said that Mesopotamia was also outside their scope. Happily, Sir Douglas Haig, as he then was, was Chief of the General Staff in India, and was fully aware of the prospect of almost inevitable war which Germany was so feverishly preparing. Von Bernardi's book had adumbrated and indeed urged the exploitation of rebellion in India, and Sir Douglas knew that all the Lord Morleys in the world could not ride the storm that was gathering.

"Orders is orders," but in his rôle of trainer of military thought he prepared a visionary scheme, which included the preparation of equipment and dispatch from India of an army overseas for a temperate climate. The maps used were of course fictitious. The preliminary clerical labours set all the staffs preparing and drawing up the tables, while the field work studied the handling of such an army after landing. This was a proper and necessary form of exercise. The plans and operations—tables, etc., were duly printed for the information and instruction of all concerned, including staff college students, and copies were dispatched to the War Office in Whitehall. When the War cloud burst a year or so later, it was but necessary to request India to put into effect this academic scheme, which coincided with what was wanted.

It is the genius of the British race to surmount the blundering operations of their less informed and often platitudinous statesmen, who so often miss the tide.

Thanks, therefore, to that personality of whom before the War, the French General Staff talked learnedly and affectionately as "Duglas Ek," that forest of smoke-stacks and masts steamed into Marseilles Harbour.

The efforts of India in military support of the Empire were very great indeed. The results achieved were not so good as the heart and spirit that prompted them for several reasons: *first*, the none too effective organization of the administrative services; *secondly*, the inadequacy of India from a manufacturing point of view when deprived, owing to a great extent to the circumstances of the case, of the resources of Great Britain; and, *thirdly*, the fact that the amount of first-class fighting material included in the 321 millions (the then census returns) was not very great. A proportion of the existing troops was quite unfit congenitally for the strain it was called upon to face, however gallantly their British officers led them and died at their head.

Nevertheless, the results were a remarkable contribution to the occasion, especially the doings of *corps d'élite* of the more famous races. Two divisions and a cavalry division and later a second of these, went to France. Another force sailed to the Persian Gulf to secure the port of Basra and protect the Anglo-Persian oil fields, whose refineries stood on the banks of the Shatt-el-Arab and whose pipelines were accessible to the Turks from Amara.

The defence of the Suez Canal against Turkey was ensured by the passing contingents from France, till a third force for the garrison of Egypt arrived. A fourth force went to Dar es Salaam where, partly from the consistency of its troops, but more especially from the way those concerned, other than the army, footed the occasion, there occurred minor disaster. This should not have happened and the mishap does not minimize the effort made from India.

The Indian troops themselves, whose war experience hardly prepared them for the inferno to come, departed eagerly and enthusiastically, and a wave of patriotic pro-British fervour seized the land. The Princes vied with each other in offering their troops and their services, in financing hospitals and hospital ships, and the public spirit of British India did likewise. Indeed the generosity of the public was very great. The Government of India and the Commander-in-Chief, as their responsible advisers and the man on whom the defences of India must fall took great risks. The Army in India existed primarily for the internal and external defence of that continent. Only when quietude reigned could much of it be sent away. On the other hand, since Indian troops went to fight the French in Egypt in 1801, to Java, to Mauritius and to Bourbon a few years later, it has been the custom for troops from Britain to help India and for India to assist the Empire according to the conditions of the moment.

The fact that Russia was one of the Allies did at this time insure that one source of anxiety was lying temporarily in abeyance. Nevertheless, Afghanistan and those British subjects, the 200,000 armed tribesmen who largely danced to Afghan tunes, had very much to be considered.

It has already been remarked that, with Lord Kitchener as Secretary of State for War, and he and his staff familiar with every military nook of India, the very willing Sir Beauchamp Duff and Lord Hardinge did not suffer from want of his suggestions. Militarily, India was stripped to the bone. A brilliant brain-wave induced certain territorial divisions in Britain to ask for service in India, a service outside their original liability. By this the European garrison essential for the preservation of internal India which always watched the volcanic side of the continent, and could never be reduced, was secured for European service. Almost all the 70,000 officers and men of the Regular British Army, including the units with the Indian division, were brought home, thus forming in Britain three magnificent regular divisions. To the surprise of India and the consternation of the machinators who saw a heaven-sent purpose in the outbreak of war, these Territorials, young men in their prime and looking like the British soldier, sailed in as the others sailed out. Their military value soon grew to equal their military appearance, and only on the very frontier itself did a small force of the old Army remain.

Those who know the Indian instinct for detecting shades of education and breeding will recognize the acumen of the Indian who remarked to an officer he knew: "Why, these men are all *sahibs*!" It was his recognition of the fact that the Territorial Force, especially the divisions selected for India, recruited from a more educated class of citizen, differed in culture and in manners from the

hearty lads from field and workshop who usually took the King's shilling in the ranks of the Regular Army.

THE VICEROY AND THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

It is not out of place at this stage to review the personalities of the Viceroy and Governors and, perhaps most important of all, the Commander-in-Chief—he of all, perhaps, because with so much to disturb the Army a false or excited move might easily have produced a crisis. The Governor-General and Viceroy—Governor-General as head of the executive Government, Viceroy as representing the King in all things, especially *vis-à-vis* the Princes—was Viscount Hardinge of Penshurst, one of the great Viceroys. His grandfather had come to India as Governor-General in 1845 as successor to Lord Ellenborough, a famous soldier, a lieutenant-general with a Peninsular record. He had come, as was hoped, to inaugurate a reign of peace and progress and introduce those great changes in transportation and invention that were revolutionizing the world, after the three fierce campaigns of the preceding eight years. Alas! It was not to be. The great Sikh Army that Runjhith Singh had trained on a Western model was now rudderless and had organized within itself a Soviet system, with which it was a law unto itself alone. It elected, for reasons that do not matter here, to hurl itself, entirely unprovoked, on British India, and My Lord Hardinge himself, with his Chief, Lord Gough, had to take the field and fight four pitched and desperate battles. It was this very Punjab and these very Sikhs that were flocking in their thousands to the British colours in 1915, and from whose ranks too came the strangely infatuated fanatics of the *Ghadr* movement about to be described. Therefore it was that Lord Hardinge had big traditions behind him, and perhaps an inherited flair for big occasions. He had, as already related, had the advantage of having

been bombed and severely wounded in the streets of Delhi at a great ceremony and had kept his nerve and his head. He had impressed himself considerably on the imagination of all India and especially on the Princes. To them race and all the good that should flow therefrom always appealed.

The Empire was fortunate in having this man of iron descent and diplomatic training at the head of this heaving volcano.

The Command of the Indian Army, a force of over 200,000 men of whom 70,000 would be European, is usually chosen as a matter of convenient practice, from the Indian and the "British" Army alternately. General Sir Beauchamp Duff was the Commander-in-Chief, and he had enjoyed long experience in India, and though having the advantage of a first training in the Royal Artillery, he had long ago joined an Indian regiment. A graduate of the Staff College at Camberley, he had early been swept off into the administration at Army Headquarters, and by force of circumstances had been more behind the scenes than in the tented field, although his war service was not inconsiderable. He had long been known not only as a man of intense power of application, but as being of great ability, and with an unusual gift of judgment. It was said of him at Simla, where there are more gifted and critical men assembled than perhaps at any other Government in the world, that he never took part in a discussion on affairs, when the Chief of the Staff, "without raising the discussion to a higher plane." He had been Chief of the Staff to Lord Kitchener during the critical time of the modernization of the Indian Army, and had borne all the burden of the day in forwarding and often defending his Chief's measures. He had been recommended to the Home Government as Lord Kitchener's successor, but Mr. John Morley, in the innate perversity of his nature, had fought the principle of a man "nominating his successor"

as he was pleased to call Lord Kitchener's recommendation. He gave the appointment to one who was virtually King Log so far as the higher knowledge went. Duff had only succeeded to the command five years later at a period when five years of comparative relegation did not make him any younger; at a time, too, when his health and verve for various reasons had failed him a little. But that little was not much.

His astounding knowledge of the whole of India and its intricacies and its dangers stood the State in stead that can hardly be gauged, unless the depth and danger of the crisis that is to be described is grasped. Lord Hardinge had thus as his War Minister—for the Commander-in-Chief was also in that rôle known in India as "Army Member" of the Cabinet or Governor-General's Council—a man of incomparable knowledge and judgment.

Very heartily did he fit in with the Viceroy's wishes to contribute, to the verge of great risk, every gun and bayonet that could be spared to the great struggle. Nay, knowing the War situation at home intimately he encouraged Lord Hardinge to go nap. And all the while the clouds gathered on the Afghan Frontiers and bitter madness was to flourish within and even beat its waves against the none too certain parapet of the Indian Army. When that trouble came his wisdom in handling it avoided what in less practised hands might have been a catastrophe. It was one of the tragedies of 1857, that the Commander-in-Chief was a recently arrived soldier from home unversed in the psychology of the Indian soldier, and that the one man who could have held the excited soldiery of Bengal was far away in Madras.

The Governors of the three Presidencies were all men of wisdom and understanding, but especially in Bombay was there Lord and Lady Willingdon, well calculated to praise and stimulate the loyal enthusiasms which the merchant classes displayed, and to maintain the law and order

which was necessary in supplying from that port the needs of the many overseas expeditions as well as receiving the countless ship-loads of sick and wounded. And though the world perhaps hardly knew it, Lord Willingdon was showing behind the scenes that great strength of character and resolution which was to stand India in such stead when he was in the years to come to take over the helm of an India in excited chaos.

But, perhaps, of all the right men in the right place in the hour of great need was Sir Michael O'Dwyer in the Punjab. While Bengal, Bombay and Madras were Governors' Provinces, the anomaly, since removed, of calling the ruler of the Punjab a Lieutenant-Governor, still obtained. It did not lessen his responsibilities one jot. Sir Michael had graduated in the fine administrative school of the Punjab, loved the folk of the Province and was by reason of his downright character, his affection for them, and his Irish way, peculiarly acceptable to all, all save those who attempted rebellion. To the experience of the Punjab he had also added some years' work in the even harder school of the Frontier, and had polished up his general knowledge of India before becoming Lieutenant-Governor, by service as Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana, and as Resident at the Court of the Nizam of Hyderabad, the premier Prince in India. Such an experience was altogether unusual, so that fortunately for India and for England, Sir Michael found himself the head of the Punjab, shortly before the outbreak of war. With the more normal lesser vassals on the Viceroy's throne and in those of Bombay and the Punjab, the story of India during the World War might have been very different.

There is one matter which cannot be too strongly emphasized here, and should be remembered by all who love a man who does his work and says little. Sir Beauchamp Duff was much criticized by the unthinking at his

comparative failure to expand the Indian Army in the early days. Those who then talked neither realized the trouble in the Army, described hereafter, in the early days of 1914, nor the astounding confusion of all plans, which the *Ghadr* movement occasioned. With fierce revolutionaries at work in the area from which we drew the large portion of our soldiery, expansion was impossible, and it was some time before Duff was certain of the loyalty of even those already in his Army. This is almost an unknown story, not only to the British public, but even to the War Office, as also to large numbers of British officers of the Indian Army, who had sailed for Europe before the troubles were known, or the *Ghadr* movement from the Pacific had set in.

THE FIRST REACTION IN INDIA

TO THE OUTBREAK OF WAR

Outwardly, and in many respects inwardly, India entered into the War more than heartily. The martial races in the Army responded with a great outburst of enthusiasm. The many Indian Corps who were hurried off to the great Armadas which the shipping resources of India had been able to provide and the Indian Marine to equip, left their native land in an almost pathetic state of exultation, happy to follow the officers they had known so long. The share that educated India took in the War has been unduly exalted, for many of her lesser intelligentsia gave little aid, and turned their attention to working all the harm they could. The intelligentsia, however, are a very small part of the intelligent men of character that own and work the soil in this land of agriculturists. The martial races exceeded themselves in their endeavours. The mercantile classes opened their purses to serve the Red Cross and similar agencies, while the Ruling Princes poured forth both their resources and themselves. The messages that the Viceroy sent to the King were undoubtedly the messages that came from the

heart of the mass of the people. Except for the never-ceasing enmity of the Bengal Seditiousists, there were few clouds above the surface, whatever might be gathering below. For the moment the sinister *Ghadr* movement that was to change the face of affairs was not in evidence and had not been plumbed. The ordinary country-side was at peace and about its business, and in the villages of the martial classes the family remittances of the men at the front increased prosperity. On the frontiers all was quiet, and the Turkish *Jihad* had not yet been proclaimed to disturb men's minds, while in Afghanistan itself, Habi-bullah's staunch friendship was largely the outcome of the wise policy pursued by the Indian Government in the years before 1914 and might possibly endure.

Below was the ferment of anarchy in Bengal, on which the police kept the closest watch, but could barely control, and the various German and seditious movements, which were to give so much trouble, skulked below the surface to an extent to be described.

The European mercantile firms hastened to release their young men to join the Indian Army Reserve of Officers, both for the combatant units and for those services and departments behind the line for which their professions suited them. Red Cross funds were generously supported, and the great mass of India showed itself whole-heartedly as loyal members of the British Commonwealth.

Neither the Government of India, nor H.M. Government at home had any doubt of the general support of the bulk of the people, at any rate in the opening stages before the economic results of prolonged war brought its troubles, but they had little foreboding of what was to threaten them from the Pacific and in the Punjab. When the *Ghadr* troubles passed, that Province purged itself of all the taint, which happily had not touched the mass of its peasants under Sir Michael O'Dwyer's inspiring leadership,

and poured forth troops in a manner beyond all praise.

At the same time there is the tendency, just referred to, to magnify the sacrifices of India, especially when search is made for arguments connected with Indian politics. The fatalities for all India with the 320 millions of her then population were less than Canada's with her then 8 millions and Australia with her then 5 millions. The conditions are, of course, entirely different. It was the Punjab that furnished most soldiers. The Punjab troops suffered 30,000 deaths, but in the influenza epidemic of October, 1918, her death roll was 500,000 !

THE PRINCES' PART

The readiness of the Princes in modern times to place their resources at the disposal of the paramount power has been referred to. This tendency, apart from the older story of alliances and internal war, entered on its modern stage in the Second Afghan War, when contingents from the Northern States garrisoned the Kurram, in the "Second Phase," but it rose into far brighter flame, when the cavalier treatment of the Afghan troops by the Russians at Penjdeh in 1885 compelled the Government of India to mobilize her whole Army to resist Russian encroachment on Afghanistan. Then the enthusiasm of the Princes knew no bounds, and as it was then, so, multiplied by all the implications of twentieth-century conditions, was it in 1914. Two different sets of motives were at work ; the high one of desiring to help the Crown and the Empire ; the human one of wanting to be where great events were stirring ; the marching to the sound of the guns ; these were the stimuli to the sense of chivalry that abounded in the hearts of the Princes. The great Princes offered their troops, their sons, themselves, and many joined the Army in France or in defending Egypt.

They subscribed to Red Cross funds as did so many in British India, they equipped hospital ships, and they stimulated enthusiasm. Those who had no troops contributed each of his store; their forests gave fuel and timber, their prairies immense stores of hay, their mines material for munitions, and their non-martial people much labour. To the Princes, to the martial races of India, to the merchants and to the people of the villages and jungles much honour and gratitude is due for all time. The record of the others is another story.

CHAPTER VI

A GLIMPSE AT THE SECRET SERVICE OF INDIA

The British Secret Service of India. The Characters in "Kim." The Excellent Mystery. At Hurdwar Fair.

THE BRITISH SECRET SERVICE DEPARTMENT OF INDIA

THE two great movements that the British suppressed in India have been described, viz. Thuggee and the Pindaris. With the Pindaris gone, however, there remained its little brother "Dacoity," or "robbery under arms." Such has been, and still is, at all times, a popular diversion in Indian life. Determined, lawless and merciless leaders capture the imagination of the hardier youth, a class quite distinct from the intelligentsia, who have gone mad over the anarchical cult. These leaders, often confirmed and notorious pederasts, another of the anomalies of the East, lie doggo in their homes, summon their part-time gangs when a venture is ready, carry out some daring raid on a village and its traders, usually committing a murder or two, with such concomitants as beheading a victim as a warning, and then disappear. This pastime is perennial, and in the Princes' States often sadly prevalent, while British India is only in a lesser degree involved. In days gone by, however, the widespread net of organized dacoity was far more extended than at present. The permanent department, that was set up to root out and watch for any recrudescence of Thuggee, was also charged with the suppression of the major dacoity. It was known as the Department of Thuggee and Dacoity. As the years rolled by, Thuggee faded out altogether and Dacoity faded to merely local occurrence. The opening up of the globe produced, however, world-development in roguery that needed study, while with the consolidation of India internal and external trouble had to be carefully

watched. The Department, therefore, became a secret service department of the Government of India, retaining, however, its old and obsolescent name as a matter of camouflage. Only of later years has it received the more accurate but more widely labelled name of the Criminal Investigation Department.

Such a department, and its appendages of espionage and counter-espionage in all their forms, is a feature in every civilized community, so much does crime apparently increase with civilization, and so much do even the civilized nations love to peep into each other's backyard or garden. But the Indian Department very soon gained a world-wide reputation. A department, dealing with the activities and population of a country as large and as populous as Europe without Russia, must necessarily have an immense course to cover and perforce strike innumerable chords. India, it must be remembered, marches with China, Russia, Persia and overseas France. Often, in the course of its own business, did and does it encounter conditions affecting the lawless of other countries. Many a foreign bureau has gratefully acknowledged the unexpected assistance or information that the public-spiritedness of the Government of India has in this connection proffered them.

The general methods and aims of all secret service departments must betray a family resemblance varied partly by the genius and state of the nation concerned and also those of its neighbours. But these departments vary greatly in detail and their policy is determined by the flair and imagination that their heads bring to their direction.

The Anglo-Saxon temperament in itself is perhaps not too well equipped for such procedure, but British is a large word, and we should realize that in addition to various Celtic strains in which second sight and mysticism may be developed, the British make-up is added to by the fact that

the Roman legionaries and light troops in Britain came from all parts of the Roman world. Legions remained over a hundred years at one station, and settled their discharged soldiery in the country round, who married and chambered freely. Therefore, there may be the most diverse strains that are now and again thrown back to in the British individual. In fact, any research on Hitler lines for pure Nordic descent would be embarrassing.

Therefore, the solid Anglo-Saxon character gives way at times to men to whom secret service is an instinct, and camouflage an obsession. Such find their way into the appropriate services, both of the various British Governments, and also of the private agencies who must work for big business. The Government of India has always been able to find the men it wants, men who, with an uncanny sense of the concealed, may equally be adventurous soldiers and travellers. Some reference has been made to the curious varied network of religious mendicant orders of India, chiefly Hindu, but with a few Moslem ones, and how these *fakirs*, *jogis*, *saddhus*, by whatever term they are known, traverse the whole of the land to all the fairs, places of pilgrimage and other assemblages. They place, if they so desire, their hands on many human pulses, and they are an uncontrollable agency for sedition, if such be in the air. It has also been explained how sedition of some kind, often with a religious basis, has been endemic in India for many centuries.

Secret society organization, however, is a game that two can play at, and however much the *fakirs* and *jogis* be agents of mischief, beside and with them, covered in ash and even ordure, counting the *rudraksha* beads round their necks, catching the bugs and ticks of humiliation in their hair, are the agents of the Government of India's Secret Service. No traveller came to India, unless faultlessly accredited, without one or two of the fraternity being

among his servants or couriers. The coolie who carries the kits of big-game hunters on the frontiers of India, on the routes of the Himalaya, may be one, or the cook who makes such tempting dishes and *pilaus*. In fact an innocent man who may in error have such accredited to him, is singularly lucky. For the agent, be he cook, body servant, courier or what not, will be the most efficient of his kind.

THE CHARACTERS IN "KIM"

In general terms and entrancing suggestion does Rudyard Kipling, in *Kim*, trace the side issues of the "service" and the methods of the "great game." There is Lurgan *Sahib* who is Jacob, that was Isaacs to Marion Crawford, Jacob the Bagdadi Jew, to whom all the world was sib, and sick pearls a transparency, who trained little agents in sharpness and observation. There is the Babu, the fat and "fearsome" Bengali, who strode the Himalayas that he hated, a very wonderful man who, as A.K., or "The babu," stands parent to any of the explored routes and reports of the old Army Intelligence Department. There was Mahbub Ali, the Afghan horse dealer, whose prototype used to sell Kabuli and Persian horses in the Sultan serai at Lahore, where MacKintosh Jellaluddin lay dying of bazaar drink and a tertian malaria. The nose and knowledge of Kipling sniffed them all cannily, and his art makes them dance little for us. As a matter of fact, the less they are made to dance, except in general fashion, the safer and the better for all concerned. Hollywood or no Hollywood, which would long to film them, and has to invent because it does not know.

So whenever anything strange is going on, and when left-handed and Tantric sakhtism even is drawn into the game of mischief, there will be a secret service agent at *séance* and even at the worst orgies. Secret service agents

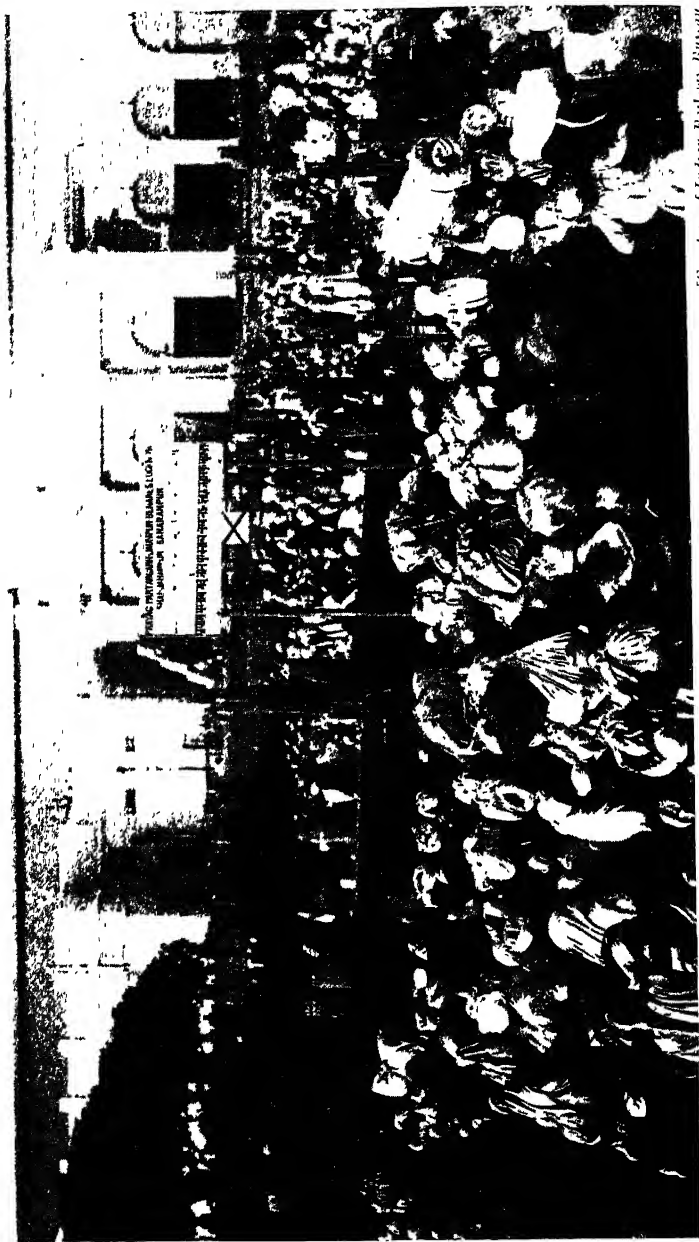
work, as a rule, unknown to each other, save in pairs, and, often as not, alone. They can have their suspicions, they may make themselves known in times of danger, they may be followed, unknown to themselves, by another agent charged with their safety, and their lives, if need be, are worth not a *drachma*, not a Roman and halfpenny *dam*, or an infinitesimal cowrie shell.

The Indian character, too, throws up folk of astounding underground ability and of equally astounding staunchness to the employer. Unfortunately, as we have seen, the juvenile anarchist and bomb worshipper can display the same traits of fidelity, even to a cause fed on hemp and bile. The Indian employees of the secret service throw their whole lives into devotion to the cause and the cult. Many of them have lost their lives in the struggle with the Bengali anarchists, some have disappeared to German agents, and of later years to Bolshevist murder emissaries. When they go they go, and none knows save the bureau, their master. It is much to their credit that, almost without exception, there has been no double crossing, none of the disreputable traffic of the international spy, but loyal and enterprising servants for whom the game was more than the man, the ship greater than the crew.

Nor are their stories given to the world, nor should they be given, but a few incidents may well be cited as a sample of the great game that goes on day and night . . . the struggle, in fact, of the good and evil angels.

THE EXCELLENT MYSTERY

Sometimes the subject to be traced is the drug smuggler, the cocaine and heroin trader. If you pick up any Indian paper you will see that the advertisements are almost entirely at times aphrodisiacs, "gold coated for chievers (*sic*)"—that is one of the results of matrimony before matriculation.



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]

THE PATIENT BUT EXCITABLE EAST
Pilgrims at a railway station



The Punjabi Peasant.



SOME WHO BELIEVE IN THE BRITISH RAJ
The Frontier Guard.



A Sikh Officer of Infantry.

So the Secret Service come in, because it is beyond the scope of ordinary police and ordinary crime detectives. Here is something of what goes on. The traffickers are believed to pass their stuff with betel and pan in the long trains, the crowded third-class corridors. The country men are sitting cross-kneed among their bundles on the wooden seats, their long brass-bound quarter-staves on the floor. The women are huddled together at one end, perhaps some voluble country matron is holding forth, there is a smell of mangoes, sweet turpentine mangoes, for the summer has begun and folk have been chewing by day; sugar cane, too, chewed into rags, lies all over the floor.

There is an old man in the corner seemingly asleep; and between his feet a basket tied round with a cloth. A Khojah, apparently, from his little basket cap with a whip of pugguree round it, one of those whose pence help the "old codger," as the English crusaders called his forebear, the Aga Khan, to win the Derby.

In the middle are two rather oily men of the banker's *hircarra* class, the banker's servant. They too have bundles between their feet, a little perturbed that so many peasant bundles crowd on them. Not far off there is a woman in a bright yellow and blue petticoat, with a little embroidered brassiere, which she has slipped to supply the lactial delight to an infant, who has been crying, because she pinched it, and annoying the other passengers. To save them she slips to the floor and bares her breast—a gypsy woman, and woman of the criminal tribes. No doubt, under the seats, her sharp little reaping hook will be probing the bundles and slitting the bags and baskets in which the travellers' goods are stowed. But no, she and the old gentleman in the corner, unknown to each other, are both after the two sleek *hircarras*, who are going to transfer cocaine to some one at a junction up the line. She may slit their bundle and find some "snow," and the old

gentleman in the corner won't have the least idea that she is sib to him. He would be still further surprised if he knew that the breast was a dummy one and the baby being fed from a brown rubber bottle and teat that fitted on a male breast. Between the two that gang of drug traffickers will be laid by the heels.

A long line of shaggy Bactrian camels, their noses poised like a wild duck overhead, come silently, pad-pad-pad, down the grand trunk road from Peshawur. They look supercilious, they are d—d supercilious and they won't even stop to eat the beastly Indian trees, so different from those at Jallalabad or far away Tirmez. At their head strides a hard-faced Ghitzai *malik*, knives in his belt, but his rifles he has had to leave in the British outpost armoury in Jamrud. It is the *hukm*, the order of Government. He comes down the road nonchalantly enough, but his eye is very much alert, alert for someone to whom he is to give a list, a list of all the *maliks* in Kurram who are in the Red Shirt business, and he doesn't know who he is to give it to. There are his sonsy, aye, and saucy, Ghilzai girls in the camel *khajawahs* behind him, with rosy cheeks and olive skin and neatly plaited and braided hair, and eyes that are quite enough to justify what the prophet, *Aleh Salaam* ! "peace be with him !" said about women, or the late and gloomy Ezekiel.

As they chatter and pass a shrine a Hindu gypsy woman comes out, with a babe with incredibly fat and greasy legs astride her hip, and begs. The Ghilzai looks disdainfully and the girls call out some repartee, but the woman is supplicating, yet good to look on. The Ghilzai has his own ideas on that subject, and tosses her a pice. She bends to touch his feet with her head in gratitude and pats his leg above the ankle twice. He almost forgets himself and starts, and as the woman gets up a little piece of

paper sticks in the back of his Peshawur *chapli*.¹ He presently draws it out, and seeing two black dots thereon, stoops to pull the straps of his *chapli* tighter and place also a piece of paper on a stone. The woman is engaged in encouraging her infant to micturate and the camels swing on in the dust by the roadside, but Government will know all about the *maliks* in the Kurram. Let us hope they will be strong enough to act on their information.

AT HURDWAR FAIR

One more vista of the Secret Service at work. This time the search is for a Hindu agitator, exiled, a frequenter of Bolshevist schools, a determined and effective maker of trouble. The Secret Service has learnt from No. 72 that their man has been in Kabul, and had there come to Srinagar in Kashmir, but whether in the Brahmin Pundit interest, or a quite different form of mischief, the creation of the northern Moslem Block, with the King of Afghanistan as caliph, was not quite clear. But he had been making his way behind the outer hills to the Ganges Valley and the sacred fair at Hurdwar. Among the countless thousands of pilgrims at the *mela* he was said to be, Government wanted him, dead or alive—alive for choice, for however good for the civilized world his death might be, his living mouth might be worth more. Two men only knew him for certain, K.90, who was among other things a Jesuit missionary, and another, K.95, who was—it does not matter what he was in private life, but he could tell you who had won the Derby every year for the last half-century—and he was here as a *Das-nameh fakir*. How the *Das-nameh*, they who know the ten names of greatness, wear nothing at all, like the *Digambaras*, the “sky-clad,” not even a wisp of rag. They are

¹ A frontier sandal.

covered in white clay and ashes and are gloriously loathsome. The two were searching for the wanted man ; though it was almost a case of a needle in a haystack, save for the fact that like haunts like, the Secret Service knew what other birds of his feather were about. It was in the *Yogiseraï*, outside a Sivite temple, where the old *mukhadum* of *Yogis* sat dozing in his leopard skin by his great big kettle-drum that they were likely to pick up the scent. Outside, among the beggars, the lame, the halt and the blind and the lepers, lives forged on anvils hot with pain, stood the Jesuit, now and again stooping to question, now and again seeing some of his own flock, but with an eye for the man he was looking for. Among the crowd sat a *Das-nameh fakir* telling his beads, ready to carry a message, for this pair worked together, and the head of the local police was prepared to act upon anything a *Das-nameh fakir* could tell him. Jesuit missionaries are best away from the police.

That, in endless variety, is how the Secret Service of India know when the volcano rumbles, but there are many other mansions, and we might, if we liked, follow them to where the kindly Englishman with a bald head and a face like Mr. Pickwick, with two Indian assistants, will read any cipher message in any cipher within five hours of getting it. But it is not all so easy as it was, since nowadays the man you are looking for with the quick match may be a brother to one of His Majesty's Indian Ministers—but that, as a greater has said, is another story.

CHAPTER VII

UNTOWARD HAPPENINGS IN INDIA, 1914

The Ghadr Conspiracy and Rebellion. The Ghadr in the Punjab. The Rebellion in the Southern Punjab. Movements in certain Army Units. The Tragedy of Singapore.

THE GHADR CONSPIRACY AND REBELLION

THE time has now come to fit the story of the *Ghadr* Conspiracy into the picture. Mention has been made of Har Dyal, sometime student of St. John's College, Oxford, and his nest of venom in San Francisco, and how he was, in season and out of season, urging the Indians to go back to India and create a revolution.

Let us consider of whom the rank and file of these Indians consisted. The word Indian is so large that its precise significance can never be ascertained. The Indians in America, apart from students and anarchists, were largely the labourers or ex-soldiers of the Punjab. They had migrated, usually via China, to the Western shores of the United States in search of a livelihood, often after several years in the profitable, if somewhat demoralizing, atmosphere of Shanghai and the treaty ports. Shanghai is demoralizing to the Eastern mind because of the white scum that such places attract. Women of all kinds abound in the underworld, notably the courtesan type, and for the first time the Indian here realizes that the women of the white skin can be worse than the outcast women of India. This does not improve the Indian's outlook on life. Mean and degenerate whites are, unfortunately, the concomitants of many Far Eastern sea-ports.

The men of the Punjab, largely Sikhs, for this race is venturesome and avaricious, when crowded out of remunerative work in Chinese ports, readily venture further

East, till East becomes West on American and Canadian soil. But the United States and Canada have no illusions on the subject of Eastern infiltration. The status of Eastern labourers is regulated by special legislation, at times irksome to the Easterners and, in many cases, to their thinking, unjust.

While they were experiencing restrictions and were girding thereat, Har Dyal and his fellow-conspirators were starting their campaign, and it came as the pouring of nitric acid on cotton. A highly explosive combination resulted. They started a newspaper entitled *Ghadr*, "Revolution," to circulate among the Indians in America and the Far East. There were by now many thousands of such Indians on the Pacific Coast, and owing to their credulity, the Har Dyal poison was beginning to circulate in their veins, producing an incredible hatred and bitterness, which the misrepresentation, as well as the stringency of the Canadian immigration laws, helped to engender. The *Ghadr* newspaper was, in the meantime, being translated into many Indian vernaculars and was freely circulating in the Punjab. The British Government was violently vituperated for not supporting its Indian subjects against the United States and Canada.

The *Ghadr* party in America sent, in 1913, three delegates to India to incite rebellion, though Sir Michael O'Dwyer states that this was not realized at the time. They came, it was said, merely to voice protests against the Canadian laws. They held many meetings in the Punjab at which respectable and law-abiding citizens were present. But soon the tone changed, and from reasonable protests against laws and regulations that they thought harsh, the meetings assumed a menacing and inflammatory attitude. Sir Michael O'Dwyer at this stage, i.e., just before the outbreak of the War, sent a warning to the three delegates that unless they desisted he would have to take action.

They demanded an interview, which he granted. He had a long talk with them, reasoning with and cautioning them. Two were specious, the third had "the manner of a dangerous revolutionary."¹

They even demanded an interview with the Viceroy, and in forwarding their request the Governor warned Lord Hardinge regarding the third, for no one wished another bomb incident to incommode His Excellency. About the beginning of 1914 the three went back to Canada. The revolutionary referred to turned out to be one of Har Dyal's right-hand men. He was arrested by the United States for smuggling arms to Canada that year, but appears to have escaped, for he was arrested by the Siamese Government in 1915 for attempting to raise a rebellion in Burma and Siam. Deported to India, he was tried under the Second Lahore Conspiracy case for murder and rebellion, and sentenced to death. Moreover, this man who came to India as a peaceful delegate was found to be one of the leaders at the banquet in San Francisco, in 1912, held to commemorate the abortive bombing of Lord Hardinge.

The Government was now learning of the serious extent of *Ghadr* propaganda in the Punjab, but became reassured by the imperviousness of the mass of the sturdy peasantry to the noxious cells opening in their midst.

The fact that war had broken out enabled regulations to be passed as a matter of emergency, which in peace time those afraid of their shadow would have jibbed at. The Government of India passed the "Ingress ordinance," developed from a war-time "Foreigners' Ingress Ordinance" already passed. This gave special powers which were soon called into action. It was learnt that many thousands of emigrants from the Pacific Coast were returning to India. A trial of strength with the Canadian authorities was being

¹ Sir Michael O'Dwyer's reminiscences.

staged at this juncture, a not uninteresting instance of how release from the authority and custom of a thousand years may operate in minds introduced to a milieu to which they are quite unaccustomed.

One Gurdit Singh, a Sikh of some standing, had organized the chartering of a steamer, the Japanese *Komagatu Maru*, which took some four hundred Sikhs and sixty Muhammadans to Vancouver with the object of defying the Canadian regulations and forcing an entrance. Part of the scheme was to adopt an attitude of defiance and recklessness, "Anti-British lectures were delivered on board and copies of the *Ghadr* were freely circulated among passengers." The Canadian Government, however, were not to be so easily bluffed or defied, and after a few malcontents were allowed to land who complied with the regulations, the *Komagatu Maru* had to leave Vancouver under a threat of Naval intervention.

The anger of the duped Sikhs who had been assured by Gurdit Singh that he would procure their admittance, was now turned on the promoter of the enterprise, for many had lost their all. That astute gentleman was able to divert their anger to the British Government. Returning to Yokohama, they now learnt that war had broken out and that they would not be allowed to land at Hong Kong or Shanghai, at both of which ports local Indian *Ghadr* societies had to be dealt with, and the authorities desired no more. They were now told that they must go on to Calcutta, and there they arrived in a great state of indignation, vowing vengeance against all and sundry. Many of them were in the possession of arms and ammunition and were in the mood to make any mad use of them.

Armed with their new Ingress Order, the authorities in India were now prepared to cope with the malcontents, and it was decided that the new arrivals should be taken to their own homes and kept out of the magazine of Bengal.

The Bengal authorities were charged with depriving them of their arms, while a party of Sikh police from the Punjab was brought down to escort them northwards in a special train. The Bengal police, apparently, were remiss in their search for weapons, for many revolvers and much ammunition came through in the baggage and in the bundles containing the holy *Grunth*.

The sixty Moslems alone agreed to enter the special train at Bāj-Bāj. The remainder insisted on marching to Calcutta, some ten miles off. They were met *en route* by Sir William Duke, a member of the Bengal Government, with a military party, who ordered them to return. This they agreed to do, but at Bāj-Bāj refused to enter their train. In the tumult a shot was fired, and this was a signal for a general firing. Two or three Sikh policemen and some British officials were wounded and eighteen of the returned Sikhs were killed, whereon they all fled, throwing away their arms. Most were taken in the course of a few days, save thirty, including Gurdit Singh, who remained at large. Those retaken were held pending a Government inquiry as to what was best to do with them, but as it was found that the most violent had either been killed, or had escaped with Gurdit Singh, it was decided that the remainder might safely be released, save thirty-one, whom it was considered desirable to hold.

That, for the moment, closed the awkward incident, but the agitators in the Punjab and the rest of India published highly coloured versions of what had happened, pretending that there had been an unprovoked assault on harmless subjects. This lie was freely circulated among the many thousands now on their way back to India from the States and the Far East in other vessels, and this naturally accentuated the discontent that the *Ghadr* propaganda had created.

Vessels full of Indians were now returning to all the ports that took shipping from the East. Under the Ingress

Ordinance, arrangements to deal with them at the ports were instituted, but as some arrived on every ship, a good number landed and escaped up country before the machinery was in working order.

But the plot and its motives became plainer. On October 28th, 1914, the *Tasu Maru*, another Japanese steamer, arrived in Calcutta with 173 Indian passengers, mostly Sikhs from America, Japan, Manila and Shanghai. Information had been received that they had been in touch with German agents *en route* and had made no secret of their intention to start a rebellion.

This batch were brought up to the Punjab by train for inquiry under the escort of a party of Punjab Police. The craze for rebellion and hysteria had taken hold of them for the moment, although, when they heard of the precautions in Calcutta, they had thrown away their arms. Otherwise they were neither to hold nor to bind. All the way up country they shouted rebellion and abused British officers and Government in the most violent way. Under any other system but that of the indulgent and good-natured British, they would have been severely dealt with, instead of being allowed to scream themselves hoarse.

THE GHADR IN THE PUNJAB

Sir Michael O'Dwyer, hearing of their demeanour, sent them all to a "remand" jail till they could be examined and weeded out. Finally, out of this number, seventy-three were released on security and a hundred kept interned. But the important point was, though it was not known till it transpired at the Lahore Conspiracy trials, that these were mostly the rebel leaders, to each of whom some district had been allotted for fomenting trouble and strife.

Of the seventy-three apparently harmless ones who were released, six were eventually hanged for participation in

subsequent outbreaks and six sentenced to transportation, and six more who took a leading part in an outbreak of anarchy that soon occurred, were re-arrested, two, however, turning informer. From them a most astounding story of murder and intrigue was heard which enabled the greater part of the wilder spirits to be secured. While this was in progress thousands more of the returning Sikhs poured back into the Punjab from the Far East, all more or less, most of them more, infected with the virus which had been spread on all the ships returning.

Sir Michael O'Dwyer, well versed in the manner that such evil might operate in the more lawless and virile Punjab, had arranged that all these men should be examined under the Ingress Ordinance, and that on their way home they should pass through the hands of a central inquiry office that he had established at Ludiana. There expert officers interviewed all who did not succeed in evasion, and ascertained particulars of their homes and relatives. The arrivals were categorised in three classes :

(1) Those who should be interned as a preventive, or awaiting actual prosecution, or until a change in their mental state appeared.

(2) Those who might return to their own village and remain there under the guarantee of relatives or village reeves.

(3) Those who would be sent off to their homes with a caution as to their behaviour, and with instructions to local authority to keep an eye on them.

Out of the 8000 who came back at this period, 400 were put in jail, 2500 were confined to their villages, and the remainder sent home unrestricted, but under observation.

Some of the worst slipped through unrecorded, and some of the apparently harmless ones proved to be the worst. All such at once got into touch in the approved

Bolshie manner with any of the small disaffected nests among the Sikhs, and meetings were organized and emissaries sent out, both among troops and students.

In fact, Government was, as said, seated on a rumbling volcano, uncertain concerning its future activity, how active it might at any moment become, or which crater might burst into eruption. From the time of their arrival till the autumn of 1915, disturbances were rife. To quote from Sir Michael O'Dwyer :

“ There was a constant series of explosions. All over the Central Punjab police were murdered ; loyal citizens, especially Sikhs known to be assisting the authorities, were shot down or killed by bombs ; gang robberies, sometimes with murder of wealthy Hindus, were carried out to raise funds for the cause ; several attempts were made to derail trains or blow up bridges ; factories for the preparation of bombs were established in various places ; bombs and materials for bombs were received from the revolutionary depots, *caches* of revolvers and guns were made in Native States ; an attack was made on the Indian military piquet guarding a railway bridge on the main line close to Amritsar, the guard were murdered and their rifles taken ; plans for seizing the Arsenal at Ferozepore and the magazines at Lahore and other cantonments were formed. Persistent attempts were made, not in all cases without success, to tamper with the troops in at least a dozen stations in the Punjab and United Provinces. The fact that most of the regular British troops had gone to France, and that many of the returned emigrants were old soldiers, made this part of the scheme particularly sinister.”

It is curious that while certain of the Sikhs and old soldiers had been inoculated with this wild virus, their brothers were fighting fiercely in His Majesty's Armies all over the world, and were certainly getting their bellyful of rough stuff which the revolutionaries were trying to get

at home. It will be noticed that the methods of Bengal in anarchical dacoity were being closely followed.

Two more birds of ill omen now appeared on the scene, drawn like the vulture to carrion. These were Rash Bihari, the organizer of the Delhi and Lahore outrages of 1913-14 (bombing of Lord Hardinge, etc.), accompanied by a daring Mahratta Brahmin from America, one N. G. Pingle, who had come back with the rest of the *Ghadr* crew from the Pacific Coast.

These two now took over control of affairs, under skilful underground precautions, as the Punjab authorities had the consignment of leaders from the *Tasu Maru* all by the leg. Another gentleman with poisoned tissues also "America returned" was professor in the Arya Samaj College at Lahore, and he was able to link up heartily the Sikh *Ghadr* with the hysteria of the intelligentsia.

The Government, in fact, when war had deprived it of many stabilizing forces, was up against a movement that threatened its whole being, with intense bitterness, without ruth, and also without reason.

Happily the Punjab as a whole was of an entirely different state of mind. Sir Michael tells us of one instance among many which shows how, happily, the country-side was entirely out of sympathy with this insensate bitterness.

A party of fifteen revolutionary Sikhs, while awaiting orders from their own centre for the attack on Ferozepore Arsenal—the principal Arsenal, be it remembered, for all the troops defending a thousand miles of frontier—decided by way of keeping their hand in and their courage up, to loot the Government Treasury at Moga where there was only a small police guard.

En route they were challenged by an inspector of police, with whom was a local landowner of repute. After a brief parley the rebels shot them both dead, flying to the jungle, the sturdy Sikh villagers and a few police after them, with

whom a running fire was kept up. Happily law and order won the day. Two of the rebels were killed and seven captured, to be hung within two months of the outrage, the remainder in due course falling into the hands of justice. The incident suffices to show the desperate state into which the men of the *Ghadr* had drifted. Grants to the heirs of the murdered men were made by the Government and the villagers duly rewarded. Rebellious acts, however, were not so easily handled in the rest of the countryside, and onward to the early months of 1915 there were forty-five serious outrages. By that time the Government of India had passed its Defence of India Bill, and local authorities were then empowered to cope with the mischief.

But the leading spirits had made their arrangements in considerable "form." Rash Bihari and the Deccani Brahmin Pingle had planned a rising for February and the authorities discovered that the date selected was the 21st. Agitators had been tampering with all the troops, and in more than one unit not without some success, so far as their Sikh companies and squadrons were concerned. The authorities were now thoroughly on the *qui vive*, Sir Michael O'Dwyer's own personal escort actually was furnished from one of the suspect squadrons, but lest the conspirators should be driven to wilder action no change in the men was made. The conspirators, who had now become aware of Government activity, decided to deal their blow earlier and sent messages to all conspirators and to the regiments implicated, to open the ball on the 19th, two days in advance. But this too was discovered and authority struck. Four houses in Lahore known to be rebel headquarters were raided by Mr. L. L. Tomkins, head of the Criminal Investigation Department, and a famous Indian Police officer, Khan Liyaqat Haiyat Khan. Thirteen of the leading revolutionaries were arrested, with all their appendages, arms, bombs, literature and the like and four

rebel standards. Rash Bihari and Pingle were not among them. Pingle, however, was caught in the lines of the 12th Cavalry at Meerut with a large quantity of bombs. He and Permanand were sentenced to death. For no apparent reason the Viceroy commuted Permanand's sentence, but Pingle, the more admirable rogue of the two, was hung. Permanand was the maker of rogues like Rash Bihari, and his heart was not as big as his head. This great raid at Lahore took place on the 19th. All military cantonments were informed of the proposed rising, and the military authorities took prompt and drastic action. The Sikh squadron at Lahore went to the front almost immediately with its corps, and the depot, always a source into which taint could penetrate and from which it could emanate, was removed. *En route*, a number of bombs rolled out from the regimental baggage, and nemesis fell then as will be related a little later.

The Sikh community was now called on to repudiate the rebels and murderers, and it was induced to do this, in Sir Michael's opinion, by the glorious achievements and cruel losses experienced by the 14th Sikhs in Gallipoli, which conferred undying lustre on the Corps and on the Sikhs. The community rallied to the Government's aid; the young men from the villages pressed to serve, and these included many of the less-involved *Ghadr* men. In April two returned emigrants murdered a Sikh Sirdar at Hushiarpur, for which crime two were hanged, and again a Sikh magnate was killed at Amritsar, when two other emigrants were executed. In August a witness was shot and his assailants escaped, but were captured later and put to death.

An armed attempt to destroy a railway bridge by an organized party took place in July. A piquet was rushed and two of the men killed and the piquet's arms taken. Again it was the sturdy peasantry who turned out in pursuit.

The rebels shot a few men on the Beas River and took their boat, and one of the pursuers. They were caught, however, and five were hanged, two escaping to be caught later, one being also hanged. The proverbial patience of the British, said to be as long as a summer's day, had changed to a day as short as a winter's night.

By August the trouble was mostly over. From this time the Punjab began to settle down, although several murders of loyalists were still to come. In 1917 and 1918 the *Ghadr* men caused little trouble, reserving their efforts perhaps, or else being re-infected in the turbulent months of 1919. But there emerged many more troubles from the Pandora's box that the War had opened, and this time it was the Intelligentsia of Islam, who were to start the ball rolling.

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUTHERN PUNJAB

Quite apart from the *Ghadr* disturbance, but equally disconcerting, there broke out a rebellion in the south-west districts of the Punjab, viz. the districts of Mooltan, of Muzzafargarh and Jhang. The principal causes of the disquiet consisted in the fact that the peasantry, a simple, ignorant and credulous people, were heavily in debt, as are so many of the native peasantry, to Indian money-lenders. The actual rights and wrongs of such indebtedness are another matter. The fact remains that if authority wanes, forcible repudiation of just debts is a popular custom. In 1857 alone in the Punjab, a similar insurrection of ignorant tribes occurred in the south-west.

The local papers and rumours, exaggerated by the malignant, spoke of German victories. The sedition-mongers asserted that Teutons and Turks were advancing on India. The British, it was said, had departed, scouts forgetting that it was Sunday, reported in the villages that the flag was no longer flying over the Government offices.

The British were gone!—Hooray! down with merchants, creditors and landlords! and a typical agrarian rebellion broke forth, in which neither *Ghadr* nor fanatical Islam, save in so far as these movements made for chronic unrest, had any part. It was just a glorious rising of “have nots” against “haves,” when the police were believed to have departed.

Alas! The race is not always to the swift, nor victory to the debtor. Down came the armed police, to everyone’s surprise, and a few companies of British Territorial Infantry. The peasantry of the Southern Punjab are not the same stuff as the Rajput Moslems of the North. A few Hindus had been killed, a few money-lenders roasted—not an unmixed evil—many Hindu shops had been looted on Monday. Now the Union Jack was flying over the offices once again. The quite unnecessary rebellion was over.

This should prove a useful lesson to the hot-air merchants, like the terrible massacres of 1930 at Cawnpore, and the public circumcision of Hindus in the Moplah rebellion of 1922. It shows what India can do to herself, when the kindly guiding hand of Britain is removed, or—since it is largely a psychological influence—even when it is supposed to have been withdrawn!

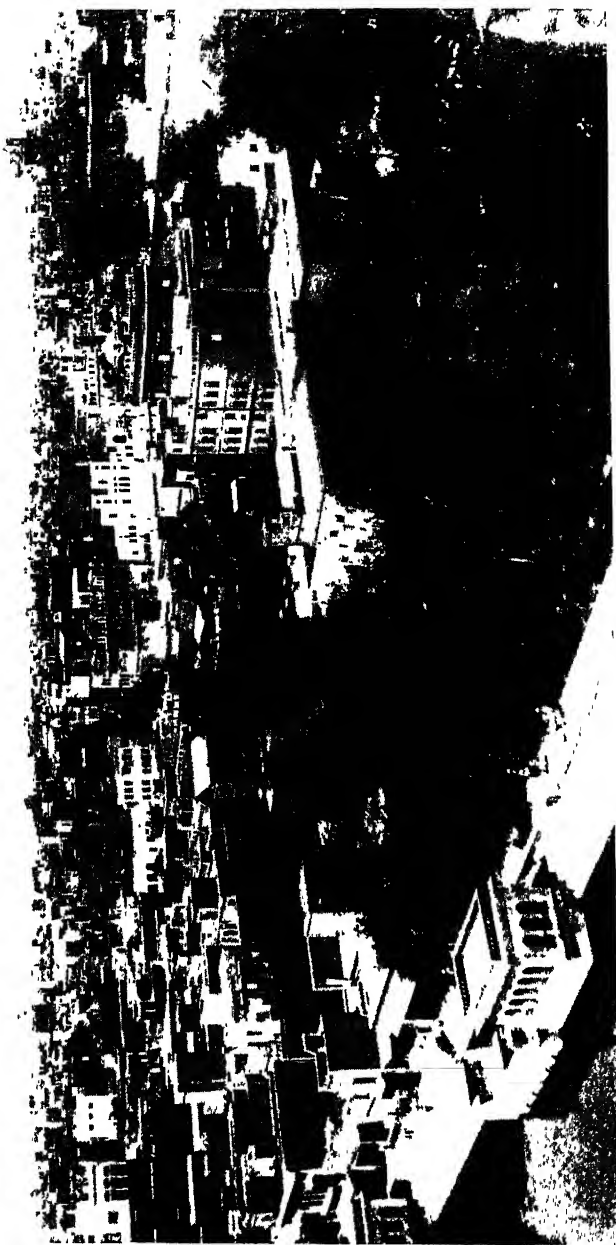
The next task was to cure the sores left by the rebellion, and to this end, Sir Michael O’Dwyer organized and supervised various conciliation committees with excellent effect.

MOVEMENTS IN CERTAIN ARMY UNITS

The outbreak of a World War in itself would be no occasion for anxiety as to the behaviour and outlook of so militant a force as the Army in India. “Three cheers for ould Kruger,” shouted the Irish militiamen marching through Dublin to the transport, “If it wasn’t for him shure we wouldn’t be here at all.” That was the attitude of the Army in India, eager to serve and to seek the great

adventure with the officers they trusted. But there was the strange Bengal canker already described, and its first cousin in the Deccan, that would not leave any occasion alone to seek the sewers. Military authority was watchful but confident. When, however, the full understanding of the *Ghadr* movement was gained it was another matter. Here were many thousands of Sikhs in the Far East, many of them veteran soldiers, dancing to the tune of a few acrid intellectuals piping in Pacific ports. Moreover, they were coming back to India, and to infect every recruiting area. Not only that, but they were smitten with a virus of vigorous vitality and enmity to let loose in a new milieu. The Army chiefs were rightly concerned thereat. Happily the best units were beyond its reach and on their way to the wars, and like to enjoy their bellyful of excitement. But the situation on the frontier was critical, the troops left were not all of the best quality, and it would be disastrous if they caught the disease. We had many memories of an army gone mad. Already, too, had the accession of Turkey to the Central Powers introduced a disturbing element among the Moslem troops. The Sultan had proclaimed a war of religion, and there were plenty of the fanatical type in India, who would eagerly respond to such a *hoo-ha* and wave the green banner. To this milieu had now come the mysterious uncalled-for venom of the *Ghadr* among the Sikhs ; and all Bengal was agog to propel it on the road to ruin. The roll of the Islamic drum, however, had not at present, it was hoped, greatly perturbed the Mussulmans.

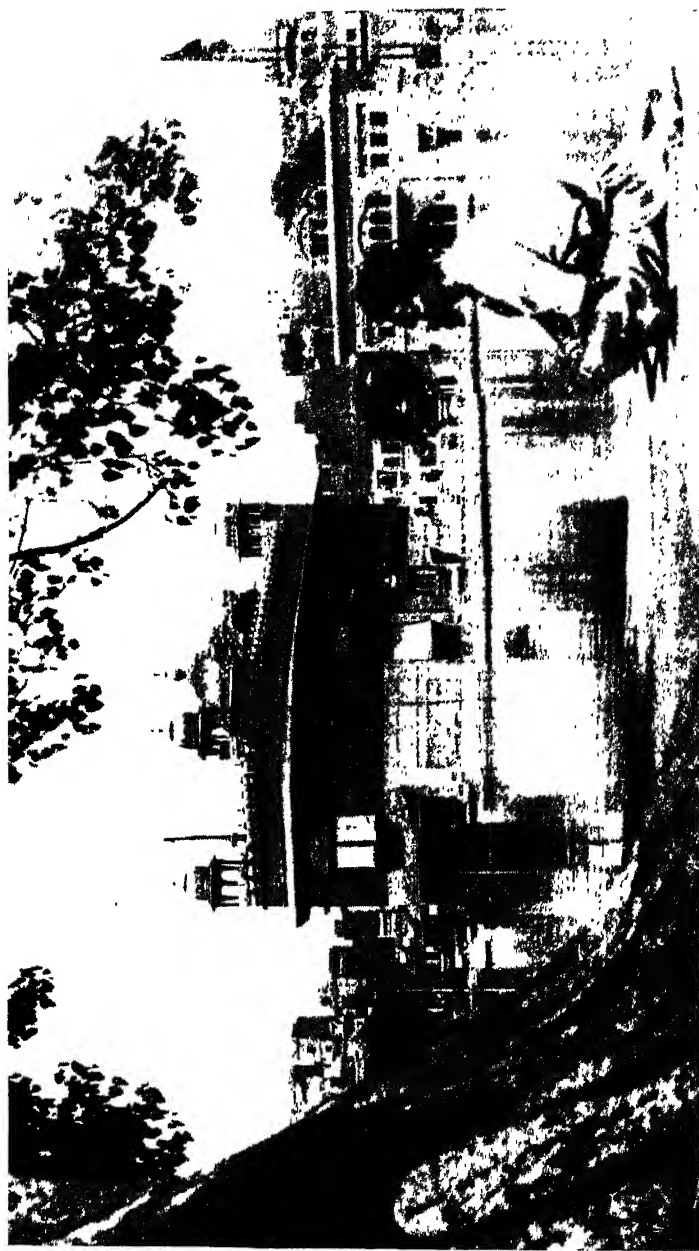
Furtunately, for the most part, the old practice had passed when officers treated any attempt to warn them of activities in their regimental lines as a scandal and an insult. They now realized that there might be many malevolent folk about, to corrupt their men, that youths would often pay heed at first from curiosity, and that it was their duty to protect their men from such malign influences.



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]

THE CROWDED CITY OF AMRITSAR

In which General Dyer proclaimed "no meetings" after the murder of Europeans.



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]

THE SIKH TEMPLE AT AMRITSAR
The centre of Militant Sikhism.

It has already been related that the Deccani seditionist, Pingle, had been found with a heavy equipment of bombs in the lines of the famous 12th Cavalry. That corps was largely, though not entirely composed of Sikhs, more, indeed, than was usual, and the poison had to be extracted the more completely, because of the corps' traditions, to which tarnish was never attached, and because Meerut, where they were stationed, of all places, had the evil reputation of kindling the military conflagration of 1857.

The corps whose Sikh squadron was involved, as related, at Lahore (the 23rd Cavalry, a corps of the Frontier Force, long famous as the 3rd P.C.) had gone to the war. Its depot was moved to a more convenient station, and as stated, bombs rolled from out the kits. This was followed by stringent inquiry and by court martial. Eighteen men were eventually found guilty and it was necessary to execute twelve. Mutiny in any army, above all, that of India, needs the surgeon's knife operated remorselessly. Further down country, another cavalry regiment was in trouble, killing its commanding officer and wounding others, indeed, curiously enough, it was mostly in the mounted branch that the knife was necessary. Thanks to the action taken, the Army was now steadied, though how easy it is to unsettle such a force is illustrated by the strange case of the 5th Infantry at Singapore, a station out of India at which an Indian battalion is usually to be found. A party of the *Ghadr* revolutionaries had got to Burma and attempts to make trouble in the Military Police battalions had to be stamped out forcibly.

THE TRAGEDY AT SINGAPORE

The happening at Singapore has been alluded to, and it is now time that it should be described, for it is a tragic story that the British world is almost entirely ignorant of.

For the last hundred years Singapore, the "Lion City" on an island at the southern end of the Malay Peninsula, had been growing in importance as a great British trade centre, a coaling station, port of call and defended station. Its normal garrison was a British and an Indian battalion, with some batteries of coast artillery. It also had volunteer corps, in which British residents served. There is a large settlement of Chinese merchants and of Chinese of all sorts, and also traders of various European nationality, including, in 1914, many Germans.

The British battalion had been sent home to join the other overseas units of the Regular Army, which were being grouped into the 7th, 8th and 27th, 28th and 29th Divisions. It had not been replaced by a Territorial Corps, as had the units from India, but the local Volunteer Corps had been embodied—who had been joined by eighty-six of the Malay State Volunteer Rifles. The Indian battalion was the 5th Light Infantry, comprised entirely of Moslems, largely from Hindustan, and there was also a detachment of the 36th Sikh, a corps engaged in taking Wei Hei Wei. These men happened to have no ammunition and were waiting to join their own corps.

The only British war vessel in port in February, when the trouble occurred, was the *Cadmus* sloop. The 5th Light Infantry were about to leave for Hong Kong and a transport was standing by to embark them. Their lines were at Alexandra Barracks, four miles out of Singapore. The detachment of the 36th was near the Tanglin Barracks, where some 300 German sailors and civilians were interned. This camp had been guarded by the 5th, but as that corps was due to sail on the 15th of February, the guard had been taken over by some Singapore Volunteer Rifles, and some troops from the State of Johore on the mainland—and other Johore troops, without arms, were in part of the military hospital adjoining. The 14th of February was the

beginning of the Chinese New Year festival, a period of much dropping of fireworks, which meant that firing would not be noticed.

On the 15th, Major-General D. Ridout, commanding at Singapore, inspected the 5th, prior to the battalion embarking. All was quiet and in order, but as the battalion's ammunition was being loaded into lorries at the Alexandra Barracks, a shot was fired. An outbreak immediately followed. Those who tried to keep order were shot down. Two British officers of the Corps managed to get to the Normanton launch close by and shout the information to the officer commanding the eighty-six men of Malay States Volunteer Rifles, that their own Corps had mutinied.

Captain Smith, who commanded, led his men towards the mutineer lines and reached the house of the Colonel of the 5th, where he (Lieut-Col. Martin), three other officers and a lady were taking shelter. As the Malay Volunteers advanced, they were fired on by mutineers, without suffering any loss, and found the officers of the 5th in safety. Steps were at once taken to put the house into a state of defence.

The mutineers, at first at sixes and sevens, now broke up into three parties, one to overpower the men guarding the German internment camp and release the prisoners; another to attack the Colonel's house, and a third to prevent any assistance arriving down the road from Singapore. Further, several small parties made off, apparently to murder stray Europeans.

At first, no one elsewhere had any idea that trouble was in the air. The shots, if heard, were attributed to the Chinese fireworks.

The exciting events that now took place are worthy of record, as they resemble the worst scenes in the Great Mutiny of 1857.

The scene shifts for a moment to the Tanglin Barracks, a mile west of the Alexandra lines, where the mutineers

were in elated possession. They were thus between Tanglin and Singapore, just four miles west thereof.

Major-General Ridout's residence was at Tanglin, where he happened to be resting after an attack of malaria. It was a peaceful afternoon, and a good many people were on the golf links hard by. Suddenly the General's 'phone rang and there came the disconcerting news from Colonel Martin that his battalion had mutinied, that he was in his own dwelling with the detachment of the Malay States Volunteer Rifles and that he could hold his own till morning.

The General hurriedly donned his uniform and dashed in his car for Singapore, where such remaining troops as were available would be found, sending word at once to the Governor, Sir Arthur Young, and telling his wife to ring up the Internment Camp and let the Commandant know. As she did so, it is said that she heard on the 'phone the shot that killed Lieut. Montgomerie, who was answering her call. The mutineers had attacked the camp before the warning could arrive.

There was a terrible massacre. Captain P. N. Gerrard, the Commandant, and three other officers were killed outright, with seven N.C.O.'s and men of the Regulars and Volunteers, and one German prisoner of war and two members of the Johore State Forces. Three more British were wounded and left for dead, and another German.

Close by were the detachment of the 36th, who turned out with arms, but without ammunition, and marched down to the Botanical Gardens. Next morning they were supplied with ammunition and joined forces under General Ridout.

Having destroyed the camp guard at the prisoners' camp, the mutineers broke down the wire fences, rushed in triumphantly and commenced an attempt to fraternize with shouting and hand-shaking. They were not, however, very well received. Two of the Germans were apparently

dead, an officer and five men from the *Emden* refused to have anything to do with them, and the prisoners all refused the proffered arms and ammunition. This may have been due to the Medical Officer, Major Williamson, who, at considerable risk to himself, warned the internees that the mutineers would soon have short shrift.

About 5 p.m. the disappointed mutineers left and the prisoners helped the doctors in collecting and attending to the wounded.

The efforts of the party who attacked Colonel Martin's quarters were not more successful, and they had not even the pleasure of butchery. The defenders kept them at bay quite easily, and all that was done was to keep up a fire at the little band all night. The want of enterprise, that is such a well-known characteristic of the Indian soldier in the absence of European leading, was evident at once.

The third mutineer party that had marched off on the Singapore road, had an innings more after its own heart. They first met a motor car, which they ordered to stop. As it did not do so they shot dead the occupants, the district judge and a British business man. Thus elated, they soon met a Mr. and Mrs. Woolcome, a bride and bridegroom, in a two-seater car. This they stopped, murdering the occupants in cold blood. Another British resident in his car shared the same fate, and they then came on a soldier on a cycle, who also fell a victim to their merciless venom. Walking along the road, they met Captain Boyce, of their own Corps, and Captain McClean of the Malay States Guides, who became easy victims. They now had eight murders to their credit, one a young English girl. The detached murder parties, west of Graig Hill, were equally successful, where there were more opportunities for their revolutionary ardour. Here, two of them murdered Major Galloway and Captain Izzard, R.A. Later, in the New Bridge Road, they stopped a car with five occupants.

They killed two Englishmen occupants, and left a third for dead, shot dead the Indian chauffeur, but spared a lady of the party. They next ran into a doctor and his wife, shot him, but again spared his wife. The same two now pushed on and came to the Central Police station, where there was a Sikh police guard. Shooting, they wounded two of them, and then escaped into the crowded bazaars. This, naturally enough, incensed the Sikh police, happily, perhaps, for authority.

Meanwhile another detached group, at about the same time, viz., between four and five p.m., enjoyed equally good sport. First they met three Europeans, one Lieut. Elliot, being one of their own officers, and killed them all. Then they passed a bungalow in which three Englishmen sat smoking in the verandah. These, too, they murdered.

By this time the alarm was pretty general. The Governor, General Ridout, and Admiral Sir Martyn Jerram were in conclave, while the forces were getting under arms. A French and Japanese cruiser in the vicinity were summoned by wireless and a message sent to the Sultan of Johore, who brought in 150 of his own troops by seven p.m.

We need not follow the details of the requisite steps taken. The *Cadmus* was ordered to send a landing party ashore. Martial law was at once proclaimed and a provost marshal appointed, whose first act was to order that all discharges of fireworks, which both alarmed and misled, must cease at once.

Many of the Europeans were already enrolled as special constables and these were summoned and arms delivered to all the police.

By the time that troops were assembled it was too dark for operations with such a heterogeneous mass of men as alone were available, but preparations of all kinds were made for an attack on the mutineers, wherever they might

be found, in the morning. The town was surrounded with piquets which was about all that could then be done.

The force which was to attack the Alexandra Barracks at dawn, was none too many, and consisted of :

- 80 men of the Royal Navy from the *Cadmus*.
- 21 of the R.A.
- 50 of the Singapore Volunteer Rifles.
- 25 picked civilians.

This force, under Colonel Brownlow, R.A., was assembled at Keppel Harbour and started off in cars before dawn. As they approached the barracks, in open order, the mutineers started firing, but the barracks were carried with great resolution and without loss. They were not, however, held in strength, for the rebels were on a ridge on the left from which they opened fire. The defended position at Colonel Martin's house was now reached and the officers, the lady and the men of the Malay States Volunteers were evacuated safely, with the loss of two killed and three wounded.

While this was in progress two hundred European specials were armed and a force of Japanese special constables enrolled, while European women and children were moved on board ship. That night the mutineers succeeded in killing another British officer and a gunner. The Johore steam launches were now patrolling the coast on the look-out for German prisoners whose action and attitude were as yet unknown. The next day, the 17th, Admiral Huguet arrived in the *Montcalm* and landed 190 sailors and a couple of machine-guns and the Japanese 76 more. By this time the various parties and patrols had begun to round up stray bodies of mutineers whose valour had begun to subside. It should be mentioned that when the mutiny had broken out eighty of the men of the 5th had marched to the Colonel's house to say they were loyal and ready to help. But mutinies

are precarious things. Their help for the moment was declined and they were ordered to march on to the Central Police Station and report themselves which, to their honour, they did. It would appear that by the evening of the 17th, 422 of the 5th had been captured, so that the party now at large, no doubt the desperadoes and ring-leaders, was a comparatively small one.

By the morning of the 18th the aggregate of armed forces was sufficient for General Ridout to occupy the whole of the scene of the tragedy, Tanglin, Alexandra Barracks, and Normanton. The mutineers had now made off and broken up into parties of which a few, now short of food, were picked up. By the evening of the 18th, the situation was completely in hand, and residents returned to their houses. Some 300 mutineers only were at large, and these were driven into the jungle. Most of the German prisoners were quietly awaiting the new guard in their camp.

The native population of Singapore was a large one, including, no doubt, a good many bad hats. It remained singularly quiet. There was no sympathy displayed with the mutineers by any section of the people, and helpfulness was soon evinced.

While the broken bands were being rounded up, justice was soon at work. It was not necessary with no one left to over-awe, to resort to the time-honoured execution of military mutineers convicted of murder, at the mouth of a gun. Two of the leaders were hanged, thirty-eight were shot, all in public. The incident was over, and the 5th Light Infantry were no more.

This strange fierce outbreak which might have been so disastrous, was believed to have been largely due to the influence of German agents but unconnected, to any great extent, with the wishes of the German residents. It found, however, a small cell of Moslem fanaticism to work with. The casualties inflicted, almost all the murder of unarmed

Europeans in the first wild excitement, comprised 8 officers, 1 lady, 9 soldiers and 16 civilians murdered, with a few more wounded as previously enumerated.

A senior officer was deputed from India with considerable powers to investigate, and ere long the remnant of the unit was brought back to India, to be drafted out and re-formed with better material. Its record marked it for early disappearance when reductions in the Indian Army took place after the World War.

CHAPTER VIII

GERMAN DESIGNS AND ENTERPRISE AGAINST INDIA

German Interest in India. Von Bernardi and his School. German Wartime Enterprises. Germany and the San Francisco Trial. German Missions in Kabul and Persia.

GERMAN INTEREST IN INDIA

WHILE the German Army in 1913 and 1914 had been eagerly drinking to *Der Tag*—the “Day” when England who stood between them and the dominion of the world should be humbled—the German General Staff and Foreign Office had long before been engaged in studying any cesspools in which enmity and venom might be festering, from Indian Calcutta to Irish Dublin. It is the business of General Staffs and Foreign Offices to conduct such things, but there are ways and ways.

The visitation and study of India by Germans was no new thing. So far back as 1845, Prince Waldemar and Staff, while touring in India, saw the holocaust of Ferozeshahr in the First Sikh War alongside the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge. His personal medical attendant was killed and he himself hustled off the field to escape the disaster which the Governor-General stood prepared to share, only sending away with the Prince the sword that Blücher had given him at Waterloo. Few large concentrations of Anglo-Indian armies took place without there being some German Staff in attendance, often scornful enough, for the comparatively loose dress and ways of the best Indian troops did not appeal to them. It was to be noticed that in every Staff of the high German visitor there was always the affable gent, who could mix and carry his drink like a gentleman, laughing and chatting in officers' messes, and the dour carl whose business it was to take notes. As there were always one or two members of the Indian Secret

Service among their Indian domestics, there was little that was not known of their more questionable doings, which usually took the form of listening to tales of discontent and injury, from any who had them to tell.

Within India were, of course, many German merchants of all kinds, some friendly and harmonious in all their doings, members of long-established firms, others definitely occupied, as was Germany so successfully throughout the world, in capturing British trade and ministering to the cult of *Deutschland über alles*. Indeed we can but mourn for the folly of German War policy, when she substituted her ubiquitous peaceful penetration for the mad arbitration of the sword. The good old Germans lulled suspicion with their heartiness and clever modern ones did the work.

Prince Henry Reus XVII, the son of him of the "good morning, vassals!" story, of ancient régime, thus presided at Simla as Consul-General, while his business jackals looked for trade and his military *attaché* searched for troubled waters.

A few years before the War the Crown Prince himself had been the guest of the Viceroy and had toured India, leaving behind mixed impressions and carrying off some wrong-headed ideas of the potential power of the volcano on which the British appeared to sleep—appeared, because there was no Government in the world with a more efficient Secret Service. The Crown Prince's *entourage* included, naturally, some of its agents, in the ordinary course of routine.

But what the Secret Service knew was not always communicable to ministers and others, lest they told their wives, and even when told—especially in London—it was hard to obtain credence therefor. What probably the Crown Prince and his suite did not know was that the volcano was a habitual grumbler, and equally a slumberer, and that it had so been in India since time was.

Nevertheless, Germany mindful of all that that flyer of *ballons d'essai*, General Von Bernardi, had written, swallowed all that she was told and tried hard to stir the fires of rebellion and military revolt. Nor was she and the revolutionaries, Hindu and Moslem, entirely unsuccessful.

GENERAL VON BERNARDI

Meet the General Von Bernardi just referred to ! one of the fiercest anti-British fulminators in whose vision Britain stood between Germany and the domination she desired. In October, 1911, he published *Germany and the next War*, a book that soon found its way into the revolutionary libraries of Bengal. In that he devised many ways of humbling Britain, and eagerly he hoped that the Hindu population of Bengal, in which a pronounced revolutionary and nationalist tendency showed itself, might unite with the elements of Islamic unrest, and thus create a situation which might even fling Britain from her throne in the world. The book was widely read all over the Continent and in America, and to the Bengal seditionist it seemed heaven-sent *pabulum*.

Incidentally it had the extreme advantage of showing Mr. Haldane and British politicians that the intentions of Germany, which they had hitherto minimized, were very real and very dangerous. It is not too much to say that Bernardi is responsible to a considerable extent for the horror which his country inflicted on the world, and the bitter penalty that was her eventual punishment for her sins.

On March 6th, 1914, the *Berliner Tageblatt* published an article on "England's Indian Trouble," which drew a vivid picture of the situation which the British were then contending with in Bengal. It stated what was perfectly true, that the English were faced with conspiracies and secret societies everywhere, that these were spreading and were aided from outside. It also stated what was afterwards

proved to be true, that there was an organized conspiracy to supply revolutionary India with arms and explosives. As a matter of fact the San Francisco trials—to be described later—revealed that prior even to 1911, Har Dyal had planned a campaign with German agents and Indian malcontents. To all such he had represented that Germany was about to strike England.

As was known before long, he had already started his *Ghadr* Conspiracy even before 1911 and had planned his abortive "Invasion" which will be described.

GERMAN WARTIME ENTERPRISES

In Zurich, among the many little Indian sedition nests on the European continent, there existed a body with the high-sounding and misleading name of "The International Pro-India Committee." A Tamil youth with the awkward name of Chempakaraman Pillai was President thereof, and in September, 1914, he applied to the German Consul in Zurich for permission to publish anti-British literature in Germany. A month later he arrived in Berlin to be attached to the German Foreign Office, and shortly afterwards was founded the "Indian National Party," attached to the German General Staff, referred to elsewhere, to which all the Indian birds of ill-omen flocked, the principal ones being Har Dyal and Barkatullah. They were in time distributed to divers duties and detached to various parts of the world, some even going off to Siam to organize attacks on Burma.

One Heramba Lal Gupta who went to Siam was succeeded by Dr. Chakravarty, and we see him receiving the following amazing credentials signed by Zimmerman himself thus :

"The German Embassy, Wash. :

In future all Indian affairs are to be exclusively handled by Dr. Chakravarty. Birendra and Heremba Lal, which

latter has been expelled from Japan, thus cease to be independent representatives of the Indian Independence Committee existing there.

(Sd) ZIMMERMAN.

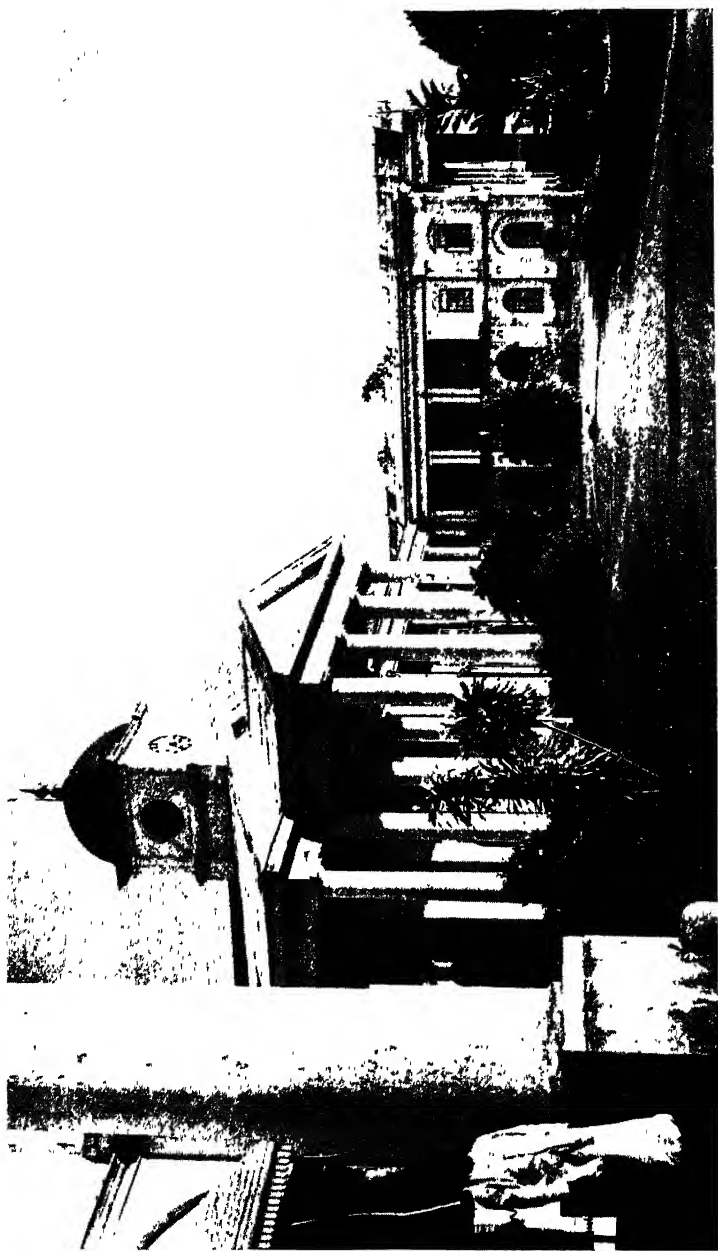
Berlin, Feby 4th, 1916."

How the Indian National Party and their god-parents the German General Staff got along will be told under the "Silk Letter Plot."

Its inefficacy must have been a disappointment to its sponsors, but this was not for want of zeal on the German side.

When the War broke out German missions of all kinds spread into those Asiatic countries which bordered the possessions of the Allies, more especially those of Britain. German missions, military and political, were extremely active in South Persia under the notorious Herr Wasmuss, and a mission came to Afghanistan and at once got into touch with the Indian revolutionaries. In the United States the Ministry and the hyphenated Germans got very busy with the venomous societies of Indians on the West Coast of America, activities which will be described at greater length.

The Kaiser himself bore a hand, in that the Chancellor, Bethmann von Hollweg, as already mentioned, signed a set of letters addressed to all the most influential Princes of India, urging them to take this opportunity of ridding themselves of the terrible incubus of British rule, which had settled itself on so high-minded and freedom-loving a people as the Princes and races of India. This letter, sumptuously got up, enclosed in a handsome morocco leather case to each addressee, went, happily, to an entirely wrong address and obtained no sort of recognition whatever. Many of the Indian Princes, it is true, cherished the memory of this or that point in which their wishes were not acceptable



THE EXAMPLE OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY
The stately old Court House at Trivandrum.

[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]

A HINDU TEMPLE IN SOUTHERN INDIA

to the paramount Power, but for many a day their position and treatment in India and their extremely exalted status left them in no doubt as to where their own interests and those of their subjects reposed.

The story of the German mission to Kabul is also better told under that of the "Silk Letter Conspiracy," and that of the activities in San Francisco comes under the heading of the famous "San Francisco Trials."

GERMANY AND THE SAN FRANCISCO TRIALS

The intrigues of Germany to foster trouble in India and stir the Moslem as well as the Indian world had countless ramifications, apart from matters in Afghanistan and the Chancellor's letters to the Indian Princes referred to. These came to an extraordinary climax in 1918, with the trial of the German Indian conspirators in San Francisco, an astounding and remarkable case, that laid bare German intrigues in every part of the world.

The evil genius of Har Dyal, the insignificant Indian who had succeeded by some strange process in making venom ubiquitous, was at the bottom of it. He began to organize his revolutionary society among the Indian labourers on the Pacific Coast so far back as 1913. This has already been alluded to in the story of the *Ghadr* conspiracy which ranged from Vancouver to India. His headquarters were at 436 Hill Street, San Francisco, which he called the Juganter Asram, and there, in November, 1913, he established his paper *Ghadr*, or "Revolution." But in March, 1914, the United States Immigration Department ordered his arrest, intending to deport him as an anarchist. He broke his bail, however, and succeeded in absconding to Europe, leaving his affairs in the hands of his disciple, Ram Chandra. Ram Chand Peshawuri was the latter's real name and style, but he called himself Ram

Chandra. He had been involved in the Punjab troubles in 1907 and had gone to the United States in 1913.

When the War broke out, these disciples of bile and venom came for a while into their own. Two more notorious refugee birds from India, now joined Ram Chand, and together they toured the Pacific Coast, urging the Indians there to return and carry the standards of revolution breast high throughout India. This met with considerable response for no good reason, for the Indian labourers, often the adventurous Punjabi described, had gone to the China ports and thence to the United States with the general goodwill of the British Government and under their protection. They were rarely fugitives from justice, but merely ordinary citizens adventuring for their own advantage. Dyal is believed to have been in touch with the German agents before the War, but it was certain that the German consuls in the American ports were assisting the revolutionaries to return to India.

At the end of 1914 was formed in Berlin the "Committee of Indian Revolutionaries," referred to, where most of the individuals concerned succeeded in passing themselves off as persons of social standing and importance, equal to the bitter engagements that prompted them. This Committee was under the immediate charge of Wiesendonk, of the German Foreign Office, and was superintended by Herr Zimmerman, the Foreign Secretary. Har Dyal, of course, was there with several more of his kidney, Virendranath Chattopadhyaya, Champarkaraman Pillai and M. G. Prabhakar. From them all the San Francisco concern received its directions.

From Chicago came another, this time a Moslem, Abdul Hafiz, with money supplied by the German Consul. Von Brinken sent half a dozen more from San Francisco, with Von Papen assisting to the tune of many thousand dollars. (*Vide* report of the San Francisco Trial, 1918.)

Grandiose and fantastic were the schemes of the Committee, which render tribute to the conspirators' ingenuity. H. L. Gupta returned to San Francisco from Berlin to organize the Siam Expedition, by which depots were to be established on the Siamese Frontiers of Burma, where Indian revolutionaries could be trained by German officers, equipped with arms and launched against Burma. There Ram Chand sent many of his dupes, while the Sikh Bhagwan Singh was despatched to Japan, China and Manila to collect recruits from the more virile Indians serving there. This plot, however, missed fire, and most of its emissaries were arrested at Bangkok in August, 1915, shortly after their arrival. Some made their way to Burma, but were disposed of in the German Conspiracy case which was engineered from Chicago. Four of the principals, H. L. Gupta, two German-Americans and one Jacobsen, were convicted at a trial there. Some of the Bangkok party escaped to China. Two vessels were filled with arms by the German agents, the *Annie Larsen* and the *Maverick*. The former voyaged round the Eastern seas, only to return to America; the *Maverick*, with arms for the use of Bengal revolutionaries, was eventually taken to Batavia by a Dutch warship.

The later developments of the conspiracy were revealed to the New York Police by a Bengali who had been summoned to Berlin by Har Dyal, and who had been sent to Japan to induce that nation to adopt an anti-British attitude. He said, which was natural enough, that the Germans had ascertained that the Indians were but wind-bags, charged with ineffective gas. The names of the various other Indians concerned, and their diverse plans do not matter. They nearly all belonged to the University student class, whose failure to get minor Government posts (owing to the great excess of supply over demand already mentioned), no doubt metamorphosed the glands of steady endeavour into the strange channels of revolution.

By August, 1917, the United States had had enough of it, and all and sundry were arrested and brought to trial. Eventually, what with absconders and Crown witnesses, seventeen Indians and eighteen Germans or German-Americans were put on trial. They were charged with "Having conspired to set on foot a military enterprise to be carried on against India within the United States, the objects of the enterprise being to incite mutiny and armed rebellion in India, to obstruct Great Britain in the prosecution of the War against Germany." This is an offence under Section 13 of the United States Criminal Code.

All the accused were found guilty and sentenced to various terms of fine and imprisonment. The Indians, with one exception, were all Hindus.

Ineffective as the whole business had been, it set alight various small fires in India and created curious little nests and cells of outrage to which men of the same kidney became attached, which were a source of much anxiety to the harassed Government of India.

The result of the trial was satisfactory so far as it went and the strange mass of evidence linked up Berlin with the German Embassy at Washington and many an Indian cesspool. It furnished the following dramatic episode at the end: One of the accused, Ram Singh, drew a pistol and shot dead the arch-conspirator, Ram Chand or Ram Chandra, as he left the dock. A United States Marshal shot Ram Singh before he was able, if such were his intention, to shoot more of his friends. Ram Chandra, who belonged to that group for whom "stone dead hath no fellow," was little enough loss to the world. The murder was believed to be due to the quarrel between two factions of the *Ghadr* party. However that may be, we may say with the headsman of old as he showed the traitors' heads to the Crown, "so perish all the King's enemies."

GERMAN MISSIONS IN PERSIA AND KABUL

It was not to be expected that Germany, who had aimed at disturbing India, would let Afghanistan or Persia alone. The Persian Gulf had long been the aim of her ambition, and the long story of the Bagdad Railway and all the years of intrigue, counter-intrigue and financial manoeuvre are now ancient history. It will be remembered that, before the War, the British attitude *vis-à-vis* the Sheikh of Koweit and therefore the harbour of Koweit had to some extent countered the worst side of the railway development so far as this was directed against Britain. The Gulf of Persia had long been exclusively the concern of Britain, Persia and the Trucial Chiefs of the Arabian Coast. But wherever there was a rift or a muddy corner there were the German consuls likely to be. When the War broke out, therefore, the British in the Gulf kept their eyes skinned and the results were remarkable. The first steps in actual hostility occurred when the head of the Wonckhaus firm in Basra and his assistant tried to block the channels of the Shatt-el-Arab¹ that led to Basra, by sinking three ocean steamers. Happily the tide and current defeated them, and a channel remained as the sinking ships were swung aside.

The German business element in Persia and the Persian Gulf was not negligible, and consisted of general traders, pearl merchants, bankers, carpet hawkers, and superintendents of carpet factories. The firm of Wonckhaus & Co., General Merchants, at Basra, had numerous branches and agents in Persia. Further, the Swedish officers of the Persian *gendarmérie* were avowedly pro-German in their sympathies and prepared to take active sides. They were, of course, the servants of the Persian Government. In

¹ Shatt-el-Arab, the "River of the Arabs," the joint Tigris and Euphrates, on which the ports of Muhammarah and Basra stand.

1914 and more so in 1915, the attempts of Germany to engage Persia and Afghanistan in the War, in concert with the Central Powers and thus create a solid Moslem block from the Bosphorus to the Pamirs, were very pronounced. This idea was peculiarly acceptable to German mentality, which rejoiced in working with a small scale map—that snare of the Empire-building theorist.

When the War broke out it took all the wisdom and influence that British diplomacy could command to keep Persia neutral in face of that nation's dislike of Russia and her ways. The story of how Turkey first invaded North Persia, how Russia came to meet her, and Britain intervened, and how a British force became a famine relief expedition does not belong to this history. What does, however, is the activities of the Swedish officers and the really phenomenal and hectic energy of a certain Herr Wassmuss, who had no standing in Persia, but came to raise Cain *ad hoc* with the fictitious title of Consul-General at Shiraz—and he succeeded admirably. The coast tribesmen in July, 1915, the Tangistanis, became concerned, at his instigation, in attacks on the British Settlements at Bushire, and elsewhere—and Wassmuss was actively engaged in plans to murder any British subjects, particularly Europeans. The German activities in Persia were directed by Prince Henry of Reuss, with Wassmuss as the energetic torch-bearer. In Isfahan Pugin, at Bushire Listemann, Consul-General, and at Kirman Seiler Zugmayer and Greisinger were equally busy. It was from Persia that a body of German invaders and agents began to disturb the Afghan border and Seistan and compelled the British to occupy Robat and later to develop the North Persian Cordon. From Meshed went the German Mission to Kabul which, together with the Turkish mission, was to bring Afghanistan into the Moslem block on September 1st, 1915. The German intrigues produced an attack on

the British Consul-General at Isfahan, who was wounded and one of his escort of Indian Cavalry killed, while elsewhere an Indian Consul was killed. For a while these activities quite closed all channels to British merchandise and movements and isolated South Persia.

To steady the situation which was getting serious both in North and South Persia, it was agreed by all parties in the interests of Persia (where at that time anarchy was easy enough to engender) that in 1916 the Russian-officered Persian Cossacks should be increased to 11,000 and that Britain should raise a Persian force of similar strength in South Persia under British officers, to ensure the tranquillity of the Gulf and prevent mines penetrating thereto via Persia. It will be remembered that at this time the Gulf was the highway to Mesopotamia. The story of the South Persian Force and the South Persian Rifles under Sir Percy Sykes, which was really a major undertaking, is a remarkable one and worthy of study, and did much to make the present Persia possible.

Captain Noel, R.A., attached to the Political Department, actually succeeded with Persian troops in capturing Wassmuss and several of his party, who were all taken to India with the exception of the redoubtable Wassmuss himself who, owing to the slackness of his Persian guards, escaped.

Wassmuss had become a Moslem, and married a Moslem wife. Chased from pillar to post, with a heavy reward on his head, as punishment for his murderous intentions, he nevertheless survived. After the War he put away his Persian wife, summoned back to his side her lawful Western counterpart, and settled down to some form of agriculture on the Persian Gulf, dying shortly after the Peace.

It is to be noted that all these activities were undertaken by the Germans in a neutral country, and though as the result of British representation the Swedish officers were,

to some extent, curbed in their anti-British actions, the writ of the Persian Government, possibly with the best intentions, did not run effectively enough to oust the Germans or put an end to their machinations. So extensively had the Germans planned to control the situation, that a vast amount of Persian Krans and other currency was coined in Germany and sent to the Gulf.

That, in brief, is the outline of German interference on the Gulf and in South Persia, and on the way to Afghanistan, which at one time threatened to be very serious, especially had the Turks succeeded in their attempt to drive us into the sea at Shaiba.¹

The German mission to Kabul duly arrived ; toyed with the Indian Revolutionary Committee ; hobnobbed with the Turkish Mission, and, after a time, finding that there was " nothing doing " departed. The evil, however, lived after them, for their mere presence gave encouragement to the fanatical clique who are dealt with under " The Silk Letter plot."

¹ *Vide* Chapter X.

CHAPTER IX

INDIA, AFGHANISTAN AND THE TRIBAL FRONTIER

Afghanistan and India. The North-West Frontier of India. Habibullah, the Staunch Amir. The Frontier Troubles of 1914-15. The Frontier Wars of 1917.

AFGHANISTAN AND INDIA

ITS relationship with Afghanistan has always been one of great interest and importance to India. It had been a province of the Empire of Delhi till the invasion of Nadir Shah in 1737, when it and the Indus were wrested from the Mogul Emperor, and made a province of Persia. On the death of Nadir Shah his Afghan General Ahmed Shah, of the Abdalli tribe, made himself ruler of Afghanistan, calling his territories the Durani Empire, and added the Punjab to his dominions. Prior to this many Afghans had settled in India through the ages and in Rohilkand, between Delhi and the Himalaya, was a province in which the land-owning barons and their retainers were *Rohillas*, that is to say, the men from the Mountains of Roh or Eastern Afghanistan.

Twenty-seven times the adventurous Ahmed Shah crossed the Indus into India to extend or maintain his conquests and the very name of Afghan was a nightmare and a bogey to every village and to every maid in northern India. The great empire faded on the death of its founder, for there were none among the successors strong enough to consolidate what he had gained, and Afghanistan, became a collection of separate states. While the Punjab power was rising to that of a State under the famous Sikh baron, Runjhit Singh, the Afghans were steadily driven back across the Indus. As trade, and the peace that permits trade, was always the object of Great Britain, and the troubles in Afghanistan, together with the attempt of the Afghans to recover their lost provinces, kept Northern India in a ferment, the Indian Government in 1839 attempted to

intervene to restore the heir of the Durani Empire to the throne of Ahmed Shah. In fact all through their history in Northern India the lure of the Mogul heritage drew them on. The adventure in Afghanistan, brilliantly successful at first, failed lamentably for reasons that do not affect this narrative. But, forty years later, in 1878, the intrigues of Russia and her absorption of the Central Asian Khanates induced Britain once more to advance to Kabul. That venture did succeed, though not quite in the way intended, yet it produced a homogeneous, powerful and relatively peaceful Afghanistan. The *Amir el Kebir*, Abdurrahman Khan, was then placed on the throne, which he held successfully for many years, supported by British arms and a British grant towards his defences, with the tacit understanding that Britain would preserve the integrity of Afghanistan. In 1904, after a reign of twenty-four years, Abdurrahman, probably to his surprise, died in his bed and was succeeded by his son Habibullah Khan.

The friendship and alliance of Abdurrahman was born of his own interests, and was always accompanied by some jealous suspicion of Britain's attitude, but when the no-man's-land and tribal tracts were brought under either his or British control, the attitude of Habibullah his son, became one of genuine regard. This regard, however, was always a matter of suspicion among the fanatical religious party that always occupied a strong position in his capital.

Fierce uncontrolled passions, unreasoning and uncalled for, will rise up in the passing of a night. The word *Kafir*, "unbeliever," which should never be used for Jew or Christian who are "*ahl-i-Kitab*," "People of the Book," i.e. of a revealed and prescribed monotheism, is bandied about. The banners wave, the drums beat, the *shahids*, the witnesses to the faith, gird themselves with swords, *Allah ho Akbar!* "God is all powerful," runs the cry

from mosques and minarets, and the fat is in the fire, while behind the *shahids* runs every masterless man whose belt is tight.

So it was in 1879, when Cavignari, Jenkins and Hamilton died with the Guides at Kabul, so it was when Amanullah could no longer hold his wild men, or even fight for his own crown. And so it is even as civilization marches in somewhat Balkan guise among the Afghan valleys, and "the vines on the upland swell." There is ever the same possibility of this wild fanaticism that prompts and stirs the more ignorant followers of the Prophet, and which plotters can often bend to their devices. All of which but brings us to the North-West Frontier of India which marches nominally with that of Afghanistan, and which is a problem in the quietest time. In war-time it must be trebly so, especially when, as in 1914, the titular head of the orthodox Moslem Faith proclaims in due form a Holy War, calling on the followers of the Prophet to fight for their imperilled Faith.

The regard of Habibullah for British manners and customs was to some extent enhanced by an interesting incident. During his visit to India, influenced by his friendship with Sir Henry McMahon, then one of the leading political officers in India, and his admiration for Lord Kitchener, he was made a Freemason under the English Constitution. He was perhaps further persuaded to do this because his younger brother, many years earlier, had also joined the Craft in London. He, too, wanted to be initiated into the famous brotherhood, and know what it all stood for. It may be said that this step promoted his steadfast attitude during the World War which will be described. At the same time it was looked on with profound suspicion by the reactionary and religious classes in Kabul, a section before whom even his father had ever walked warily.

Habibullah, "the beloved of God," succeeded to the

Afghan throne in 1904, and his wise administration somewhat belied the popular conception of his character before his accession. He had been on the throne for ten years when the World War broke out, years in which the progress of his kingdom continued, its general relationship with Britain remained good, and the ship of friendship weathered more easily than usual the gales which must arise in such a country and on such a frontier.

All this while there was no European British envoy at the Afghan capital. The attempt to put one there after the first phase of the Second Afghan War in 1879, had ended in the fierce rising of mutinous soldiery and the fanatical elements ; the heroic defence of the Residency in the Bala Hissar by a detachment of the famous Indian Guides ; and the murder of the Envoy, Sir Louis Cavignari. Since then the Government of India had always been represented by a Moslem Indian gentleman of family and prestige. The many problems that Russia's presence on the Oxus had given rise to, was the cause of the establishment of Cavignari's mission, but the fanatical elements in Kabul so easily for the moment passed beyond the control of authority, however well-disposed that authority might be, that the experiment was not then repeated.

It is difficult for the Western mind to imagine the storms which can still arise in that beautiful if grim upland region. Sir Edward Lyall in his verses that so admirably interpret much of the genuine Eastern mind when not bastardized by the West, makes the Amir of Kabul, the great Abdurrahman Khan, who in the first ten years of his reign survived many upheavals, and only survived by strength of sword and noose, thus soliloquize as he leans on the battlements of the Bala Hissar, " the Great Citadel " of Kabul.

Fair are the vales well watered
And the vines on the upland swell,
You would think I was reigning in Heaven,
I know I am ruling in Hell.

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA

Familiar though the story in outline of the North-West Frontier of India must be to many readers, yet for the purpose of understanding the dangers that it presented in 1914, and the locus suitable for underground intriguers and disturbers to plot in that it provides, an outline of its peculiar features is essential.

Taking the time-machine back over its course only so far as the acquisition by Baber, Governor of Kabul, of the throne of Delhi, which ere long extended the Mogul Empire to the Oxus, we shall see that the Mountains of Roh were ever independent. There is the great tangled mass that lies between the Indus, and let us say the Kabul-Kandahar Road, and also across the Indus in the valleys of the Swat River. They lie as an island or assemblage of islands, among which the channels of the passes from the uplands and from the Oxus lead down to the Indus, and through which they wind and emerge. All round them stood the controlled and administered portions of the Empire, but the hill tracts themselves, in the days of Darius and Alexander of Macedon, of mighty Timur the Tartar conqueror, or of the Mogul Emperors, remained a law unto themselves. Highland chiefs and their followers flocked with sword and spear to follow the conquerors of India, to serve its ruling emperors, to acquire lands for their guerdon, to bring their clansmen to their fiefs and to marry the warm Indian girls. The mountains of Roh themselves and the indigenous Rohillas who lived therein—to give them their Indian name—remained free, free as the Swiss and lawless beyond compare. Hills breed many and feed few, and as Falstaff said at Gadshill, young men must live and gore-bellied knaves with fat purses are fair game. The invaders and rulers planted at times colonists, in the cases on the pass routes to protect their convoys ;

they built just as the British build fortresses for the garrisons who kept the road open. But a mile away therefrom the tribes "shot at the strong and slashed at the weak" as they do still.

When, during the early days of the nineteenth century the Sikh rule grew and held the border, and in 1849 the British succeeded to their heritage, the raiding of the tribesmen to live, their descending as men at arms, and their coming to their relatives to settle, as Scots still go to Canada, ceased. There was no outlet. Then as times progressed, the fact emerged that there were two rulers or two potential rulers, of the hill tribes, i.e. British and Afghans, while there had, in Mogul days, been one only. This obviously presented a problem which would some day demand settlement. When the Rohillas invaded Khost or raided into India, whose subjects were they? Who was responsible for belling the cat of the caterans, and where did responsibility begin and end. In each case some of the clansmen of the Rohillas tribes were settled within Afghan and British borders adjacent to their hills, and both parties had therefore a tribal hinterland. So it came about that in 1892 Britain and Afghanistan came to an agreement as to where the line of demarcation which represented the British and Afghan political frontiers existed. At last, not without curious incidents, a frontier was jointly arranged, though Abdurrahman claimed more territory than was eventually conceded, and for various reasons. Administration, however, around the political border was postponed, at any rate, on the British side to the Greek Kalends, though the restraint of the tribes from lawless practices so far as their neighbours were concerned was imposed. The administrative border of British India, speaking generally, runs at the base where the trans-Indus valleys touch the slopes of the stony hills. Up the main passes administration extends further. The border expenses,

especially those of the armed punitive operations so often necessary in the past, have been very heavy. Yet it can be readily conceived that the respective Governments of India and Britain have always demurred to the cost borne by the Indian taxpayer of formally occupying and administering the stretch of hills varying from twenty to a hundred miles in extent within the Durand line, as the demarcated frontier is called. Many have been the expedients devised to improve the conditions of life which these lawless, attractive, yet often faithless mountaineers pursue.

Mindful of the days when Ahmed Shah, the Afghan, founded his transient Durani Empire and of the many happy memories that had been treasured of those twenty-seven crossings of the Indus by the Shah, the mountaineers, in their heart of hearts, whenever it suits them, pride themselves in some sense of belonging to Kabul. The Amir of Kabul has always been able to stir and disturb them when it suited his book. Usually when in discussion or at variance with the British Government, it has pleased the Amir to make the tribes dance to his tune, and it is pretty well understood by the Indian frontier officers that this will always be so.

Therefore, while at all times on the border the secret attitude of the Amir was a matter of importance, it was especially so when Britain was engaged in *grande guerre*, and still more when, as in 1914, the Caliph elected to summon all Islam to his support in the prosecution of a "War of Religion."

The tribesmen on this strip of unadministered frontier can muster several hundred thousand warriors, many of whom are armed with modern rifles, and indeed are estimated to possess perhaps 200,000 breech-loaders. Thus, while the progress of science has put many obstacles in their path, their prospective power both for a descent on India and the mastery of their own hills is extremely great.

Consequently it is not to be wondered at that, apart from any suggestion of interference from Kabul, the situation at the outbreak of the War in 1914 gave the authorities of India grave anxiety. Had it not indeed been for the attitude of the Amir, the Government and their commander-in-chief could not have given their assent to the despatch of such large forces from India. It was to watch the border only that a small portion of the regular British garrison and some of the best Indian troops had to be retained. As a matter of fact, however, the despatch of the bulk of the troops took place before the entrance of Turkey into the War and the Sultan's proclamation of Jihad, the War of Religion. Had that occurred previously a safer policy might have been adopted.

It will also be easily imagined that not only at this juncture but on many previous occasions, the state of the frontier would give many opportunities for underground currents, spies, seditionist and secret service mongers both on behalf of authority and those who would upset it, to be busily at work in the tribal valleys. The mullahs, or religious teachers, are usually extremely ignorant and a few verses whose meaning they know not from *El Qoran* is their sole stock and trade. Ever are they prone to wave their green banners to enthuse the *shahids*,¹ in season and out, so that now and again the wiser heads of the elders who wish their young men tranquil decree that a shrine and lighted *chirags*³ on Fridays are better for the tribe than a living preacher.

A hint from the fanatical at Kabul in addition to a bag of rupees will always set the drum ecclesiastic beating, *rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub*. "Glory for all and heaven for those who bleed." *La Illah ha, il illah ho*, and the fervid hearts beat in unison and the militiamen and regulars in the British posts charge their magazines and loose their bayonets.

The *kafila*² which threads the passes, and halts by the

¹ Witnesses to the Faith.

² Caravan.

³ Small lamps.

wayside coffee shop, will carry any message or gossip. No tale is too extravagant. In 1930 the Regulation of the Age of Marriage Bill drawn up by Indians themselves, after Miss Mayo's *Mother India* had electrified the world, was alleged by seditionists and was supposed by the border folk to provide for the medical inspection of would-be brides, by British officers. These be the tales that will set the border dancing. The religious mendicants of the Moslem creed will carry any tale and any message for a price, and this is only mitigated by the fact that the Governmental agents may wear the same disguise. Wars with Islamic powers nearer west are magnified, and the *shahids* beat their drums, and so it was in India in 1915.

To this you must add the machinations of the German and Turkish missions to Kabul; the coming of a small Islamic party of the *Ghadr* fashion to the capital described in the "Silk Letter Plot"; and the ceaseless attempts of the Bengali fanatics to stir every cesspool and puddle that could possibly emit an anti-British savour.

Before turning to this rare and refreshing fruit let us consider how Habibullah Khan, Amir of Kabul, kept his engagements. In this connection it may have been remarked that our relations even with him had at times been strained, notably when he had misconstrued the Anglo-Russian agreement, with reference to Consuls in Afghanistan, and he showed his resentment by encouraging for a time certain raiding gangs. That happily had come to an end.

HABIBULLAH THE STAUNCH AMIR

When the War broke out, all the anti-British trumpets, German, Bengali and fanatical Moslem, sounded, as well as those of the frontier. Kabul was naturally enough in a ferment. The mullahs aforesaid brought out their standards and drums, and everyone wondered what Turkey intended

to do. The British General Staff had a fair idea, but the British Government and their Foreign Office lacked the spirit to get away first. Then while all the world was agog, Habibullah sent for the Moslem envoy of the Viceroy at his court, and spoke to him much as follows : " These are strange times, Khanji, and, as you know, I am much set about by war-mongers. The men of God are at me on all sides, and it is hard for a wise man to steer a wise course. This I want you to say to His Excellency the Viceroy, and my very good friend. Says Habibullah Khan of Kabul greeting to the High and mighty Lord Viscount Hardinge : ' Bravest of the Brave, and Pillar of the State, lo ! I am set about on all sides and must step warily but I pray you pay attention to what I do, and not to what I say, for I have a kittle cattle to handle, and the form of speech does not necessarily explain the intention.' " And he added that since the drum of Islam beat so easily where the Frontier was concerned and its beats so easily reverberated in Kabul, he trusted that His Excellency would hold his hand as much as possible in the matter of Frontier expeditions.

When the German-Turkish mission arrived in Kabul it was courteously received. " The Sultan of Turkey has declared a Religious War, has he ? *A true Jihad ?* Wah ! Wah ! Who was he, Habibullah, that he should not respond ? As soon as the armies of the great Sultan, on whom be victory ! and the great Emperor of Germany, arrived near the Oxus on their way to attack the mis-begotten English. Lo ! he, too, with all his horses and all his men, his cannon and his elephants will be waiting to join them." And that or something in that sense was all that was obtained. And after a while, as related further on, the German mission realized that they were being fooled and were wasting their time, and so moved on.

Through the war years the Frontier naturally grew restless, and every reverse of the Allies was thrice magnified

by the trumpets of venom and malice, yet Habibullah remained mindful of his treaties and that badge of friendship and bond of peace that he shared with Lord Kitchener and with MacMahon, now High Commissioner in Egypt. As the War years went on, the tribesmen and especially the lawless, bitter fraternity of Waziristan grew more daring and persistent in their raids, and could no longer be borne. Then the Government of India sent to His Highness of Kabul, and said: "See what is going on, we must take some punitive action." And His Highness replied in this sense: "I quite concur, they are swine, aren't they? Go in and hammer them, but for my sake do not send too cruel a general."

And thus it was till the end, while rumblings of all kinds went on below his throne, so that he was assassinated at his shooting-box in Lughman in February, 1919, largely, it is said, for his loyalty to his word, when his people clamoured to enter the War. There were other serious factors also, but they are not all evident, nor could the real instigators be identified. The immediate man to benefit was Amanullah on whose head Nemesis soon fell, and if the Commander-in-Chief Nadir Khan, as many said, was in some measure involved, well, he too as Nadir Shah the King, has now fallen by the assassin's knife. And that, in very brief, is the story of the loyal Habibullah Khan, Amir or Lord of the Afghans.

THE FRONTIER TROUBLES OF 1914-15

It is now time to dwell on the happenings on the North-West Frontier in the early days of the War. The news of the War, of course, reached the tribesmen promptly enough, and at first they knew not how to take it. Sir George Roos Keppel was still the Chief Commissioner of the Frontier Province, a personality of commanding influence among the chiefs, especially the Afridis; like-

wise a great civilizing factor ; yet none knew better when the word should be followed by a blow.

In sending the Indian troops to France, and elsewhere, it was essential to retain sufficient to hold the Frontier. Yet "sufficient" is a quantitative word, and needed interpretation, and no man could interpret it. Sir Beauchamp Duff was willing and brave enough to take risks and so was Lord Hardinge. If Habibullah, Amir of Kabul, stood staunch in his amity, then the two divisions of first-class troops plus the Frontier brigades, might suffice—a very thin red line to hold 200,000 potential tribal foes.

When the news went forth that the best troops were leaving India, the Frontier began to take notice, *only*, and it was a big only, the British did *not* withdraw their troops from the Wall. In vain did the Picts of 1914 look to see the helmets of the Regular British garrison disappear from Frontier battlements. The good Frontier troops were there, and behind them half a dozen—only half a dozen it is true—of regular British Corps.

Behind this wall was what ? Rather second-rate Indian troops, i.e. men from the lesser martial races, depôts teeming with the attempts of the Seditious, and the unknown quantity of the Territorials steadily landing ; new men and officers in a strange land, to whom frontier warfare, that art of the highly trained specialist, was unknown.

So the Frontier soon realized that though the Garrison was stationed on the Wall, there was not much behind it. It was, therefore, a favourable occasion for the Frontier to make merry and try it on. The propaganda of the Moslem seditious already described had not, as yet, had time to take effect, and the trouble was largely the outcome of always-present germs stirred to activity, by something analogous to the chill or shock that weakens the human frame.

When during the excitement occasioned by the outbreak of the World War, came tidings that the Khalifa had joined Britain's enemies, and had proclaimed a War of Religion, enthusiasm knew no bounds. *Rome was falling ! Rome was falling !* Come on the Picts and the Scots ! the Gaul and the Goths ! the Vandals and the *B-h-nch-t.s !* and so the Frontier made whoopee !

It began as might have been expected in Waziristan, at the head of the Tochi, but if you please by an invasion from outside. In October and November, 1914, 2000 Khostwals from the Southern Province of Afghanistan crossed the border and entered the Tochi near the Frontier fort of Miranshah. The officer commanding the Northern Waziristan Militia, Major G. B. Scott, an officer of the best type of frontier soldier, then fell on them and drove them back, as the Bannu movable regular columns hurried to their support. The Southern Province of Afghanistan¹ is constitutionally unruly, and we need not impute bad motives to the authorities of Kabul.

The Frontier authorities were now prepared in this quarter, and when a month or two later (January, 1915) the Khostwals returned to the attack they were again driven off after penetrating into the Spina Khaisora.²

So much for Waziristan in the first days, when the handling of the invaders was so prompt that the tribesmen on our own side of the Afghan Frontier,³ had not time to display their teeth.

On the other hand, it was not to be expected that the tribes immediately north of Peshawur, the Mohmands, would remain quiet. So early as December, 1914, a

¹ Early in 1933 they were in fierce rebellion against King Nadir.

² A prominent young British Officer was killed, Captain Josham, of the 51st Sikhs, who was awarded a posthumous V.C., to the satisfaction of his brother officers, for his gallantry.

³ Again let it be repeated that between the Afghan Frontier and the British administered border, lie the semi-independent tribal mountains.

lashkar threatened, as usual, the frontier post and fertile lands of Shaskadr. Held back for the moment, they refrained from crossing the borders, and it was not till April 13th, 1915, that they actually invaded India. The Khaiber movable columns, under Major-General C. F. Young, met some 2400 of them at Hafiz Khor and drove them over the line. The mullah, however, remained active, and the rub-a-dub on the drums of religion did not cease.

The Chitral reliefs, due that year however, were put through, and the relief columns moved into Swat, to let the relief pass on, backed by the Malakand movable column commanded by that prince of Frontier soldiers, Brigadier-General W. G. E. Beynon.

These movements, which demanded great endurance from troops camped in the hot lowlands within the border during the worst months of the year, were considerable. By the summer the seditious propaganda of some of the Indian Moslems began to operate, and in July the well-known Mohmand firebrand, the Haji *Sahib* of Turangzai (otherwise the Mullah of Turangzai, who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca), had passed through Swat to Umbeyla, and raising the tribesmen in that quarter by his cry of "the Faith in danger" (and incidentally the promise of loot) was joined by some of the Hindustani fanatics from that lively excrescence already described, and moved into British Euzufzai, about Rustam, that old bone of contention. Brigadier Crocker took out a mounted force from the cavalry cantonment of Risalpur joined by an 18-pounder battery from Nowshera, and having an encounter with 4000 of the tribesmen drove them back across the border. Crocker was supported by an Infantry column under General N. Woodyatt, who between the 21st and 31st August, despite the heat, vigorously attacked every raiding party that ventured across that border.

The excitement had now spread to Upper Swat, and

inflamed 15,000 to 20,000 men under the well-known disturber, the Mullah of Landakai. The Chitral Relief Column, however, had not been broken up, and Brigadier-General Beynon, with the Malakand movable columns, seized the famous Landakai Ridge and barred the passage down the valley.

The activities to the north of them were too much for the Mohmands' restraint, and they now threatened Shabkadr once more. The Mullahs were yelling: "Glory for all and Heaven for those who bleed! Allah! Allah!" and the cry gained response in many a wild heart.

Major-General Fred Campbell, that experienced old officer of the Guides, whose force had been strengthened from the home side of the Indus, was now in charge of the operations, while the intense heat was passing and the troops were in good heart. Crocker had brought his cavalry across from Euzufzai to join him, and a large gathering of 10,000 Mohmands, who had again advanced to Hafiz Khor, were attacked energetically and hustled back across the border for their pains.

Brigadier-General Luard, with the Malakand Column, attacked another gathering in Upper Swat, and the prospects for the winter seemed quieter.

It has been recorded how the Khostwals came again into the Tochi in January. In March the excitement then occasioned proved too much for some of the Mahsud Waziri clans, and when some 8000 Khostwals and Mahsuds again put in an appearance, the Bannu Column, under Brigadier-General V. B. Fane, attacked them both. Major G. B. Scott and his militia succeeded in getting behind them, and together they were completely routed with a loss of 200 killed and 300 wounded, which damped their ardour for some time to come.

Thus while the rest of the Indian Army was helping in France and the Dardanelles, their comrades left in India

were so busy in this constant watch and ward on the Frontier during 1914 and 1915, that they had little time for repining at their, for the moment, brief and honourable rôle. Some of the Corps attained great distinction and also many of their officers, most of whom were to give their lives later in other theatres of war.

We may also mention that early in 1915, the Black Mountain, the habitat of Pathan tribes on the hither side of the Indus, though long quiet, began to give trouble, especially the Chagarzaïs. Happily the troops of our ally, the Maharajah of Nepal, which were readily tendered, were now coming into India, and were pushed to Oghi in Hazara to provide a very welcome addition of strength on that part of the border.

Far away to the south, the unrest was also in evidence. There, in tribal Baluchistan in May, 1915, the Treasury of the Khan of Kelat at Khozdar, 110 miles south of Kelat, itself was looted, the premier chief of Jhalawan being responsible. However, a column consisting of the 106th Hazara Pioneers, and some sappers under Lieut.-Colonel A. Le G. Jacob, marched down into this hot and distracted country and soon restored authority.

It is not too much to say that Sir Beauchamp Duff and his Chief of the General Staff had their hands more than full, with a disturbed Frontier, the *Ghadr* rebellion and the sedition in the regimental depot, and no assurance as to which way any of the various cats in their garden were likely to jump.

The energy with which these misdoings were tackled preserved the frontier in comparative peace during 1916, but at every juncture, especially in the light of our after-war experiences, the employment of units of the Air Force would have dispersed many of these tribal gatherings before they were able to initiate their plans of inroad and mischief.

THE FRONTIER WARS OF 1917

The prompt action and the severe reverses inflicted on tribal invaders in 1915, permitted the Army to remain in peace during the greater part of 1916 and the only notable activity in which India was in any way involved was the protection of the line of communication of a small force, that had moved up to the Russian border within the Persian border of Afghanistan.

It was well indeed that this year of 1916 should be a quiet one after the troublous times of the *Ghadr* rebellion in 1915. Then, the Commander-in-Chief, with sedition rife within his recruiting centres, was much hampered, while 1916 was a year of great strain, both in France and in Mesopotamia, and every spare man was required.

Towards the end of 1916, the Mohmand tribes recommenced their raids and were singularly daring and energetic in kidnapping fat Hindu traders. It was then decided to try the old Boer War remedy of a blockhouse-line with blockhouses within supporting distance of each other by means of rifle fire with a heavy barbed-wire fence between, and eventually a live electric wire in the centre as a counter-move to wire-cutting parties.

The 1st and 2nd Infantry Brigades were out covering this construction and when, on November 15th a larger Mohmand *lashkar* had returned again to the old haunt Hafiz Khor, it was attacked by Sir Fred Campbell, then commanding at Peshawur, and driven across the border with considerable loss.

The greatest trouble, however, occurred in that sixty years' region of unrest, Southern Waziristan. Here, once more, the Mahsuds were up, after having spent some months in fierce raiding in force in villages within the border. So much was this the case that the Amir of Kabul was told that the British could no longer accept

his advice to postpone punitive expeditions for the moment, and he agreed to this in the various instances already mentioned. On March 2nd, 1917, two thousand Mahsuds had approached the large militia-post of Sarwekai, which protected the trading route of the Gomal, by closing the raiding paths. Major F. L. Hughes of the Southern Waziristan Militia led out some of his men against them, and was killed. The Militia, after some desperate rear-guard fighting, reached the post and were there beleaguered. Brigadier G. M. Baldwin at once led out the Derajat Movable Column, and the 44th Brigade from the 16th Division at Lahore was moved across the Indus and up to Jatta, a few miles from the entrance to the Gomal, in support. The whole story of what now followed is so intertwined with the Afghan invasion of 1919, and its aftermath in Waziristan, that it can better be narrated in the chapter on that war (XII). But suffice it at this stage to say that the Mahsuds endeavoured to defy authority further, and that the Government of India was very reluctantly compelled to take sufficient military steps to settle the question for the time being and prevent the trouble spreading. That more permanent and thorough measures would eventually be necessary was evident, and made thrice more so by the incidents of the Afghan War.

CHAPTER X

FURTHER MOVEMENTS IN ISLAM

The World Importance of the Battle of Shaiba. The King's Pawns.
The "Silk Letter" Plot.

THE WORLD IMPORTANCE OF THE BATTLE OF SHAIBA

WITH India struggling with its *Ghadr* party and its infection of rebellion, and its troops that might have "caught the bug"; with the Ali Brothers and their heritage and the foresworn Deoband mullahs rub-a-dubbing; with a Holy War—proclaimed from the mosques and minarets of Turkey, the Moslem world was obviously agog. In the back of the Egyptian beyond, the long-watched Senussi was stirring, Iron Crosses and Mejidiehs were on their way to him and his followers and, what mattered more, arms. Habibullah was, it is true, holding the Kabul fort, but none too easily, and the footprint of Potsdam was heavy on the sand and the desert of the Middle East. The world of Islam watched the British and what they might make of it, and Greek traders sold news to both sides.

And news it was; N, E, W and South,¹ and the young man of to-day might well sing with Kipling:

"Was it a storm? Our fathers faced it
And a wilder never blew!"

And then far away above the Persian Gulf a small British force fought a desperate desert battle, against great odds, in the high wet bulb of river floods and alluvial mud.

In that day when the Lord makes up his jewels, Shaiba will be recognized as one of the decisive battles of the War. All the world, perhaps, remembers that in October, 1914, for the third time in history, a British force had entered the Shatt-el-Arab at the head of the Persian Gulf;

¹ The origin of the NEWS of newspaper use.

had landed successfully and had beaten in a sharp engagement the none too efficient 38th Turkish Division. They had driven its remnants up stream to Qurna, where the Tigris and the modern Euphrates unite their channels, if not their waters. Then the distant Turkish High Command 'pulled up its socks'. The little Anglo-Indian force must be driven into the sea, for the glory of God and his prophet. And all the world of Islam was told to stand near and see the *ghazis*, the troops of the Caliph, do their trick. One Turkish force marched between Amara and the Pusht-i-koh, where once had dwelt Tidal, King of Nations, to destroy the oil pipe-line from the Persian oilfields to their base on the Shatt. A whole Turkish Army Corps, with hordes of Arabs and Kurdish Hamidieh (irregular) horse moved down from Nasariyeh on Basra where Sir John Nixon had just arrived with reinforcements for the original Indian Division of the first landing.

Before Sir John had taken over, before his reinforcements had disembarked, the Turkish blow came. Eight miles from Bussorah which men now call Basra, three British brigades held the edge of the desert plateau beyond the usually dry mudflats, which were now two feet deep in flood. Two days the fight lasted and then, "dogged did it." The Turkish force turned away, their Arab allies turned on them, the Turkish Corps Commander blew out his brains. The British had not been driven into the sea, and the waiting world of Islam, listening far down the Persian Gulf and Kabul into India and on the Sudan deserts, turned away also. The British merely drew an imaginary hair from their lips, and went on with the War, but it was a near thing. The victory of Shaiba steadied the Moslem world and allowed our friends to assert themselves and eventually Sherif Hussain of Mecca brought the better part of the Arab world over to the Allied side. That was that.

THE KING'S PAWNS

How little, however, the loyal Moslem of Northern India was affected by the propaganda, especially after Shaiba, is well instanced by this story :

Among the many things that Indian soldiers were called on to defend was what German writers have called "the Spine of the British Empire," otherwise the Suez Canal. The German High Command and the German Mission with the Turkish Army were determined to secure the canal, although the first adventurous effort in 1915 by Kress von Kressenstein had failed. Steadily they pushed a railway line across the desert while the British watched them from afar. Beersheba was their headquarters, and one day a patrol of an Indian regiment, a *havildar* and three men, were captured. They were Muhammedans probably of the Punjab, and they were brought before an officer of the German General Staff at Beersheba.

Turning to the interpreter he said : " Ask him how it is that they, Moslems all, are fighting for the English, when the head of their faith has summoned them to fight for him in a Holy War for Islam."

The interpreter put it to them. The *havildar*, the Indian sergeant, made answer :

" We do not consider this a religious war, this is a political war and we are true to our salt, to our oath of enlistment."

" I don't care a d—— about that," said the Prussian. " Here are four Turkish uniforms, and if they don't put them on they will be shot."

The *havildar* looked puzzled. " May I speak to my comrades ? "

" I give them five minutes, march them out," said the

officer. They were marched out, and in five minutes came back.

"Well," said he of the General Staff with a frown. The *havildar* called his men to attention, then :

"Three cheers for King George," which were given, and they were taken out and shot.

That is the story and one such as "to touch strong men's hearts with glory till they weep." Who the men were could never be ascertained or the detailed truth established. At one time or another a good many men have been missing "from various causes."¹

THE "SILK LETTER" PLOT

The fanaticism of Islam, the vanity, bitterness and futility of some of the seditionists who had made their home in Kabul, and thence dreamed dreams of magnificent upheavals against the supremacy of Britain, are well instanced in the remarkable story of the "Silk Letter" plot, which came to the knowledge of authority in India in August, 1916.

The plot originated in the sour minds of the Moslem fanatics already referred to and evolved from the old animus of Islam working, as among the educated Hindus, on minds soured by disappointed hopes. They were students, dejected editors or teachers, men who had failed to "wangle" a Government job, and the like. Their machinations were met half-way by the German and Turkish agents who were busy fishing in every Central Asian sewer, and who as in the case of the American plotters attributed more worth to their Indian instigators than belonged to them.

Reference has already been made to the nest of implac-

¹ Told to the writer up the Nile by Mr. James Breasted, the American historian and archæologist, and Mr. Oscar Straus, erstwhile United States Minister to Constantinople, as told to them in Constantinople by an officer of the Turkish General Staff.

able and fanatical Moslems, mostly of the Wahabi cult, known as the "Hindustani Fanatics," long established in the tribal hills across the border, as also to the Wahabi movement in Islam, which has long had a nidus at Patna. Here is always a flame in being at which the disturber may light his own lamp or which he may feed to fiercer heat.

The aim of those comparatively few anti-British Moslems, in whose sour hearts the cry of the Holy War, a spurious cry as most regarded it, was to unite all the Moslems between India and the Mediterranean in one wild anti-Christian *hurrush*. It was pushed in India, in Central Asia, in the Hejaz and in Mesopotamia. "Glory for all and Heaven for those who bleed" went up the cry.

The plotters had erected their structure with considerable skill. Spies and secret emissaries honeycombed India. Because it was anti-British, the machinery of the seditionist and the bomb-*parast*—the bomb worshipper—was at their disposal, unholy to the proper Islamic mind though such incestuous connection was.

The Moslem "conference" already referred to, took place in Christmas week, 1914, just after Turkey had entered the War. Amongst the many who attended were certain Muhammadan fire-brands of the down-country variety, who on their way back addressed various meetings, and, as in the case of Bengal, tried to inflame the youthful. Eventually, in February, 1915, fifteen youths of good family slipped away from their homes and made their way to the Hindustani Fanatic colony described in an earlier chapter. After a while the head of this colony passed them on to Kabul where they were arrested, but were released at the urgent request of the Amir's brother, the Sirdar Nasrullah (this is all recorded at length in Sir Michael's *India as I knew it*, p. 178) and the anti-British clique at Kabul.

There they soon met the members of the "Provisional India Government," consisting chiefly of Barkatullah, and

one Mahendra Pratab, a wealthy landowner in the United Provinces, and brother-in-law of a loyal prince in the Punjab. He had been allowed to travel in Europe in 1914 and was perverse enough to go to Berlin and there he fell under the influence of Har Dyal. He was presented to the Kaiser who dispatched him and Barkatullah to Kabul, thenceforward to work such mischief as he might in India. At Kabul he stated that he had been granted interviews with the Kaiser, the Sultan of Turkey and the ex-Khedive of Egypt, as well as with Enver. The Turko-German mission to Kabul arrived about the same time. The runaway young Moslems referred to were made much of by these worthies, and the lads spoke of the Punjab as being in the mythical throes of a *Ghadr* rebellion. Their fate was hard enough; a few died rather miserably in Kabul, and the ruthless plotters then dispatched others on vain missions round the world. Among the disturbers, at this time, was a Sikh who had been converted to Islam, and had been a teacher at the Deoband Moslem College in the United Provinces under the name of Obeidullah. Being seized with the desire to subvert British rule, after being dismissed from the college where he had tried to corrupt the students, he, too, found his way to the Hindustani Fanatics across the border, and thence made his way to Kabul to join the centre there. Two more of his friends made off from Deoband to Mecca.

At Kabul the conspirators devised a magnificent scheme for the native government of India and the subversion of the British. It was drawn up with some skill and it was distinguished by all the *hocus pocus* of the secret plotter, falling as a matter of fact in many places into the hands of some who were only too eager to further it. It was this that came to be known as the "Silk Letter" plot, and the manner of its unveiling was as follows :

There came into the hands of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, —happily for the Empire still Governor of the Punjab,

where if men do lose their heads they lose them with greater effect than in the softer South—a series of letters written on silk and sewn up in the coat of a family retainer of a reputable Punjab family. The delirium of anti-British and Pan-Islamic sentiment had, as related, enticed the fifteen lads to Kabul, and two sons of a fine old Muhammadan soldier were of the party. Largely at Sir Michael's instance a free pardon had been offered them if they returned. This, however, did not induce their return, but they sent a message to their father by the retainer. The servant's coming and going aroused the old man's suspicions. The retainer admitted, when severely heckled, that he had brought letters from Kabul sewn up in the lining of his coat which he had left for safety in one of the Punjab states. The old father of the lads insisted on its being produced and cut out a series of letters written in neat Persian on silk. They were beyond his power to decipher, but he took them, like the loyal old tyke that he was, to the Commissioner of the Division in which he lived. That officer thought them nonsense, but Sir Michael, though he did not realize their full import, saw that they did refer to a plot of wide ramifications. He passed them to Sir Charles Cleveland, then the head of the Criminal Intelligence Department, who soon had the whole secret unravelled.

They came from Obeidullah and another runaway Deoband Mullah, Ansari. The letters were addressed to a trusty agent in Sind who was to send them to the Muhammadan leader Mahmud Hasan (one of Obeidullah's leaders at Deoband) who was the more important of the two who had gone to Mecca to further the Sultan's *Jihad*, before Sherif Hussain had declared for the Allies and raised the Arabian standard of revolt. The letters described the progress made in Afghanistan and India, the formation of "Provisional Governments" and outlined the plan for

forming an "Army of God." The "Provisional Government" had the impertinence to address the Tsar urging him to abandon the Allies in return for concessions. The Sultan was addressed and encouraged and it must have seemed to the addressees that the "Provisional Government" really had some tangible goods to deliver.

The great scheme went on to plot out the whole Moslem world. The headquarters of the movement was to be at Medina, and Mahmud Hasan, late of Deoband, was described as the "Great Maulvi" from India who would galvanize and take charge of the whole movement. There were to be separate but subordinate commands at Constantinople, at Teheran and Kabul, the latter under the imaginative arch-plotter Obeidullah himself. Twelve Field-M Marshals were mentioned of whom the Sherif of Mecca was to be one.

The monstrous fantasy as revealed was, of course, in reality only useful as indicating those in India who were in sympathy with the plan, which, incidentally, included a rising of the Frontier tribes led by the Hindustani Fanatics and their Amir. That and the rest of the outline might even, in certain circumstances, have been realized.

The plans, however, were of no avail as will be related, but the "Provisional Government" remained in Kabul to help the embroglio of the Punjab Rebellion of 1919 and the Afghan Invasion of the same year.

Whatever success might have attended these wild enthusiasts—and we must not forget how in India the vapourings and frenzy in Bengal had results far ahead of the worth of their originators—was put out of action by two circumstances. First and foremost must be accounted the Battle of Shaiba fought on the edge of the desert between Briton and Turk on the banks of the Shatt el Arab in 1915—a battle which in its far-reaching consequences should rank among the decisive battles of the War, if not of the world, and also the revolt

against Turkey of the Sherif of Mecca. This latter happening divided the whole power of Islam, took all the sting out of the Sultan's *Jihad*, and left the plotters and enemies of India high and dry on the mud banks of their own mirage. Indeed it was this Arab revolt that made the Indian Government take less notice of the Silk Letter revelations than it might otherwise have done. The revolt of Sherif Hussain confers the greatest credit on Lord Kitchener and those who planned it, and on Wingate and McMahon, who carried it out and who found Lawrence, the weird archæological student, so priceless an aid to their hand.

It is always sad to reflect that Sherif Hussain's intransigence and neglect of advice should have brought about his subsequent downfall, he in the Persian metaphor having become "*dunyadar*," i.e. "World possessing," *anglice*, too big for his boots.

He it was who arrested and handed over to us Mahmud Hasan the "Great Maulvi" from India and others of his kidney. Of the young conspirators aforesaid who were dispatched round the world from Kabul, three were arrested by the Russians on the Persian border and handed to the British together with the notorious Sikh revolutionary, Dr. Mathra Singh. The latter was afterwards hanged for treason and rebellion, one of the Moslem lads was shot for treason and espionage by a court martial in Persia, the other two were sent to India where Sir Michael, out of regard for their relatives, procured their pardons. Indeed the Punjab, which is so largely Moslem, was so little affected so far as the Muhammadans were concerned by all these machinations that 180,000 of them joined the Army, and loyalty and co-operation was always their motto.

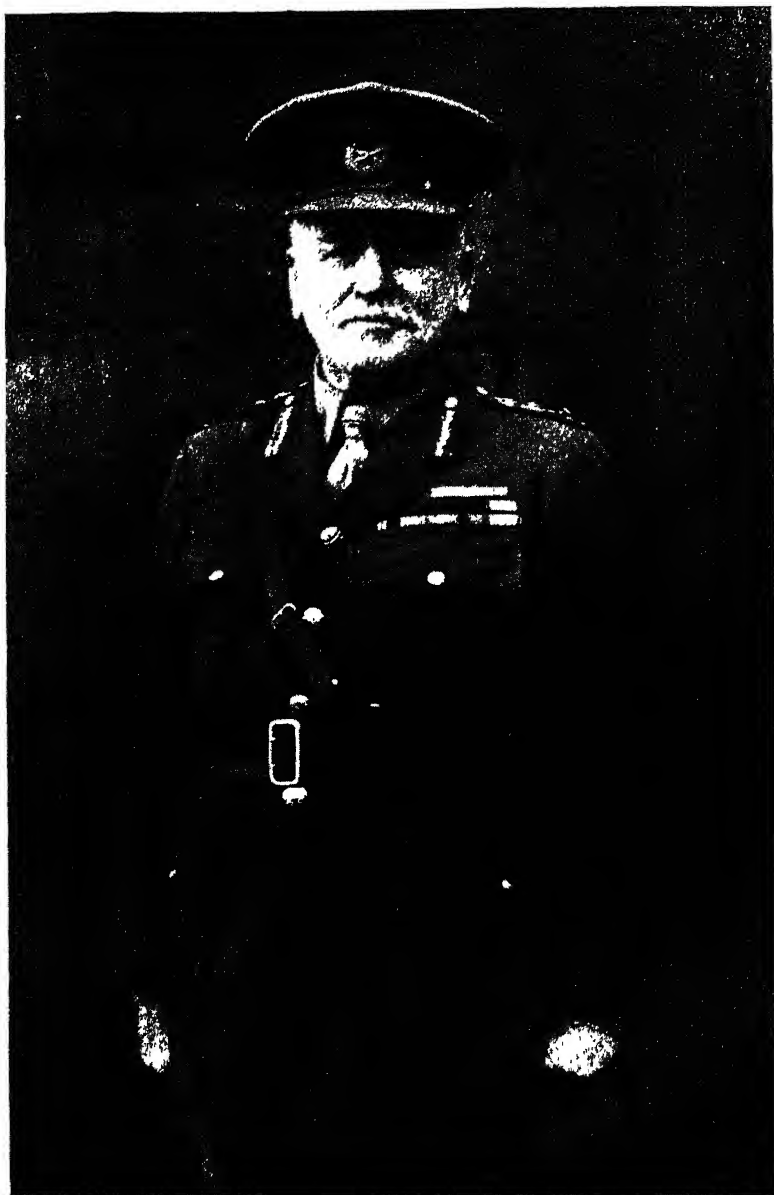
The Government of India nipped in the bud some attempts of the fanatical to stir up trouble at the Sherif's revolt, and the "Silk Letter Plot" was at an end.

Again, here must reference be made to the staunch

friendship of Amir Habibullah. He could not openly oppose that powerful section of his followers, those people who wanted to join the *Jihad*,¹ and bring Afghanistan and the whole Frontier into the conflagration, but he took care the design should come to nought, and as has been related, so toyed with Turkish and German missions that at last they left in disgust. British policy by good management as well as luck had come out on top, all the way from Egypt to Kabul.

Nevertheless, this plot, with its ramifications and its potentialities, still further reveals how active might have been the eruption, and how bravely Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief served the Allied cause in sending away so many of their troops to the West and Middle-West.

¹ War of religion.



HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL SIR CHARLES MONRO, BART.
Commander-in-Chief in India during the Afghan and Waziri Wars.



HIS EXCELLENCY VISCOUNT CHELMSFORD
Viceroy and Governor-General during the Punjab Rebellion and the "Montford"
Reforms.

CHAPTER XI

THE INDIAN REBELLION OF 1919

After the War. The Gandhi Stir and the Delhi Trouble. The Rebellion in the Punjab. Events at Lahore. General Dyer at Amritsar. The Great Railway Strike.

AFTER THE WAR

WITH the stamping out of the dangers of the *Ghadr* conspiracy and rebellions, and the suppression of the movement in those few regiments of the Indian Army to which the poison had penetrated, all visible signs of internal trouble disappeared.

India was in the hands of the sterner British policy, which would tolerate neither rebellion nor murder, and the great ship of state responded to the helm. Even in Bengal the fanatical banditry died down. But, unfortunately, the cult of intrigue survived. The Congress Party and the sedition-mongers were gradually perfecting their machine of hate while outwardly all was well. Loyal India, 90 per cent of the land, answered to Britain's call in one form or another. The comparatively few martial races poured forth their manhood. Sikhism stood forth, and Northern Islam came down whole-heartedly on the British side. Bengal's youth even desired to enlist, and the colleges displayed great enthusiasm, partly, no doubt, because young Bengal wished to justify itself in the face of the centuries of derision with which the men of the sword had looked upon its race.

A battalion from young Bengal was added to the Indian Army—lads ran away from college to enlist—and this force joined, in due course, the Army in Mesopotamia. There it was never engaged. Its officers and all who inspected it, found it quite unfit for hard service. Military art and life seemed entirely alien to the mentality of its members, with a few brilliant exceptions, including the Bengali gentleman who was its senior Indian officer. It stood on

parade a joke and a jest, and yet its Association football team could beat those of the Scottish regiments—a paradox ! a paradox ! but so it was.

The hard labouring unmartial races of agricultural areas, flocked to the labour and porter corps raised for overseas. The Intelligentsia, the politically minded lawyers and traders took little part in the War, partly no doubt, because they were competent neither to fight nor to labour. Many of them, however, opened their purses generously to support the Red Cross and similar adjuncts. In many places, but especially in Bombay, which saw many hospital ships return with British and Indian soldiers on board, the ladies of the educated class banded together in a remarkable way to entertain and help convalescent soldiers of all races.

And all the while the undying hatred of the few lurked underground ; Congress, and Mrs. Besant the renegade, creating and projecting trouble whenever they could do so.

In the Princes' States the enthusiasm to support the British and allied causes, which burst forth at the very outset, continued to shine brightly. The Princes, as already said, had poured forth their treasures, their resources, their troops, their sons and themselves.

Curiously enough the lesser political set alone, whom Mr. Montagu and his imitators were so anxious to propitiate, sat biting their nails and taking counsel with our enemies. Queer folk, the lesser breeds of the House of Bull, and the stranger within the gates !

It would have appeared that the end of the War would have been the signal for an immense expression of goodwill and prosperity in India. Mr. Montagu had been and gone, leaving perhaps dangerous trails behind him, giving little heed to either the Viceroy or the men who knew what was in store.

The preliminary memorandum and the published outline in the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms, stated the

problem of an advancing India in irreproachable terms. The worst feature of all that was being done, however, was the rushing of the proposals into effect by a Parliament and Ministers whose minds, owing to the prolonged strain of war, and the agonies of the Peace Conference, had passed beyond thinking point. The men who knew and understood were too weary to fight for a sounder interpretation of the memorandum. That, however, is beside this story. Mr. Montagu had come and gone, and the mass of India had never heard of it. They, like the British, were more concerned with ending the War and bringing their people home.

Britain had led the victors, the British Empire had shown the most prodigious power and adaptability. British troops all over the world held the fort and helped the broken peoples, but in India there were two voices, one so vindictive that we may quote Sir Michael O'Dwyer again :

"The complete victory of Great Britain and the Allies in November, 1918—appeared to establish the British Empire on a securer footing than it had ever occupied. A few months after the Armistice I had two interesting, but widely different, outlooks on the situation from two of my Indian friends. The first was—one of the most prominent members of the Shiah community in Northern India, head of a loyal, influential and historic family—thoroughly conversant with Islamic thought and feeling. In congratulating me on the success of British arms, he said with pride, that England was now the dominant power in the East and the West, and had the world at her feet.

"The visitor who followed was a Hindu gentleman of wide knowledge, acute observation and shrewd judgment. I mentioned to him what the Nawab had just said and then he told me something very significant. This was that

Gandhi had been heard to say that the British were now full of pride in their victory—but he was the master of a weapon that would soon bring them to their knees! That, of course, was his policy of Passive Resistance, which he later developed into the policy of so-called ‘non-violent non-co-operation’.”

Presumably, the Viceroy and the Government of India were too overawed by Mr. Montagu’s arrogance to govern. They allowed the childish Gandhi folly to grow and reproduce itself till non-co-operation became a serious problem. They could have nipped it in the bud had there been in the Government of India any of that spirit which in the West had won the War.

Sir Michael O’Dwyer now began to get an inkling of new trouble brewing. Acute Indian minds were aware of the Montagu weakness which was to do nothing to disturb the “atmosphere” of his reforms. Sir Michael learnt that in the Bar-rooms of the Punjab Courts, the Punjab extremists meant to try a fall with Government; their only doubt being whether to wait till after his retirement on April 19th, 1919, or to proceed at once.

In the hot-air atmosphere that followed the “Montford”—to use the short title for the Montagu-Chelmsford Scheme—declaration of August, 1917, all interned wild cats, including the insidious renegade Annie Besant, were released. Sedition in the Punjab had now begun to hold up its head for the first time since its defeat in 1915.

The collapse of Turkey and her rumoured dismemberment, had to some extent stirred Moslem feelings. The British were represented as being bled white in their struggle for victory. Now was the time!

The officers and agents of the Criminal Investigation Department had now plenty to disclose. Government did not lack information, but only the first essential, not often absent in the British, “guts.”

The end of the War made the Indian Defence Acts clearly obsolete, but the experience of the *Ghadr* movement and the fierce anarchical agitation in Bengal demanded the retention of some special power.

During the cold weather of 1917-18 the Government of India had appointed a commission of three Judges under the presidency of Sir Sidney Rowlatt to examine the revolutionary records, to report on the necessity for any special powers after the War should be over. As a result of their reports a moderate Bill, dealing only with revolutionary and anarchical groups, was passed.

The Bill was supported by many Indians, but curiously enough opposed by the so-called moderates, who seem to make it their invariable business to oppose anything designed to strengthen authority and protect society. But it became law on March 18th, 1919. This at once gave a handle to all the agitators who maliciously misrepresented its provisions throughout the country-side. At Amritsar an unholy Moslem-Hindu combination, led by Dr. Kichlu, a German-trained Moslem, with a disease of the bile-duct, was specially prominent. Lest people in happy England should imagine that the Rowlatt Act was in any way responsible, let it be said that the main provisions of that Bill and of the Defence of India Acts which it replaced only referred to open acts of rebellion. But when men are bent on mischief, any pretext serves as an incitement among ignorant people.

At Delhi, in December, 1918, there was an All-India Moslem Conference, the "All India" certainly not being the men of goodwill with the interests of India and their own community at heart, but almost entirely an assembly of such Moslems as had contracted the Bengali bile. It is true that they elected to sanctify it by some faint interest as to what the peace terms might grant to the Sultan of Turkey, but so insolent was the tone and so violent the

incitement to rebellion, especially in the speeches of one Dr. Ansari, that Sir Michael and other responsible officials refused to allow them to be circulated in their provinces. But Delhi, an enclave of the Government of India, had to endure all the folly that revolutionary ingenuity could commit and Governmental complacency allow, till matters became scandalous.

While this was in progress India was being stirred so far as it is possible to stir a country, whose inhabitants are mainly sensible. Congress and *Khilafat* committees, Hindu-Muhammadan Associations, Pan-Islam and Pan-*B-hmch-t*, and every other disloyal and disruptive body largely led by the lawyers and pleaders, people who had taken no share in winning the War for civilization, pursued their evil course. The Viceroy and his Government had not recovered from the fumes of the Montagu hydrocyanide gas. Their nerves had been so shaken that they allowed it to infect the air, with bunniah Gandhi intervening. At last they received what they had been asking for.

THE GANDHI STIR AND THE DELHI TROUBLE

The good soulful Lala Gandhi, whom the hot-air merchants dub Mahatma, had the impertinence to say that he would raise a rebellion. The Rowlatt Act was as serviceable a pretext as the greased-cartridge ramp of 1857. On March 23rd, 1919, Gandhi, whom almost any of the men who had died in France and Palestine would have laid by the heels long before, was actually permitted by the *embusqués* of the Secretariats to declare war. He proclaimed a *hartal*, a stoppage of all work throughout India, to begin on March 30th. The Congress Committees had, for some time, been working for this end. India *en masse*, nevertheless, had not the slightest intention of being led by the nose by a bunniah. In the Punjab

cities, however, a very few *hartals* took place, at Amritsar, Mooltan and a few unimportant places as well.

But, at Delhi, under the Viceroy's nose, under the nose of the Minister of War and Defence, a *hartal* did take place. All the world of men in India know perfectly well that what one may say on Tower Hill or Tyburn in Merry England cannot be said in the *Champs de Mars* at Delhi or the *Maidan* at Calcutta. Unfortunately, the mice, the men who have never had to hold the baby, did not believe what they were told.

The non-violence of the Gandhi bunkum changed in the twinkling of an eye to mob violence and hysteria. The great central railway station of Delhi, through which passes all the mighty traffic of Northern India, was stormed by the mob, because the vendors of food and sweetmeats chose to serve the travelling public rather than obey the orders of someone not in authority to carry out a *hartal*. They resisted and were violently assaulted and the station was damaged. The police could not cope with the disturbance. British police officers were attacked. British and Indian troops had to be sent for, and eventually the magistrates had to order the soldiers to take action. The troops then fired to save the police, of whom many had been injured. A few rioters were killed, but the mob again came on. The troops illegally fired in the air, which only resulted in emboldening the mob—till more serious firing had to take place. For the greater part of three weeks order was not restored, and the Chief Commissioner was defied. Every day the police fought and fired for three weeks—and this under the statue of John Nicholson. The whole of India watched this insensate defiance of authority and this feebleness on the part of men of the same race that had won the World War, and came to the conclusion that the moral petrol was exhausted, as perhaps it was. At any rate, European women and children were

evacuated, and one lady, an officer's widow, remarked that she had experienced this as a child in 1857, but she had never dreamt that it would ever occur again—and the face of the British was mud.

It is practically certain that, had ordinary firmness and a little "guts" been shown at Delhi under the Viceroy's nose, that the pitiful losses of life and the serious rebellions in the Punjab, and those which spread to Bombay, Calcutta, Ahmedabad and Peshawur, would have been averted.

THE REBELLION IN THE PUNJAB

We now come to that most astounding of misadventures which overtook the nation whose armies had been those that clinched in the final stages the great work of the Allies. In its own Punjab—the province of over twenty million people that it had made so prosperous and whose gentry and yeomanry had so eagerly taken part in the work of the British Army, the province, too, that had flocked to support the Crown in 1857—there lawyers and disgruntled students were to be allowed to engineer a rebellion. This, too, despite their ruler being one of the most competent of Britons.

The failure of the *Ghadr* has been related and the futility of the "Silk Letter Plot." But the native local press, the futile yet fierce press that lives on the advertisements of aphrodisiacs, was allowed to agitate and to lie. The Central Government wobbled under its overdose of Montagu gas. Before the Government of the Punjab could stop it, the Gandhi *hartals* had commenced in part of Lahore, enforced by the most open intimidation on the part of the students. Posters appeared saying that there would be a great rebellion on the 6th of April and the populace was urged to kill Europeans. The Government had printed thousands of notices explaining how harmless to all except the actively

sedition was the Rowlatt Act. These the mob managed to secure and destroy. Hysteria for the moment ran riot. Amritsar, a town of 150,000 inhabitants, in which was the great temple of militant Sikhism, had then but a garrison of a single company of a British battalion. It is obvious now that it should have been strengthened weeks before. Dr. Kichlu and his Hindu jackal Satya Pal were so provocative that on the 8th or 9th of April, Sir Michael O'Dwyer had them removed and requested the military authorities for a reinforcement of the garrison. General Dyer had already sent a guard to the station from the troops at Jullundur, but Sir Michael's request did not reach them till the 11th, while the outbreak, of which so much has been written, occurred on the 10th.

Sir Michael in the ordinary course of events was about to vacate his appointment. On the 7th he met his Legislative Council for the last time, for farewells and compliments, and took this opportunity to utter solemn warnings of what would result from the wild talk in intelligentsia circles. He also said that the leaders who wrote would be held as culpable as those who acted.

Here are Sir Michael's own remarks :

"I had hoped that my grave warning, which was at once published in the press, would have brought home to those who were working up the city mobs to the point of frenzy, that they would be the first that I would lay hands on, and that this would restrain them . . . for most of this class are at heart cowards, and when the trouble starts they disappear into their hiding-places. But either things had gone too far for them to draw back, or they thought that I was bluffing . . . as I was to leave in a few weeks . . . and would not have the support of the Government of India. They saw, too, that nothing effective had been done to restore the situation in Delhi . . . the Government of India's headquarters."

At this stage Sir Michael learnt that Gandhi was on his way. The Government of India itself had plucked up courage to forbid his coming to Delhi, and Sir Michael now forbade his entering the Punjab. Gandhi, therefore, agreed to return to Bombay, and it was seen that he did so. Why the Government of India did not put him into durance is to this day a mystery.

Two days after Sir Michael's warning the *Tribune* came out with a fierce attack on the Governor's warning speech. The extremists were evidently determined on a trial of strength as Sir Michael had been assured would be the case. The rebel directorate had not neglected its side issues. Many attempts had been made, as in 1914, to tamper with the Indian Army and not without some slight success. Kabul had been invoked and Afghan troops were already moving to the Frontier. The leaders also endeavoured to raise the districts and the old *Ghadr* pest. Kichlu and Satya Pal at Amritsar were arrested, and deported on April 10th.

The mob now was in a state of hysteria and tried to force its way into the Civil Station, which was guarded by weak military piquets. Then the crowd attacked with stones and the troops fired. Five Englishmen in the city—business men or bankers—were murdered. The mob also seized two English women and tried to murder them, a lady missionary and a lady doctor working among them in the city, leaving the former apparently beaten to death in the streets. They then looted the British banks, after murdering the three British bank managers and burning their bodies. From this they turned their attention to the railway goods station, there murdering a British official. They were about to attack the passenger station, but here Brigadier-General Dyer, who commanded the Jullundur Brigade, had posted a military detachment who sent them about their business. The party had now been joined by 200 Gurkha soldiers, who, however, had not their arms, presumably furlough

men returning. The rebels now attacked and gutted the telegraph office, tried to murder the telegraph master, who was with difficulty rescued by the troops ; then attacked the Calcutta mail train and looted a neighbouring railway station. So much for a display of passive resistance and non-violent non-co-operation, and, as Sir Michael remarks, an exhibition of Gandhi's soul force.

Matters now became increasingly serious, especially as large crowds of the peasantry, hearing that loot was the order of the day, flocked in to share the spoil. The Governor, as soon as somewhat confused accounts of what was happening began to reach him, dispatched the Commissioner of the Division to see what was occurring and called for troops from the Lahore Cantonment. Mr. Kitchin, the Commissioner, finding that the state of affairs was far beyond the control of the magistracy and the available police, requested the military authorities to take charge and restore order, the magistrate remaining with the troops as adviser to the commander.

EVENTS AT LAHORE

While the events just described were in progress at Amritsar, disorder was breaking out in the capital, thirty-five miles from Amritsar. Lahore is a vast Moslem city, the old Turkish and Afghan capital, full of Afghan traders and also a big educational centre with colleges and university. It had also been the capital of Runjhith Singhs' Sikh Raj.

Shortly after the first news arrived of what was going on in Amritsar, the Governor, who lives in a large house and grounds in the middle of the large residential area a couple of miles from the great city, learnt that the mob was assembling with its leaders in readiness to attack the civil station, the railway settlements and the like. Five miles away was the military cantonment with a British unit (Territorial)

and several Indian ones. The latter somewhat young soldiers, the former as steady after three or four years' embodiment as any unit in the Empire.

Near Lahore were thousands of European and Anglo-Indian women and children. The latter were especially numerous, as Lahore has a very large railway traffic and workshop centre. The members of such communities, living as they do not only with their ears to the ground, but in close proximity often to the larger cities, are at times given to alarm. If you want to know why, look at the tablets and monuments to their grandparents in the church at Delhi. To them mob rule always means outrage and murder.

The Governor, and General, Sir William Beynon, who lived in the Cantonment and commanded the whole military district of Lahore, had already been in close touch concerning the *hartal* on the 6th. The only wonder is that the troops were not kept more in readiness, for this day was Thursday, the weekly *fête* of St. Napier of Magdala, who had ordained that it should be a rest day from normal duties. The troops, therefore, were slower than usual in getting under arms. . . . It was five o'clock when Sir Michael had heard of the collecting mobs. The omnibus and coach era had not yet arisen in India, and the troops had to march in on a hot evening. Before they hove in sight the mobs were advancing. Sir Michael gave the police cordon orders to parley, to hold the mob, but if the police (who had carbines and buckshot) had to fire, there was to be no firing in the air. With those thousands of innocent lives at stake, it was no time for half-measures. As far as possible, women and children were summoned to the spacious Government House, where there was a small Indian military and police guard.

The police officers and their exiguous detachments were acting with great courage and judgment but were being

pushed back by a howling mob of ten thousand men, and dancing and darting among them were the students. It was not the puling mob of the more southernly Indian cities, it was a mob of fierce, wild men of all kinds, screamed at and excited by the frenzied agitators, and backed by every thieving rogue that a city like Lahore can produce. The mob attacked the European police officers, one of whom they seized, and strove to wrest the arms from the constables. Then the police fired, killing and wounding six or eight. At this the mob fell back, but another crowd had made for the central telegraph office, through which all the wires to the north and the Frontier pass. Happily, Colonel Frank Johnson, commanding the Sussex Territorials, had hurried a party of his men there, who drove that mob back at the point of the bayonet. By this time, just as it was getting dark, the police were reinforced by the Indian cavalry from the Cantonment. The mob was slowly pushed back, although vast crowds of fresh arrivals poured from the city. Troops and police were stoned from the house-tops, and here again the police fired their buckshot. The troops as yet had not had to come to their assistance with more serious weapons. Here were a few more casualties, one rioter being killed and by 9.30 the mob was forced back to the city shouting that the troops in Amritsar had revolted and that all Lahore was in their hands.

This was April 10th, the same day as the Amritsar outbreak, and it was not till the 12th that a column of police, backed by a force of all arms, could enter the city. Here, fortunately, the police alone had to fire. They and the troops took control, guarded the central waterworks, and held the gates. This particular crisis was over.

Sir Michael was due that very night to receive a deputation, expressing loyalty and support of the British Government from the martial classes of the Punjab, the peoples whose sons and brothers were still busy serving

His Majesty all over the world. He would not hear of postponing it and this gave him a good opportunity to speak freely. Next morning he summoned the leading Indian inhabitants of the City to come and discuss the situation. Between thirty and forty, the pleader, Muhammad Shafi Baghbanpura, *more suo*, suggested parley with the mob leaders, but this was what had led to the follies and mischief at Delhi. All the others advised that only prompt and drastic action could prevent a rising in the largely fictitious, but momentarily serious, excitement in the air.

That very day there was a wild and rebellious meeting at the Badshahi mosque at which the lawyers leading the movement still fulminated their animosity, putting up a Sikh ex-Sepoy to tell a false tale of the mutiny of troops, the massacre of six hundred British soldiers, of whom he had killed six with his own hand ! Thereat the mob shouted for the Amir of Kabul and the Kaiser, whose exile they had forgotten, and called on the police to join them and started to engineer a strike among the six thousand Punjabis in the railway workshops.

The leaders had even the impertinence to send terms to Sir Michael, among which was the proposal that in future he should act on their advice.

Fortunately for India and the Empire they brought their goods to quite the wrong market and the wrong man.

While Lahore and Amritsar were still seething, a very serious state of affairs had arisen at Kasur, twenty-five miles from Lahore and forty from Amritsar. A mob from the town, which was an old Afghan settlement, had invested the railway station. There they murdered two British warrant officers in the trains which they held up. They then tried to serve similarly two more non-commissioned officers and two officers who were travelling by the same

train. Then they found easier sport in the persons of an English lady and three children, but these were saved at great personal danger by one Khair Din, a Moslem railway inspector, who hid them in a hut and denied the mob entrance. The station was then looted and burnt, the civil courts were burned, and the treasury was only saved by the police-guard opening fire.

Emissaries from Amritsar were at work in many districts, and that night several railway stations were destroyed by fire, and the treasury at Taran-taran was attacked.

By now, Sir Michael had realised the extent of what was in progress, and was able to amplify his telegraphic reports with a telephonic conversation with authority at Simla. Up to now, except to protect the station at Amritsar from an attack, the troops had not had occasion to fire. Sir Michael noted in his diary that high authority had told him over the wires, very naturally and properly, that if it became imperative to fire, the troops must "fire to make an example." That is the only proper way to use troops. They are not police and only come in when real force is demanded. That is the universal experience of the world.

Sir Michael was now able to consult with some of the reasonable and more moderate people, whom he warned that the murders of troops and harmless Europeans and the attempts to kill English women and children might produce some undesirable reprisals (as a matter of fact, the European troops were admirably handled and restrained and nothing of this nature occurred).

There had now been three days of outrage, murder, and what was now evident—pre-concerted rebellion.

But the Punjab was not alone. The same trouble had broken out at Ahmedabad, the home of the good Lala Gandhi. There the young Indian soldiers, when fiercely attacked by the mob, got out of hand, and inflicted severer loss on the rioters than ever occurred at Amritsar.

GENERAL DYER AT AMRITSAR

This brings us to the trouble and controversy that resulted from the next happening at the storm centre of Amritsar. After the 10th April the rebel mobs, foiled in their attempts on the passenger station by the small garrison that Brigadier-General Dyer had already sent there, remained in entire control of the city. They completely terrorized law-abiding people, expressed the most extravagant hatred of the European, and were full of every sort of insult and contumely to the British Crown, and Raj.

No official or policeman could enter the city without a strong escort. In the old Sikh fortress of Govindgarh were collected for safety over a hundred European or Anglo-Indian women and children, as well as the European male civilians. On the night of the 11th, General Dyer, who commanded the sub-district under General Beynon, had arrived and had at his disposal a thousand soldiers. By the 13th the Governor had a pretty accurate knowledge of the state of affairs and wired to the Government of India, recommending the suspension of Civil Law and the proclamation of Martial Law in the disturbed districts, the situation in his opinion being beyond the control of magistrates and police. The "Governor General in Council," which is the full-dress title of the Government of India, approved his proposal. There is some interest in this detail, for Sir Shankeram Nair, who brought such disastrous consequences on himself in a British Court of Law for his libels, was a member whose joint responsibility was thus evoked and involved.

Sir Michael sent his message to Simla *en clair* to save time. Curiously enough it was picked up by the Bolshevik agents at Tashkent and used by them to show that the British Government in India was fighting for its life !

The approval did not, however, actually reach the Punjab, that is to say, the Governor and General Beynon, who was at his elbow, until April 14th. But the forces of rebellion were raging too fast and furious for them to wait for a formal declaration of a State of War. At Amritsar the Commissioner of Lahore had, as already mentioned, requested the military commander to take charge of the perilous situation.

The following is the outline of what occurred :

General Dyer arrived during the night of the 11th, and at once drove through Amritsar to hear the report of the police officer in charge of the city. After consultation with the Deputy Commissioner, that is to say, the chief magistrate and administrator of the Amritsar district, and his police officers, the General decided that he would prove to the rebels, for they were now more than rioters, that he had sufficient military force to ensure their return to law-abiding conditions, and to capture the ringleaders.

Between noon and 3 p.m., the afternoon of the 12th, this demonstration was made by marching troops through the city. He was aware that meetings and processions had already been prohibited. To emphasize this important order he had it proclaimed again on the morning of the 13th by beat of drum at the principal quarters of the city . . . stressing also the fairly patent fact that unlawful actions would be prevented by military force.

On his way back from a visit to the city that morning he heard that the ringleaders had called a mass meeting for 4.30. The General stated that he did not believe that this meeting would be held in face of his widely spread proclamation. However, at 4 p.m. the police brought news that the crowd was assembling in the Jallianwallah Bagh. This is an open space in the heart of the city, enclosed on three sides by high brick buildings, and

approachable only on one side by a road so narrow that an armoured car could not pass through.

On hearing this news the General, after setting piquets to prevent a renewed invasion of the European quarter, set foot for the *Bagh*, with fifty rifles, made up of detachments of three corps (his force was a very hastily improvised one of odd details) and forty Gurkhas armed only with their short regimental chopping swords known as *kukris*. Leaving his armoured car, the General marched up this narrow lane to the entrance to the square. There an immense crowd was assembled, estimated by many at over ten, but in the General's estimate, about five thousand. A man on a raised platform was gesticulating:

The General now saw that his very small force was in considerable danger if this mob was in anything like the murderous mood of two days earlier; and that hesitation would induce attack. He therefore opened fire, in view of his peremptory proclamations, and his men fired 1650 rounds. He then marched off, estimating that between 200 and 300 were killed. Returning to his quarters at 6 p.m., he marched a force through the city at 10 p.m., to see that his orders had been carried out, and gave permission for the dead to be collected and buried.

This very serious news reached the Governor shortly after it had been received that night from General Beynon, who wired in reply "your action is correct and the Governor approves."

As soon as the news got round that rebellion was not to be permitted, not another shot was fired, but before the lesson could be widely known, the example of the first outbreak at Amritsar and Lahore was spreading to over a dozen other places. The most serious was at Gujranwala, forty miles from Lahore, and the news of this came in before the Governor had finished with the tidings of Amritsar.

There the principal magistrate was an Indian, and the rebels had cut his wires. He sent the following message from a telegraph office eight miles away: "Hartal in progress. Mob active, more bridges on either side of station burnt, police insufficient, military arrangements required."

The military commander now told Sir Michael that he had no more troops, as a column of all arms had just marched into another disaffected district, and that if there were he could not get them there in time. Sir Michael then suggested the use of an aeroplane, of which a few had just arrived, and bombs or machine-guns used, if need be. He thought that, at any rate, the machine-gun might be used. Two or three planes were sent, which prevented very serious outrage. At the other places serious damage was done, notably at Wazirabad, where bridges and a missionary's house were burnt, while many telegraph offices were destroyed, with murderous assaults on people all over the surrounding districts. An armoured train with an Indian magistrate in charge was sent to the rescue of several places where railway stations were burnt, and opened fire at his request. All over the countryside that was disturbed, natives were found to be moving about describing themselves as "Gandhi's men." At Gujarat, fire had to be opened on a riotous mob. On the 17th, a train at Malakwal was derailed and two lives lost, and at Lyalpur the seditious proclamations were of a very violent nature. Indians were called on in the name of Mahatma Gandhi to "fight to the death against Indian English cheats and to dishonour English women!" (*vide* the report of the Supreme Government).

Here is the text of one of the posters which the Hunter Committee quotes:

"Blessed be the Mahatma Gandhi. We are the sons of India. We shall not give way. We shall lose our lives.

We shall never abide by the Rowlatt Bill. Gandhi ! we, the Indians, will fight to the death after you. The flag of cruelty and oppression has been fixed in the ground. Alas, British, how you have cheated us . . . you have fired on the Indians and shot them to death . . . the treatment meted out to our girls at Amritsar is unbearable . . . there are many English ladies here to dishonour. Go all round India, clear the country of the ladies and those sinful creatures."

It was now necessary to extend martial law to these districts, and all over the Punjab European women and children were exposed to many hardships in their places of refuge, in the daily increasing heat, before they could be got away to the hills.

But wild and widespread as these happenings were and uncontrollable as they seemed, the moment the news of the action of the fifty soldiers under General Dyer's personal control was known, which it was about the 18th of the month, not even a dog barked in the whole Punjab. The British in India, with the loom of the Afghan War now being apparent, with one voice said that Dyer had saved India. With this history will hereafter agree, however severe the effect on the local rioters may be judged to be. The men on the spot, with revolution before them, with *Ghadr* behind them, with bank-managers burnt to death and English ladies left for dead in the streets, thought it was right. Those beyond the danger zone thought the General's judgment at fault, and that he fired too long. We must leave it at that, and deplore with Mr. Montagu so sad an incident on the wedding eve of his reforms.

THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKE

The Afghan War had become a most serious problem now that the Army was in process of demobilization

although it did not synchronize with the rebellion. But it is not unreasonable to assert that had not the action at Amritsar brought insurgent India to her senses, the Afghan invasion would have coincided with the revolt of hysteria still raging and increasing.

There was, however, one more danger, which has been forgotten, but which fully justifies those who oppose the handing over of the maintenance of law and order to Indian ministers and railway personnel, who are the relatives of the party of agitation. From April 10th onwards every endeavour had been made to bring about a strike of the railway staff in Lahore and the Punjab. While Lahore city was in the hands of the rebels, an Indian railway signaller sent a message to his friends in Delhi, to the effect that Lahore city was in the hands of the mob, that the Indian troops were about to mutiny, that the Indian portion of the railway staff of the great North-Western strategic railway were about to strike, and that all the great railway staffs in the south should also do so.

Two days later, the leaders of the rebellion at Delhi sent the following message to all their railway co-adjutors :

“ On receiving the word ‘Rowlatt,’ Indian soldiers have decided to strike in the Punjab as well as the employees of the East India, the Oudh and Rohilkund Railways. Telegraph to the Great Indian Peninsula and Bengal Nagpur railways to do the needful at once.”

This message was happily intercepted at several places. At Bina it was placed in the hands of the Quartermaster General in India who was on tour, and who just managed to get through on an engine in time to give warning to the Government. On the 13th a signalman at Delhi received a message sent to various junctions in the Punjab, to the effect that “ All the southern railways were to leave work to-night, and that Gandhi had been arrested. From Indian brothers,”

A strike actually commenced forthwith at several places with the object of making it impossible to move troops ; and to the end of April a very restricted service only was possible, and even that was due to the circumstance that there was a considerable Anglo-Indian staff on the railways who happened to be members of the defence force. Yet with all this on record, the egregious among the British aim at allowing the clever brains who cozen them to get rid of these faithful employees. It is almost unthinkable, but so it is.¹

The Punjab Government was anxious to proclaim martial law in all railway areas. This the Supreme Government cavilled at, but luckily the railway management at Lahore, thinking the matter settled, telegraphed the declaration as a fact over all their system. This error, fortunately, saved the situation, and with accounts of the trouble of Amritsar spreading in an exaggerated form, the strike ceased and India began to return to its allegiance. General Dyer himself was now free, and was hurried to the Frontier, where, as described in the next chapter, he drove the Afghans back who were beleaguering a British brigade in Thal.

It is not necessary to follow the Amritsar story further. The Government of India was satisfied that General Dyer's action was justified, and had it been a little clearer in its mentality, it would have appointed an inquiry of its own. The agitators were clever enough to be aware of the " yaller " streak in the British composition. By intense misrepresentation, that section of the British race who rejoice to think that their own countrymen are always wrong, obtained the upper hand, while their warriors rested, and a Special Commission was sent out to India. The proceedings are

¹ Because of this happening, several well-known soldiers with Indian experience warned the British Public in 1933 of what might happen if law and order on the railways were entirely entrusted to Indians.

very strange reading, and record the seriousness of the attempted rising faithfully enough. But General Dyer was censured for the use of undue severity, regardless in many ways of the extremely unusual circumstances. Public opinion in Britain was greatly concerned at this, and a large purse was subscribed for him by a host of admirers. We need not here probe what amount, if any, of justice there was in this finding. All the world knows that fifty men fired for a short time on a wild mob a hundred times their number, and that at once the fierce hysteria died away. That it was necessary to fire was the tragedy, not that it was done. The only court of law that inquired declared it to be so, and in this book it is not necessary to probe further.

At a time when the reorganization of Government was proceeding, and especially in the light of the fact that half England believed that the moment was inopportune, it was a very untoward occurrence, but so was the revolt and the incitement to murder, indeed, the whole of the Gandhi saga.

CHAPTER XII

THE AFGHAN INVASION OF 1919, AND AFTER

The Dying of the Punjab Rebellion. The Afghans invade India. The Amazing Situation at Peshawur. Nadir Shah in the Kurram, and the Finale. The Problem of Waziristan. The Situation in 1917. The Bombshell of 1919. The Tragedy of the Southern Waziristan Militia.

THE DYING OF THE PUNJAB REBELLION

THE stern measures of General Dyer had crushed the spirit of revolt, and the story of the Jallianwallah Bagh turned the hearts of the conspirators to dust. The British will stand no more nonsense, won't they? Well! Well! What's wrong with our ploughshares! and so the farmers went home sadder and wiser, and forgot all their grievances. The soldiers began to return and wanted to know who had made such fools of their friends, and the intelligentsia of the seditious group burrowed and grovelled to save their skins, while their dupes scoffed at them. The Government of India, unfortunately, had courted contumely, and its prestige was sadly shaken. The agitators of India ran to London to indulge their supreme gift of misrepresentation and innuendo. The Government of India was not astute enough to see that the events that led up to the Jallianwallah Bagh drama formed a proper subject for an inquiry of its own. It was a weak-kneed Government at home, with all its courage dissipated in fighting the War, which must needs send out the egregious Lord Hunter, and conduct that unconstitutional inquiry and Star Court proceeding, which an English court of law later so strongly castigated and condemned.

An inquiry there should have been, but not a Montagu one—an inquiry was necessary because such events were too grave for confinement to the mere reports of the executive

and the military authority concerned. Before, however, the coming of Hunter, before General Dyer was made the victim of unnecessary and unworthy censure, he had already dashed off to face a peril which had not come to India for over a century—a deliberate Afghan invasion. General Dyer, with troops hastily assembled, succeeded in inflicting so signal a defeat on General Nadir Khan, the late King of Afghanistan, that it should have thrice condoned any error of judgment made at Amritsar, when he assumed the task which force of arms had compelled the civil Government to abandon.

The story of the Afghan insult and its aftermath must be outlined in brief for all to ponder.

THE AFGHANS INVADE INDIA

The story of what was passing in Afghanistan during the War has been related in brief ; also that of German and Turkish missions ; of runaway Hindu seditionists ; of absconding Moslem teachers from Indian Universities, in whom some blend of fanaticism and political bile had produced an unstable equilibrium. Some enemy money had been expended by the Central Powers as well as by the Bolshevists in trying to direct Islamic hate and venom upon British India. But the Amir Habibullah had stood firm in his friendship and alliance, and on February 19th, 1919, was murdered in his shooting box in the mountain district of Lughman by a colonel of the Afghan Army.

What the real causes were has never been divulged, nor the identity of the instigators. The Moslem world was quick to think that his third son, Amanullah, who succeeded as Amir, was at the bottom of it. He had, it was said, sought to placate the fanatical party of Kabul, who had long wanted to raise the green flag of a religious war against the British. Others there were who talked of seductive

court ladies among those notoriously lively baggages of the Muhammadzai, whose *joie de vivre* had been responsible for trouble even when the British were in Kabul in 1839 and 1842. The feeling prevalent with those who knew best, including the officers of the British Political Department, was that it was the murdered man's staunch friendship towards the British, and the "badge of innocence and bond of friendship" that he honoured, that were the causes of his death.

The relationship between Britain and Afghanistan was by no means irksome to the latter.

The Amir had been guaranteed protection from Russian aggression, and he received eighteen lakhs a year for keeping his army up to standard. The title of Amir was of Abdur Rahman's own choosing. He felt that in his time the jealous democratic minds of the Afghan chiefs would not stomach the title "King." In return for this guarantee and handsome allowance, which, incidentally, the Amir secured safely to his credit in India, he undertook the non-entertainment of foreign ministers or emissaries at Kabul, and to conduct his external affairs through Britain. These were obligations which could not be binding for all time, and were always open to discussion. Except by invitation of the Amir, British Europeans did not enter Afghanistan, chiefly because the Amir was not sure that he could protect them from stray fanatics, and that any one wishing to embroil him with England might easily murder a British visitor. However, none of these arrangements formed any sort of grievance. Certain grievances, on occasion, Habibullah had, and he did, it is true, at one time keep raiders near the border for the sake of pricking the Lion's hide. The Lion knew it was a joke and let it pass.

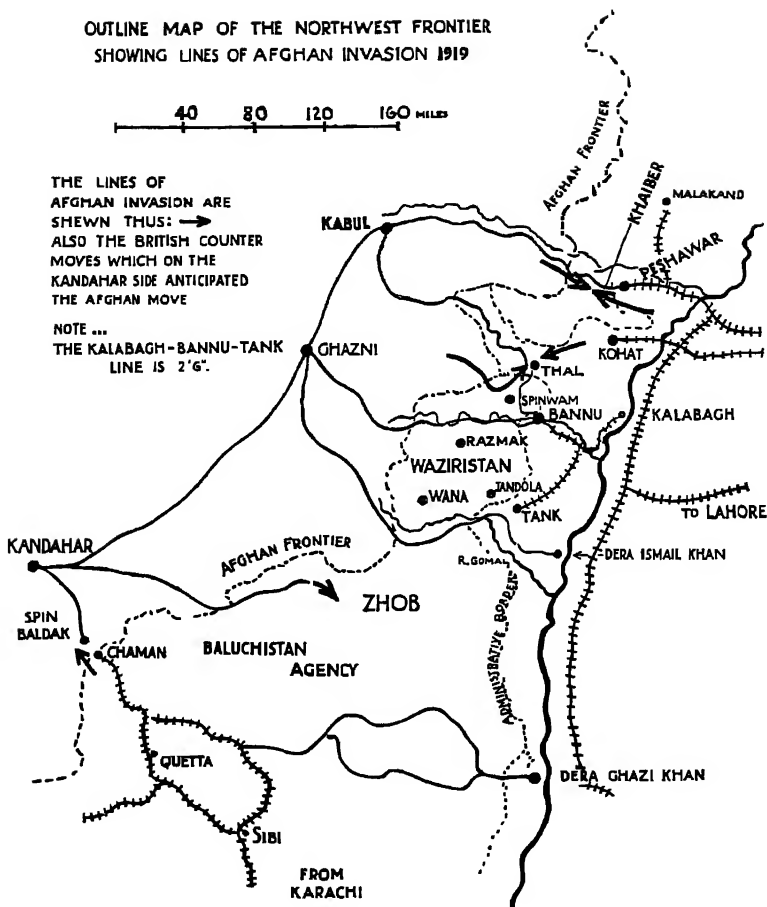
On May 3rd, a few days after Amanullah seized the throne, it pleased him, without rhyme or reason, apart from his knowledge of a coming rebellion in India, to invade

OUTLINE MAP OF THE NORTHWEST FRONTIER
SHOWING LINES OF AFGHAN INVASION 1919

40 80 120 160 MILES

THE LINES OF
AFGHAN INVASION ARE
SHEWN THUS: →
ALSO THE BRITISH COUNTER
MOVES WHICH ON THE
KANDAHAR SIDE ANTICIPATED
THE AFGHAN MOVE

NOTE ...
THE KALABAGH-BANNU-TANK
LINE IS 2'6".





OVERLOOKING WAZIRISTAN

Courtesy of the Indian Railway Bureau

British India at several points along the frontier. But Orientals are bad time-keepers and synchronizers. Either he was late, or the Indian ferment was too early, or, at any rate, had failed to function according to plan.

The steps taken by the Amir were unusual. He summoned the heads of the tribes within British India, and promised them arms and the loot of the frontier, nay, perhaps that of Delhi itself, as his forebears had so frequently done in the old time past. Rifles were issued at Jellalabad to all and sundry—both British and Afghan subjects. The first hostile act occurred on May 3rd, when the Afghans murdered unarmed road labourers. The only British garrison then in the Khaiber was the Afridi Militia in Landi-Kotal. By May 5th a small reinforcement reached them by lorry, and next day India ordered several more and mobilized the northern army. By May 5th, too, an Afghan regular force of eight battalions, with cavalry and guns, were over the British frontier. A great coup lay in front of them. Landi-Kotal had but 500 tribal militia and two guns. Its capture would have reverberated along the frontier, and stirred all the tribes. The Afghan commander, however, suffered from the "slows," and failed. By May 7th, the Somerset Light Infantry, with guns, arrived, and the next day a whole brigade. That was sufficient to stem the advance, but further British action was held up by strange happenings at Peshawur, thirty miles back from Landi-Kotal.

THE AMAZING SITUATION AT PESHAWUR

In the open plain, some nine miles from the portals of the Khaiber and the old Sikh fortress of Jamrud at its mouth, stands the great and ancient city of Peshawur; Afghan, because till Runjhith Singh and his Sikhs took it a century ago, it was part of Afghan territory, old because

here was hidden, till a few years ago, the gold casket with the ashes of Gautama Buddha. Here is the headquarters of the Frontier Province, and here is one of the most important cantonments in India. It was here, also, that General Avitabile kept stern order among the Sikhs during the First Afghan War, when four tasselled gibbets stood at the four corners of his garden. It was here, in 1857, that the British blew away from the guns their own mutinous soldiery, while all the frontier watched and wondered, hastening next day to enlist in the levies of men who could be true to themselves.

As the Afghans swarmed into the Khaiber, the garrison of Peshawur was hastening to oppose them, and fresh troops from down country were pouring in in their place.

On May 7th, the day when Landi-Kotal was reinforced, the Criminal Investigation Department had ascertained that the Afghan postmaster in Peshawur, who had been at large, and who acted, also, as Afghan consul, had arranged with the Indian Revolutionary Committee in Peshawur city, an off-shoot, apparently, of the egregious body of the same name in Kabul, for a revolt. The cantonment and civil station were to be burnt, the railways damaged, and the stores destroyed.

For this purpose they had agreed to collect 7000 trans-border tribesmen and all the bad hats of the British countryside in the city. The Government of India, almost as spineless and futile as in Lord Irwin's days, had permitted the gathering of seditious volunteers, and allowed seditious strikes to continue for two months past.

The following is a translation of the Afghan Postmaster's letter to the Amir, dated May 7th :

"Hearing that the Post Office (i.e. Afghan) was to be searched I ordered armed resistance, as the whole of my correspondence went against the British Government. If necessary, I could begin a Holy War in Peshawur City.

Hearing of this, 8000 Peshwaris, both Hindus and Moslems, came to help me. That night 2000 villagers from outside offered their assistance. I said that I would invite them when the time came. Sikh regiments have assured Hindus that they look on Moslems as brethren and will not fire on them. The Government (i.e. the Indian Government) has not sufficient troops in India, and often moves one regiment consisting of two or three companies, to make a display. In spite of many telegrams sent by the Chief Commissioner, no regiments have arrived by train. British subjects will not supply recruits. There are disturbances throughout India, and troops if sent from England will not arrive in time. It has been given out at a public meeting that the Amir and *Ghazis* (religious fanatics) are ready to help Indians, and if the war is delayed the public (i.e. Indian public) will be displeased with the Amir. The assembly cried with one voice that they would not forget the oppressions and tyrannies of the British Government. If after selected leaflets have been circulated and three Sipah Salars (corps commanders) have been appointed, the Amir refrains from invading India, Hindus and Moslems will be much displeased. It is not expedient to delay and give the English time to collect troops."

This did not leave much doubt as to Afghan policy. Major-General Climo, who had brought up troops from Nowshera for the Khaiber, was detained to surround the city. He selected the hour of siesta in the hot afternoon, and proceeded to carry out this task with a regiment of cavalry and a British and Gurkha battalion.

In eleven minutes from the word "Go," the cavalry had secured every gate of the city.

In half an hour they were joined by the infantry, and the search began for thirty-three leaders who were known, and the Afghan Postmaster. The latter and twenty-two of the thirty-three were secured ; the evil characters were

cowed, and the movement scotched. By now troops were pouring in from India, and the march up the Khaiber to meet the invaders proceeded.

NADIR SHAH IN THE KURRAM

We need not follow events in the Khaiber except to say that the heat was intense, and many a British soldier, already on his way down country to Home and to demobilization, was, owing to this act of Afghan treachery, hurried back to lose his life through heat and cholera as well as from the bullet. Several engagements took place by which the Afghans in the Khaiber were soon hurled back across the frontier, and the Army was prepared to advance on Jellalabad, of glorious memory to British arms. But events in Kurram called a halt.

It will be remembered that there are three main routes in modern times from India to Afghanistan. First that by the Khaiber, secondly the Kurram route and the Peiwar Kotal Pass, and thirdly that via Quetta to Kandahar. Reinforcements had already been sent up to watch the Peiwar Kotal.

General Nadir Khan¹, who had been the Commander-in-Chief at the time of Habibullah's murder and who had been removed to placate the indignant soldiery, was now commanding in the Southern Afghan province of Khost, which juts forward into British territory. He was believed to be with his troops opposite the Peiwar Kotal territory. In accordance with the orders of his State, now at war, however unrighteously so, he proceeded to invade the Tochi valley and British Waziristan. The immediate result was disastrous. The frontier militias were not geared to meet the strain of an Afghan invasion coupled with a cry to support the men of Islam. The Southern

¹ Later Nadir "Shah," or "king."

Waziristan Militia came to a sad end with a massacre of the loyal elements and their British officers in an attempt to withdraw.¹

Nadir Khan and his regulars with his thousands of tribal jackals now came down on the militia post of Spinwam, almost as the garrison was withdrawn,² and thence marched into the Kurram Valley to attack the British military post at Thal, which really guarded the long approach to the Parachenar and the Peiwar.

Here Major-General Eustace with four battalions, a squadron and four guns were posted. The position of the brigade and the conditions, which favoured the surrounding of Thal on all sides by the thousands of insurgent tribesmen, prevented that offensive action which had frustrated the attempted invasion of the Khaiber.

But Brigadier-General Dyer, fresh from his dramatic suppression of the Punjab rebellion, was advancing from Kohat, despite the fierce heat of the end of May. After forced marching in the incredible heat and dust of the lower Miranzai, he reached Dazamund, 51 miles from Kohat, and 9 miles from Thal, at 1 a.m. on May 31st. Here he was joined by an officer of the General Staff with full information from General Eustace. Pushing on at 5.30 a.m., Eustace and Dyer now proceeded without delay to attack the Afghans and their allies.

The Afghans' guns were soon silenced as a battery of 18-pounders got into action. By sun-down all the heights in tribal hands were carried and the tribesmen in full flight. Next morning you could not see the heels of the Afghan commander for the dust of his retreat.

That was the end of it. In the Khaiber the reinforced

¹ This is described later in this chapter when Waziristan is treated of.

² The Afghan force and their jackals were but 300 yards from the Kot when the garrison, supported by three squadrons of the 31st Cavalry, marched out.

British advanced into Afghan territory and could have gone into Jellalabad, while the planes were ready to fly to Kabul.

Away on the Kandahar Frontier the British were the invaders, and captured the fortress of Spin Baldak. Far to the north the Afghans endeavoured to overrun Chitral, and were severely handled by the Chitrali levies.

The Afghans, beaten and frightened by a bombing plane over Kabul, now prayed for an armistice, which was perhaps too lightly granted, considering the extreme provocation. The peace proceedings were none too well managed, and the defeated Afghans were allowed to proclaim themselves the victors of a "war of liberation." What they were delivered from is not too clear, but the British cancelled their obligation to pay Afghanistan eighteen lakhs a year, or to come to Afghan aid if Afghanistan were in trouble. The troops were tired and should have been on their way to their homes, the statesmen's patience was exhausted, and peace, even a mishandled peace perhaps, rightly enough, held the field. A strong, prosperous Afghanistan was what the British had always aimed at, the Afghans had learnt their lesson, and it was left at that.¹

However, there it was, and a sad end for the disloyal Amanullah so freely pardoned and helped on his way, was his being hunted from his throne by a bandit. Now Nadir Khan, who with considerable self-sacrifice had come forward from his rest in Europe, to take the crown of his rebellion-racked country, lies murdered in his grave.

These disasters were both directly attributable to

¹ It is amusing to read in Sir Evelyn Howell's lecture recently to the Journal of the Central Asian Society, how Nadir Khan later had expressed his ingenuous surprise at the post-war British arrangements at the head of the Khaiber for the better protection of India, he, who had torn up thirty years of peaceful organization in Waziristan and caused the death of so many British subjects.

Amanullah's reckless invasion and to those, whoever they were, who planned the murder of the good Habibullah, who had served his country and his ally so well. We may mourn the murder of Nadir Shah, all perhaps save the widows and children of those destroyed in Waziristan, for he was a patriot and a ruler, and we may wish his young son, Zahir Shah, more than well. But the friends and countrymen of the many who died to make this Afghan holiday, well—"can they the *gloriamus* swell, or the *quare fremuerunt*," as Adam Lindsay Gordon has it.

But however good, or however evil the results, the attempt to invade India and incite the Punjab to successful revolution failed, and that may be said to be the end, for the moment, of the long endured attempts of Britain's enemies to wreck her in India.

All honour to those half-demobilized British troops, and the trusty Indian soldiers who did the "job". We may now turn down that page of history. War was over, peace and progress and re-uniting restoration was now the order of the day, stirred only by the new set of renegades further south, who could not let well alone.

THE PROBLEM OF WAZIRISTAN

Before we turn to the tribal aftermath of the Afghan War a short description of Waziristan is necessary, for it was through the edge of that country that Nadir Khan's forces entered India; it was largely the Waziristan tribesmen who flocked with him to the looting of India, and it was in Waziristan that after events were so involved and so difficult to deal with.

The happenings in that part of the world during the early years of the World War have been referred to, and since the subsequent happenings of 1917 and 1918 are

so mixed up with this aftermath of the Afghan War, they have been reserved for this chapter, rather than described in their chronological order.¹

Since this book is primarily for those who have little more than a bowing acquaintance with India and the Frontier, both geography and ethnology may briefly be touched on. If you take the map of India you will note that the Indus flows to the Indian Ocean in a direction that is more south than south-west, and that the frontier is really more west than north-west. Into the Indus you will see two rivers flow, the Kurram and the Gomal. They flow in name only, for most of their water, save in great floods, are spread on the land which turned into gardens. These two rivers in the Suleiman Mountains, the Mountains of Solomon, forty miles or so back from the right bank of the Indus, traverse mighty ranges and are themselves set in deep gorges which now and again give way to open *kaches* before re-entering raw red rock. From the foot of the hills on the Indus side to a line drawn by agreement with Afghanistan and between these two rivers, lies the country which is spoken of as Waziristan, the country of the Waziris. Who are the Waziris? They are a group of one of those many frontier tribes and clans who were converted to Islam no one knows quite when, who claim, probably fictitiously, to be one of the many off-shoots of that Afghan race, the Ben-i-Israel, which claim descent from Afghana, a son of Saul, and commander-in-chief of the forces of no less a Prince than Royal Solomon. Except, however, for a few men from Arab descent from the original Islamic missionaries, they are in all probability Aryan and Rajput, as are also the races of upper India. They are those of the white migrants who stayed by the way in the rugged and romantic mountains through which their race fought their road, and went through the changes

¹ As already explained in Chapter IX.

of Buddhism and Islam, and more than that, through the changes that intense cold bring in its train.

Now the main divisions of the clans are into, first, the Wazirs, largely the great Darwesh Khel fraternity, and secondly the Mahsud-Waziris, usually known as Mahsuds. The former have accepted the conditions of the British Border which ordain that tribes must not raid, may come for hospital treatment, and shall be reasonable neighbours. Beyond that the Government leaves them to the Government of headman and gathering, or *jirga*. The Mahsuds have usually displayed a more recalcitrant attitude, viz. that they, free as the Swiss, shall murder and raid where they like and no man shall say them nay. Their attitude has been stiffened by the fact that the Afghan Government at one time claimed some Wazir country on their borders, and was not above creating strife in the matter.

British dealings with these natives really began in 1859-60, when an expedition first entered their country, with a view to bringing them to their senses for their years of misdemeanour during and after the Indian Mutiny. The operations, which ensued, commenced with a further attack of swordsmen on the British camp at Palosin Ziarat. In 1880, once again punitive measures were necessary, and in 1894 they attacked the British escort to the Afghan boundary demarcation Commission at Wana, much as in 1860 at Palosin Ziarat. Down the Tochi and down the Gomal run two of the most important trade routes between Afghanistan and India, and it was incumbent on a civilized power to see that these routes, just like that of the Khaiber, were reasonably safe for caravans to cover.

After the great Frontier Risings of 1897, large and costly garrisons were stationed at many places along and across the border, and with Lord Curzon's accession to the Vice-royalty, his "Militia" policy was evolved, a policy which avowedly aimed at helping and civilizing the

tribes as well as controlling them. By it the trade routes across the border, chiefly the Khaiber, the Kurram, the Tochi, and the Gomal, were held by tribal Militia, with the double intention of protecting the routes and giving the young men something to do. Under picked officers these Militia Corps soon attained a creditable state of efficiency, and the military garrisons were then withdrawn, but their fidelity obviously depended on the general temper and frame of mind of the tribes from which they were recruited. The two great routes in Waziristan were held by the Northern and Southern Waziristan Militias, with headquarters at Miranshah in the Tochi, and at Wana respectively. Both these places and those of the outpost were in the country of the Wazirs, and by them the Mahsud region was, to some extent, ringed, Wana being a few miles north of the Gomal on an upland plateau. At first both of these battalions recruited Mahsuds, Wazirs, and a mixture of more remote frontiersmen. It was eventually proved that the Mahsuds in the Southern Corps were too near their own middens to be trusted, and they were eliminated.

That was the state of affairs in 1917. It was the raiding proclivities that the Mahsuds had displayed intensively during 1917, which induced the Government to suggest to the good Amir Habibullah, that this was more than they could tolerate, and that they would have to set their Mahsud house in order. The raids aforesaid had become supremely daring, and were really more invasions than raids, in which the tribesmen left strong piquets to secure their return routes. It must be remembered that immense quantities of arms and ammunition were derelict. Large numbers of the arms and much of the ammunition, lost at General Townshend's surrender at Kut, found their way to the Arabs, and thence to the armament trade. When the Turks hurriedly retreated from Kut they left innumerable arms and millions of rounds behind them, and a good time

THE AFGHAN INVASION OF 1919, AND AFTER 191

elapsed before the British reserves could take over the battle grounds and drive off Arab marauders. When the Caucasian Army Corps Bolshevized, a vast number of rifles vanished. The result of this was, and is, that the trans-frontier tribes are extremely well armed with good stocks of ammunition.

THE SITUATION IN 1917-18

Mention has already been made of the Mullah Fazl Din, son of the Mullah Powindah, and his attempts to disturb the border in 1915. The sharp handling that some of the invaders and our own tribesmen met with kept the border in reasonable order for a while. During 1916, fortunately, it was just possible by keeping one's eyes half shut to stave off trouble. But in 1917 things came to a crisis. In February of that year Fazl Din raised a *lashkar*, and defied the Government by appearing before Sarwekai, a post on a ridge between Mahsud territory and the Gomal caravan route.¹ The Southern Waziristan Militia marched out, dispersed the *lashkar* for the moment, before the Derajat movable column could come up. The *lashkar* then began raiding, attacking among other things, a convoy going to Wana by the Gomal, and inflicting twenty casualties on the escort. The Movable Column now marched up to Wana and down again, with no great result other than clearing the road much as a ship's prow cuts the ocean. It then took up a position at Murtaza at the mouth of the Gomal river gorge.

On May 1st, 1917, another convoy on the way to Wana was attacked, and suffered 100 casualties on the 6th Tormanda post near Murtaza. Three days later, a column from the important post of Sarwekai had news of a raiding party of 400 to 500 Mahsuds returning from an expedition in the Shahur Valley below. The Militia sallied forth with

¹ *Vide* Chapter IX.

a few regulars, actually surprised the Mahsuds, but the latter rallied and a sharp fight ensued, in which the Government troops as well as the Mahsuds suffered severely.

The Government had now concluded that an occupation of the whole of Waziristan and its systematic disarmament was the only possible course that could settle the trouble, but this was quite impossible of accomplishment in the military condition of India in 1917. However, it was necessary, unless the whole border was to be allowed to blaze up, to take action against Fazl Din. A strong column under Major-General Beynon marched up to the Wazir Valley of the Khaisora to threaten the Mahsud centres. Then the Mahsuds made an unexpected move. Twelve hundred of the Abdullai clan, having carefully watched the routine, fell on the post of Tut Narai, in the Tochi, then held by the Northern Waziristan Militia, and completely surprised it, escaping with 60 rifles and 120,000 rounds of ammunition, all of which was later restored to us out of tribal rifles.

In two hours 450 Militia-men were moving to the relief of the post, but too late ; behind was the Northern Waziristan Moveable Column, at Miranshah, 4000 strong. It was now obvious that nothing short of a war would meet the occasion, and though the hot weather had commenced, it was decided to start operations forthwith, and Sir Arthur Barrett, of the Northern Command, was appointed to take control.

In the meantime a *jirga* was held on May 29th, to which all the tribes sent representatives, a letter was read from the Amir of Afghanistan which put an end to any hopes of support from that quarter. This at once damped any possible ardour for revolt that had been stirred up among the Wazirs, after the capture of Tut Narai, but not so the Mahsuds and their Mullah ; not for them friendliness or order, and they determined to see it through.

Sir Arthur Barrett therefore prepared for his task in the fiery heat, by moving his troops as far as possible into the uplands, where, at any rate, men could sleep at night. He would hold the Tochi with the Militia and the Bannu Columns, concentrate his striking troops in the Wana plateau, close to Mahsud territory, while strengthening the Gomal posts. At Jandola, just within the outer hills and the territory of the Bhattannis, where there had always been a military post, he would place a reserve column. Thus the Mahsud would be, to some extent, blockaded.

It has to be realized that this was an extremely anxious time for the Government of India, and it would not have taken much to set the whole frontier fermenting for sheer lust of excitement in response to German encouragement, and the machinations of the rebellious in India. Further, Sir Arthur Barrett had only three "unspoilt" Indian regiments, i.e. regiments of men trained to the frontier who had not been shot through a dozen times in France or on the Tigris. The rest were regiments of second class quality, or full of young untried material and officers from the Indian Army Reserve or the temporary officers' schools.

It should also be understood that in fighting Mahsud and Afridi, unless your rank and file are carefully trained at the game, and are of age and experience, disaster fierce and cruel may easily happen. Six months may train men to go over the top from cover, to the whistle or hunting horn, with a football kicked ahead. That is a mass move, and this, brave and helpless human nature will accomplish at short notice, but individual opposition to the fiercest and most active of Frontier tribesmen is another matter needing much more severe training, personal courage and self-reliance than any other form of encounter. There were during these years several pitiful incidents where young Indian soldiers and officers went as sheep to the slaughter, for all their brave endeavours. In the matter

of this present operation, there occurred sudden and unusually high floods in the Gomai, and the bridge over the river near Murtaza was carried away. The force, therefore, advanced direct, by the old blockade route by Hyderi Kach and the Shahur Tangi, which proved a plan that established confidence, especially as the column halted above the Tangi on the Ishana Raghza.

Fortunately, the determined pressure from their surroundings, the strong threats from one or two critical points at their pet strongholds, and certain sharp incidents, weakened Mahsud resolutions ere long, and the British terms were accepted. There were not too stringent, far less so, indeed, than justice demanded, but the important point was to arrange a settlement lest worse befall, and defer more thorough measures till quieter times, should the Mahsuds break out again, or fail to accept the very modified form of the Pax Britannica that was required of them.

The terms were :

(1) The settlement of the penalties imposed for the murder of Major Dodds sometime previously, which had been evaded.

(2) All rifles captured from troops or militia since March 1st, to be returned.

(3) All refugees and outlaws from British justice to be surrendered, or at least expelled from Mahsud territory.

(4) Certain guarantees of future good behaviour to be given.

By August 10th, 1917, these terms were accepted and peace duly completed, and within fourteen days the troops, other than special garrisons, marched back to India. So far so good, but it was not to last very long.

THE BOMBSHELL OF 1919

When the Afghan War burst on an astonished and a demobilizing India, the effect on Waziristan was immediate and obvious, certainly as far as the Mahsuds were concerned. The bad behaviour of the Wazirs that also occurred was less expected. It has already been related how the Afghans had relied on raising the frontiers and pouring the tribal hordes into India and had taken considerable pains to incite them to rise.

The troops on the Waziristan border were at once formed into a "Waziristan Force," under Major-General Nigel Woodyatt, commanding in the Derajat. The campaign itself was a very short one, as already related; the Afghans crossing the Frontier on May 17th, were suing for an armistice on the 31st. Nevertheless, the evil that ensued along the border was widespread, and "the evil that men do lives after them."

Up the Tochi Valley was the military cantonment of Dardoni, supporting the Northern Waziristan Militia, whose headquarters were at the adjacent Miranshah, and whose posts spread up the long trade route to Ghuzni. On May 24th, Brigadier Lucas, commanding at Bannu, sent the Moveable Column from Dardoni up the Tochi to reassure the tribes in that area. He now learnt from Northern Command Headquarters that an Afghan attack on Miranshah was expected, and that an Afghan army, under Nadir Khan, was marching down the long tongue of territory north of the Tochi, which jutted into the British area between the Tochi and Kurram Valleys. At the same time he received an order to recall the Dardoni column. Realizing that the whole country was likely to blaze, and with no immediate prospects of being able to aid the Militia, Lucas decided to evacuate the Militia posts in advance of Miranshah, viz., Boya, Tut Narai, Datta Khel

and Spina Khaisora, and bring them back with their reserves of ammunition to Bannu. Boya was handed over to the charge of a chief believed loyal, the others were merely evacuated. But as there was neither time nor transport to remove them, surplus stores were destroyed. The effect of these measures on the always inflammable tribes can easily be imagined, Boya was at once pillaged and the various garrisons, collecting and marching by night, were followed and attacked, as were the regular troops covering the withdrawal. During this march the ammunition camels were lost and 150 of the Wazir sepoys in the Militia deserted.

The tragic undercurrents were considerable and illuminating. The excitement among the tribes, caused by the burning stores, spread to the militia men. At Miranshah, the headquarters of the Northern Waziristan Militia, matters were very difficult. The Afghan intrigues among the Wazirs had shaken the fidelity of the men of that race. At the instigation of two Wazir officers, of whom one had a distinguished war record, 600 Wazirs declared that they would join the Amir's "Holy War." The Afridis in the corps were naturally suspects, as Afridis always must be, but the Khattaks, as always, seemed loyal, save for a few uncertain elements. Three hundred regular soldiers of the 41st Dogras (a Hindu Regiment) had been moved into the fort and held the gates and walls. During the night the disloyal Wazirs escaped by burrowing through the wall. This cleared the air, but outside tribal lashkars hovered in the hope of a holocaust. The garrisons of many posts deserted with their arms, many of the loyal Khattaks among them, making their way to Idak post. On the night of May 26-27th, almost all the posts not yet abandoned were attacked, viz., Miranshah, Dardoni, Idak, etc.

However, on this line Brigadier Lucas had achieved a useful, nay, an essential military purpose, and avoided

disaster. Except for the stores burnt, the convoy lost and the men who had deserted *en route*, his loyal militiamen and their British officers were safe, and his responsibilities made less onerous. No serious "mess-up" had marred the rolling up of the advanced Tochi line.

Not so the events connected with Wana, the headquarters of the Southern Waziristan Militia. Their withdrawal, essential though it was, was attended by dire tragedy and disaster, largely, it was said, due to the placing of too great an onus of making great decisions on the shoulders of local officers.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE SOUTHERN WAZIRISTAN MILITIA

The plain of Wana, north of the Gomal River and 5000 feet above the sea, was the headquarters of the Southern Waziristan Militia, and where the mobile portion of the Force was stationed. It was not far from the Afghan border and the Afghan centre of Birmal, and in the pact, had been claimed as Afghan territory. Up to May 21st all was quiet, although the approach of an Afghan force was rumoured. On the 25th came official information of the evacuation of the Tochi posts. It meant that Southern Waziristan could not be held, and is described as a "bolt from the blue." Wana is surrounded by Wazir tribes, and it was decided to leave the place at 6 p.m. on the 26th. The detachments above and including Khajuri Kach would retire into Zhob, those below were to concentrate at Murtaza at the debouchment of the Gomal River from the hills.

The situation inside Wana fort was not unlike that at Miranshah, save that no reliable regular force was present. The operation of evacuation had begun when it was evident that the Wazirs and Afridis, led by their own native officers, were concerting treachery. The Wazir and Afridi companies

seized the keep containing 600,000 rounds of ammunition. Some firing and grave disorder occurred, and at 9.45 p.m. 5 British officers, 200 loyal militiamen, 100 followers and only 8 riding camels set forth, all the Wazirs and all the Afridis, save 4 or 5, had deserted, and to them the fierce epithet "*Hārāmzādā*," "born of shame," fitly applied !

Major Russell, commanding the Corps, was at the head ; and after a 20-mile night march over the Pir Guazha Pass, arrived at the Toi Khula Post on the Gomal River, hoping for support and sustenance. A ragged volley that greeted their appearance showed that the post, by capture or desertion, was in insurgent hands. There was nothing for it but to press on over the hills into the Zhob Valley. The weary party marched on in great heat, while steadily sniped, to the waterless Tesh plateau, where they ran into the loyal elements from the Tanai and Karab Kot posts and from Toi Khula itself. It was evident that the bulk of the Southern Militia had faded into insurgency !

Before long a party of the Zhob Levy, or Militia of the Baluchistan Province, met them, and helped them into the Levy post of Mogul Kot, on the Zhob River, 10 miles from Toi Khula, followed by insurgents who kept up a fire on Mogul Kot. There the tired party rested on the 28th, but continually fired at and suffering many casualties. During the day, one British officer and several men who had escaped when the larger Militia post of Khajuri Kach, at the junction of the Gomal and Zhob Valleys, mutinied, came in. Mogul Kot, a small post with inadequate rations, was no place to linger in, and it was arranged with the next Levy post of Mir Ali Khel, some 15 miles away, that a Mounted party of the Levy should ride out to their assistance.

As the Zhob Levy party did not arrive, Major Russell at last led forth his tired men towards Mir Ali Khel. When leaving Mogul Kot, a sharp engagement with the

investing insurgents took place. Thereupon a panic seized the loyal but weary militiamen, the British officers were falling fast, and the remnant struggled on, harassed, and shot at with British rifles and British ammunition.

At last the Zhob Levy appeared in sight, and secured by their piquets, the broken remnants of the Militia, now a disorganized rabble, most of whom had thrown away their arms, staggered into Mir Ali Khel. Thence in a protected area, they dragged through to the cantonment of Fort Sandeman. Major Russell, himself wounded at Mogul Kot, had lost his five British officers, who were killed, but had succeeded, by his personal influence, in piloting the remnant through their pitiful march of 80 miles of harassed misery. If any one should think kindly of ex-King Amanullah, or mourn for murdered Nadir Shah, his former General, let him remember these five Britons and numerous loyal militiamen sacrificed to make an Afghan holiday and a Waziri gala.

At Tank, where the Southern Waziristan Militia's remnants eventually assembled, 600 Khattaks stood on parade; 1100 Wazirs and Afridis had gone, and with them 1200 rifles and 700,000 rounds of service ammunition.

The débâcle of the Militia at the hands of the Wazirs could not fail to stampede the Mahsuds who never needed prompting. The Sherannis, a second-rate Duranni clan about the great mountain of the Takht-i-Suleiman, the "Throne of Solomon," also summoned their *lashkars* and joined the rising. The posts along the Derajat borders were all threatened or attacked, and all was ready for a descent on British India in the good old way of Ahmad Shah, had the defence within the border fallen, or had the Afghan invaders succeeded in emerging from the Khaibar or Kurram routes to the Indus.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DRAMA OF THE WAZIRISTAN CAMPAIGN OF 1919

The Interim Defence of the Waziristan Border. The Campaign of Retribution and Settlement. General Skeen at Palozina. The Systematic Advance on Kaniguram. The Forcing of the Barari Tangi. The Operations of 1922-3.

THE INTERIM DEFENCE OF THE WAZIRISTAN BORDER

THE Campaign of retribution and settlement of 1919 is a remarkable one, full of pregnant lessons to the Army and its masters, the Government of India and the Cabinet, lessons hardly yet learnt, despite the bloodshed in which they were written. The susceptibility of the Frontier to burst into flame, the incapacity of all but the best soldiers, the dependence of even good Indian troops on their British officers, the advantage of the air, the danger of dallying with symptoms of unrest, all stand out in letters of fire. Above all is to be seen that you cannot train your frontier-men as British soldiers, allow them to become renegades, equip them with your rifles and ammunition, and expect an easy campaign of adjustment to result.

The story of this fierce little campaign is so dramatic and so pregnant, and yet so little known that it is given a chapter to itself, shorn of such technicalities as might deaden the interest of the general reader.

The containing force on the border at this time of the Afghan inroad was little more than the peace-time establishment. Distributed between Dardoni, Bannu, Dera Ismael Khan, and the outposts of those stations were six squadrons, five battalions, two mountain batteries, three armoured motor batteries of machine-guns, and two companies of sappers.

The situation was a very ugly one, and the withdrawal already described of the two Militias, was about as fatal



GREYBEARDS ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER
They usually make for peace when the young bloods want war.



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]

GOSSIP ON THE FRONTIER

"This man knoweth, and that man saith."

a proceeding from a local point of view as could have been devised. Given, however, the crisis of the Punjab Rebellion and Amanullah's invasion, and the demobilizing of the Army in India, in principle the steps taken were right. It but illustrates how difficult a problem, at all times, the main issues of the Indian Frontier present.

The first step now taken by the Government of India was a just and wise one. The best frontier soldier available, Major General Climo, who had just rounded up the seditionists in Peshawur city as already described, was sent to command, General Woodyatt being required for the Fourth Division at Quetta. The Waziristan Force was also placed directly under Army Headquarters, thus relieving Sir Arthur Barrett of what, to him, engaged on the Kurram and Khaiber, and with all the contingencies of the Yusufzai border on his hands, was but a vexatious side-show. The principal communication with India on the Waziri border being now a rail-ferry at Kalabagh, and the trans-Indus light railway, and thence from Mari back to Lahore, still further emphasized the advantage of this arrangement.

The Derajat summer heat was now at its fiercest, and cholera had broken out here as it had in the Khaiber, but as the Afghan threat was now ended, Climo had but to hold the border till the advance of the cold season and the crystallization of Government views and plans should give him a major policy.

The Afghan menace was over early in June, and while the tribesmen buoyed themselves with rumours of a permanent Afghan occupation of Wana, General Climo set about the restoration of the disastrous situation it had left in its wake. Brigadier Lucas at Bannu was reinforced on May 30th by the 43rd Brigade, and was now able to restore the position in the lower Tochi, which, it will be remembered, was not evacuated, though the Mahsuds

and Wazirs had hovered above Dardoni and Miranshah like birds of prey, believing that an evacuation would ultimately take place, and give them a God-sent opportunity of further looting. They were to be disappointed, however, though Afghan intrigues were still busy among them.

The Dardoni moveable column was reinforced, the Tochi was opened, punitive measures against insurgents near the forts were undertaken. The surprised and disappointed tribes were beginning to reap what they had sown. The lower Tochi tribes subsided, but the more distant Wazirs and the Mahsuds remained active enough, the Bannu aerodrome which threatened the tribesmen was attacked, convoy after convoy was raided, often but too successfully ; expert officers and men were long dead, in France, in Mesopotamia and elsewhere. Young soldiers in frontier warfare were often but sheep driven to the slaughter and clever ambushades were their doom. An attack by 300 Wazirs on a convoy in October was, with difficulty, beaten off, armoured cars intervening. However, it may be said that in the northern half, the Tochi and the Bannu border was reasonably tranquil.

In Southern Waziristan it was otherwise ; small *lashkars*, of fifty rising to three hundred strong and even up to seven hundred, roamed the border, plundering without restraint, and as yet only local protection could be afforded. Now and again the military patrols met with some little success, but it was a summer of deadly heat and pea-soup haze on the border flats. A party of the 27th Light Cavalry did indeed capture a party of raiders in the flat near Murtaza and dealt handsomely with them, even as had the old cavalry ressalidar long ago at Zam, and the raider with a lance point at the small of his back is a different creature from the same item, rifle in hand, esconced behind a comfortable rock on the hill-side. Opposite the Sheranni passes, Daraband and Kulachi gave up their constabulary-

posts to soldiers. The craze for desertion had spread to the frontier constabulary, who abandoned several of their forts, while that at Chaudwan was attacked and the horn-work looted.

By the middle of June, however, General Climo was able to turn his attention to the Derajat and Southern Waziristan. Three battalions marched down from Bannu, despite the heat, and Jandola was relieved, the garrison of 200 men suffering from heat and want of water during several weeks' isolation.

In the Derajat itself, however, fierce conflict continued, and the cooler weather of August encouraged the raiders, though it revived the troops. Over the Indus even to Isakhel, came the Mahsuds in parties of 50 to 200, who roamed freely here and elsewhere. A party of the 27th Light Cavalry was ambushed near Zarkani, below Murtaza. A telegraph escort was destroyed. The force sent to clear up the trouble was roughly handled, losing three officers and eighteen men. A few days later in August the water supply of Murtaza was destroyed and the concentration of a column thus delayed. The same *lashkar* then made for Girni, and attacked a column with two guns. This time the troops, who were well handled, did, for a change, gain a distinct *succès*, inflicting severe casualties.

And so it went on, with a determination and ruthlessness on the part of the tribes never yet experienced, while an Afghan party, despite the Armistice, occupied Wana. Close on 200 raids now stood entered up in the big book of crimes under the heading of Wazirs and Mahsuds. The losses they had inflicted on the British were totalling 220 killed, 305 wounded, 126 missing, with many hundred camels, cattle and much cash looted. In the Waziristan force alone, between August 8th and October 2nd, 139 had been killed and 159 wounded.

It is not surprising that the Mahsud and Wazirs were

exultant at the golden age that had arrived. It is perhaps the most potent instance of the results of weakness on the border, although it was none of our own seeking. The astounding thing is that the Government of India of their own free will and initiative should have tried to induce, or allowed others to induce the same state of affairs in 1930.

At the time in question, however, the cause was beyond our control, and as soon as possible the then vigorous Government of India set about settling the Waziri hash. The triumphant tribes were at last to be taught their lesson, but by no means easily. How serious the proposition was likely to be will be evident from the following facts :

- (1) There were some 1800 ex-Militia-men and other ex- or deserting soldiers trained by the British among the tribesmen.
- (2) Apart from their own supply of rifles stolen or traded earlier, desertion and capture had given them 2500 rifles and 800,000 rounds of G.A.A.

The state of mind of the elated tribes under these conditions may easily be imagined.

THE CAMPAIGN OF RETRIBUTION AND SETTLEMENT

The Government of India was, therefore, now prepared to re-establish its diminished prestige, to ensure the protection of their own people in future, and to repair the morale of an army much damaged by the losses of young troops who had heretofore comprised them.

Sir Charles Munro, the Commander-in-Chief in India, was a resolute soldier of great experience. Officers of standing of all ranks were returning from Europe, Palestine, the Black Sea and Mesopotamia, resources no longer lessened by oversea despatches were improving.

The policy to be followed was to remain very quiet until everything was ready. But the permanent occupation of the country, long recognized as the only remedy, was again shelved, probably wisely, and a compromise was decided on.

The first step taken was an invitation to all the *maliks* or chiefs and the *jirgas* of tribal assemblies to come in and hear what the Government had to say.

The next thing to do was to make it quite clear that on no account would the Government listen to any plea from the Afghan envoy in mitigation of the tribes' misbehaviour and punishment. Low as we had fallen in this matter of the Afghan peace, this was more than we could stomach. Further, it was to be made clear that no cession to Kabul of any portion of the Waziristan area, would under any circumstances be entertained.

Secondly, the *jirga* would be presented with the complete total of the claim for compensation and reparation for damage done that they must pay.

Thirdly, it was to be made quite clear that the Government intended to make such roads as they pleased in that portion of Waziri hills known as the "protected area." That meant, among other things, motor roads over all the area formerly held by the Southern Waziristan Militia and into Zhob.

The actual details were given to the Mahsud *jirgas* at Kot Khirgi on November, 3rd 1919, and eight days were allowed for consideration. On the 9th the Tochi Wazirs were offered similar conditions.

A refusal meant return to war, this time war as hard as the forces of the Government could make it, by severe bombing from the air and the action of punitive columns. By the middle of November the available forces were very different from those under General Climo during the summer; and consisted of 4 regiments of cavalry, 4 mountain batteries and the equivalent of 7 brigades of

infantry. Unfortunately, the excessive scale of rations and medical as well as technical equipment now considered necessary, demanded an immense amount of transport, greater than mountain roads could carry.

A feature of the force was that there were practically no British units used for the first time for many years, as our units in India were all full of "time-expired" personnel, who were being replaced by drafts and new units from Home. Most of the Indian units available were war units and full of young soldiers. Otherwise so large a force would not have been necessary.

Of this large force, a portion was grouped into a force for active operations with the rather theatrical but expressive name of the "Striking Force," and later the "Derajat Column," the remainder being in reserve or holding points in the Tochi and other valleys. In addition post-guns were sent to various forts.

The R.A.F. units were those of the 52nd Wing. The G.O.C. the Waziristan force was responsible for the whole of the Frontier from south of the Kalabagh crossing of the Indus, to the lower Derajat. This meant that half the force was required for defensive lines and posts.

The "Striking Force" referred to, was to consist of 2 mountain batteries, 2 brigades of infantry and a company of sappers, and was commanded by Major-General A. Skeen. This amounted to a force of some 8500 fighting men and 6500 followers with 1400 "combatant" animals.

The "Striking Force" began to move up the Tochi three days after the *jirga*, to emphasize the effects of non-compliance. General Climo who was in full "political" charge, arrived at Datta Khel at the head of the Tochi line on the 17th to find that the Tochi Wazirs accepted the offered terms *in toto*, and appeared sincerely prepared to carry them out. Not so the Mahsuds. But the submission of the Tochi Wazirs cleared the air and simplified the issue. The

decision to take the Tochi first, where raw troops could gain some mountain experience, was fully justified ; certain minor punitive measures being also carried out.

On the 11th of November at Kirghi, the Mahsud *jirga* rejected the terms, and a daily air bombardment of their country commenced forthwith. It was possible for troops now in the Tochi to advance to Makin and Kaniguran across country from the Tochi, or else to move round the frontier, assemble at Jandola and advance up the Tank Zam.

The pros and cons of each course need not be detailed, and it suffices to say that the circumstances of the time made the High Command decide on an advance up the Tank Zam bed and adjacent plains, despite the terrible gorges in prospect.

GENERAL SKEEN AT PALOZINA

So the " Striking Force " from the Tochi was led round to Tank and Jandola in eight marching columns—a distance of 130 miles—and became the " Derajat Force." Gone was the fierce devastating heat of July and August, damp and heavy with the vapour of the Indus floods, or burning dry from want of them. The splendidly invigorating Frontier winter was in full swing, early snow was on the Throne of Solomon, and the white tops of Shuidar and Pir Gul in the centre of the country of the unruly, the Waziri Yaghistan, reflected the flush of dawn and sunset, and shimmered, seemingly but a stone's throw away, at high twelve.

The steady tramp under service conditions was making the young soldiers hardier, but General Skeen's force, despite its numbers and equipment, was far below par for the undertaking. The old battalions were full of new faces, the new battalions contained many of the lesser clans

and races, often without the law. Three hundred and fifty-three millions of India have but thirty-five millions of all races from which to draw men who can shoulder a pike and face a foe with the best blood of England at their head. Now India was over-recruited, and the lesser recruits were under-trained. Many of the senior British officers with the units had seen three years of France, Palestine or Mesopotamia, and come back to India to recover from wounds and heat stroke. The Sapper officers were often those broken down by work overseas. The young British officers were from the military school opened in India during the War, or from the young business men of the ports who had joined the Indian Reserve. The older officers, who knew how to tackle a fierce Waziri marksman or swordsman, lay dead to make a German or Turkish holiday.

Nevertheless, hearts beat high, the equipment was good, the ammunition plentiful, food of the best and even if the bullet whistled shrill "all flesh is grass" the wind from the snow stirred the sap in the men's blood and cheeks. "My! You are rosy," said the Commissariat clerk to the Postal Corps *babu*, and it was so.

On the 13th of December the force was due to assemble at Jandola on the Tank Zam, well within the outer range of Frontier hills and at Khirgi just outside. Two days before, two battalions pushed out a mile or two to construct outposts that would protect the great camp of assembly. This force had a sharp brush with the Mahsud and while attaining its objects sustained fifty casualties. General Skeen arrived on the 18th and found some Mahsud chiefs desirous of an interview, but even as they powwowed the tribesmen were attacking the outposts.

The effective policy for the long line of communications up the Tank Zam now decided on, was well suited to the young troops. As the force advanced it would blockhouse the line with permanent posts all the way up on the high

points above, strongly wired and equipped with bombs and supported by bodies of troops camped below at intervals.

From Jandola the force might advance by the Shahur, due west, or march north up the Tank Zam. The enemy had as yet no inkling as to the route to be taken, but on the 17th they knew. General Skeen at the head of the 67th Brigade with two mountain batteries, swung out of Jandola, at 8 a.m., and turned sharp to the north up the Tank Zam, making for the open *kach* of Palosina or Palosin Ziarat, famous for a severe attack on a British force by Mahsud swordsmen so far back as 1860. The *kach*, or plain, lay on the left bank of the Zam, with a high hill Tarakai, or "Black Hill" close above it on the north. On the west, across the river, on the top of a cliff was a small plateau, and then a sharp jagged ridge with several commanding points parallel to the river.

On the right of the Zam, as the force wheeled up before Palosina was reached, lay a ridge that commanded the road, for a mile or so bending back to the south-east of the plain at Palosina. It was necessary to hold this, both to protect the route in the river bed, and also the camp that would be occupied on the plain. This was seen to be held and three battalions cleared it by 1.30 p.m., but with seventy-eight casualties, the Mahsuds being pursued by 'planes, as they retired up the Zam. Next day, the 19th, a permanent piquet was put on Sarkai ridge, after which two battalions, the 1/103rd Mahrattas and 1/55, the famous Coke's Rifles, crossed the Tank Zam to put a permanent post on Mandanna Hill immediately west of the camp at Palosina, and about 2000 yards from its centre, on the north extremity of the ridge just described. The ridge, however, and its various points were occupied by the enemy in force and neither Mahrattas nor the "Cokies" could take it. The Mahrattas, who were in advance, having lost their C.O. and four other British officers, were demoralized and broke back, throwing Coke's Rifles into

disorder. Nine hundred Mahsud marksmen pursued and counter-attacked, and the Indian troops were terribly demoralized, a total of 250 casualties were incurred, 130 rifles were lost and ten Lewis guns. The artillery support from the adjacent camp was ample, but for some reason or other aeroplane co-operation was absent. It was a pretty bad business in its small way, and ended with the abandonment of the left bank of the Zam for that day.

It was, of course, necessary to restore the prestige and *morale* of the troops, and next morning Skeen sent out Brigadier Lucas with his whole brigade, less the Mahrattas, whose place was taken by another battalion, the whole well supported by 'planes. This was completely successful.

The troops engaged in unison with the 'planes captured the Ridge, but suffered twenty casualties. Work on the post on Mandanna Hill was well forward by the afternoon, and it seemed reasonable to leave it with its garrison of one British officer and 100 men of the 2/19th Punjabis; a young battalion, but connected by telephone with the camp.

The piquet, however, late in the afternoon reported the enemy assembling to the north and west and also crossing the Zam further up. Then the telephone stopped and a little later survivors came running for camp entirely demoralized, the Mahsuds in pursuit. It appeared that a smallish party of the enemy, said to number fifty-two, stumbled on the piquet while they were moving stores and equipment into their new post. Only the guard seemed to have had their arms in their hands. Taken at a great disadvantage, shot at from all sides, the British officers and a few men charged with the bayonet, but were all shot. The piquet broke and ran.

Next morning, the 21st, before recapturing Mandanna Hill, it was decided to secure the "Black Hill," a mile north of camp. Supported by aeroplanes, this was effected,

even more easily than the day before, and by 10.30 a.m., construction of the post began. Even then the enemy was seen assembling below, sniping commenced, and gradually increased. By 1.30 p.m. a rush of Mahsuds from three directions took place. The troops covering the construction on the right gave way, the centre followed, the left fell back. Fortunately, the officer commanding the detachment of the 3/34th Pioneers, who were at work—a new battalion of that very famous regiment—manned the post and beat back attack after attack. Another onslaught, however, was pending, and as bombs and ammunition were running short, the party withdrew in good order.

The artillery below were now taking a share, and the discomfited covering troops rallied and attempted to re-take the Hill. But the Mahsuds, now well posted, were too strong and the attempt did not go forward. It was growing dark and the force was recalled to camp, with a loss of 61 killed and 251 wounded. It was again a lamentable business, though the Mahsuds were believed to have suffered the, for them, unheard total of 200 killed and 300 wounded.

By now General Skeen had realized very fully how green were his troops, both men and most of the regimental officers, and how formidable the enemy with their trained soldiers, their numerous rifles and their unlimited ammunition.

The General placed his views fully before the Commander-in-Chief, asked for two battalions of reliable Gurkhas, and sent back three of his Corps, the 82nd, 2/12th and 2/19th, to the lines of communication, bringing up three battalions from the 43rd Brigade. Since the troops were too unreliable, for the moment, to take Lewis guns into action in the companies, it was thought advisable to mass them into a battery in each battalion, temporarily.

The Commander-in-Chief further asked the War Office to send him back as many officers of the Indian Army of five years' service and more, then engaged on various fronts, as could be spared. Officers accustomed to Indian soldiers, and to gripping them, were obviously needed.

General Skeen, however, was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet or to be daunted. The failure to hold Tarakai occurred on the 21st; on the 22nd he moved to re-take it. The Mahsuds, he soon found, had been staggered in spite of their success, for they had not even carried off all the rifles or Lewis guns that fell into their hands. The hill was re-taken easily, and by midnight the post was completed, wired and sandbagged. It was named Pioneer piquet, in memory of the tenacity of the party of the 3/34th.

The Mahsud *Maliks* now asked leave to attend a *jirga* at Jandola, why was not clear, save to gain time. The 23rd and 24th were wet and the troops stood by—on the 28th, Skeen re-established the permanent post on Mandanna Hill, with ample help from 'planes from various directions—and the situation for the present improved.

The Mahsud *Maliks* were interviewed by General Climo at Jandola on the 28th, but got little for their pains. In view of the opposition met with, the fine of rifles was increased by 100%, and they were told that the advance would continue until such time as all rifles were surrendered and fines paid. The *Maliks* signed their acceptance of the ultimatum.

Severe as had been our losses, it was now realized that the Mahsuds had also lost very heavily especially from artillery fire on the 21st, at Tara-Kai, despite their little victory, and report said that Mahsud opinion regarding a continuation of resistance was wavering.

THE SYSTEMATIC ADVANCE ON KANIGURAM

The Mahsud Chiefs were hesitating between the small voice that said that the British Government was still all-powerful, and that their cup of insensate iniquity was full, and the feeling of elation that their successes had produced in their young men's minds. The day after the *jirga*, Skeen advanced with one leading brigade to Kotkai, four miles up the Zam on the other side of the stream, and in front of the formidable Ahnai Tangi or gorge. This proved uneventful. Some posts had already been constructed in advance of camp, and 500 Mahsuds, under the mullah Fazl Din, alone opposed them. The rest of the force remained at Palosina, protecting the great convoys of camels which kept coming and going with stores and supplies.

On January 2nd, however, another small, but fierce conflict occurred. On that day the 4/39th Garhwal Rifles were covering the construction of a post on Spin Garha Ridge above Kotkai. Thrice did Mahsuds attack it and thrice did the Garhwalis drive them back. But a party of the enemy captured a point in their rear and fell on the wounded as they were being carried down the hill. An officer, Lieutenant Kenny,¹ and ten men sacrificed themselves to gain time and enable the Garhwalis to retire.

Our casualties were about 120, and those of the enemy perhaps 80. It was a very serious change from the fighting of previous years, and the fact that all removal of dead and wounded was by stretcher and dooley to the foot of the hill, and evacuation to the rear by dooley and camel litter, complicated matters greatly. Most marked, however, both here and at Tara-Kai had been the devotion of the bearers of all kinds.

¹ Awarded a posthumous V.C.

On January 5th, as on previous occasions, a brigade now moved out to re-take the hill, to complete and garrison the abandoned posts. The ridge was carried and the work completed, heavy bombing 'planes taking part. Our casualties totalled fifty. Next day the 67th Brigade came up, and preparations to capture the Ahnai Tangi, four miles ahead, were put in hand. This passage, the real entrance to Mahsud land, is but 30 yards wide, of precipitous cliffs 150 feet high, the actual length being only 80 yards. The approach is entirely commanded downstream by high craggy hills. The Spin Garha Ridge, whose recapture has just been described, ran down towards the hills on the west of the Tangi, but separated therefrom by a water-course and a great wall of cliff. On the opposite slopes a long edge of rocky hill flanked it and above, the Konr Range of high scrub-clad hills provided plenty of scope for tactical difficulties for troops new to this intricate game.

The intelligence reports spoke of a new gathering of Mahsuds and also of a force of the Wana Wazirs coming down from the west. On the 7th, the two brigades started forth to attack the Tangi, the 43rd Brigade, on the west of the stream, to make the main attack, their right covered by the 67th on the opposite bank along the slopes of Konr. But the Mahsuds were in strength thereon and their fire across the Zam was very galling, and it was realized that the Konr hill must be cleared before progress on the west could be made. The short day was wearing on, and General Skeen withdrew the force, the Mahsuds following up the 109th, but in trying their usual tactics of cutting off a rearguard, were severely handled and lost thirty killed.

The 8th of January was passed in rest and preparation, and it was now reported that the enemy *lashkar* had increased to 3500 and more. The defence of this door to their country was evidently going to be a stout one. The

attack on the 9th was to follow the original plan, with more pressure on the Konr slopes and, to effect this as early in the day as possible, the 67th Brigade were pushed forward to bivouac well forward of the Kotkai camp on the left bank of the Zam on the 9th, and to make a strong post at Zeriwam some 2000 yards from the mouth of the Tangi. The construction of this work induced the Mahsuds to attack in force and this delayed the advance and eventually, as the post was not completed, the brigade was withdrawn to Kotkai. The casualties of this operation were 170, including several British officers.

General Skeen was perfectly well aware that the two days' ineffective work had not improved the spirits of his troops nor diminished those of the enemy. He therefore determined on a bold and, given the conditions, a difficult operation. Daylight was brief, delays in taking up positions were inevitable and he determined to attempt a surprise attack at dawn after an approach by night. It was thought that the bitter cold was likely to send the bulk of the tribes to shelter at night, and induce them not to rendezvous till the sun was well up. The 43rd Brigade was to move out against the Konr at 5 a.m. and to the attack at 7 a.m. The 67th was to move at 3 a.m., occupy the Spin Garha under cover of darkness and attack the western side of the Tangi at dawn, viz. 7.15 a.m.

The manœuvre was perfectly successful, and a tribute to the General's knowledge and flair. The Tangi now fell into our hands easily, the west bank by 10 a.m., the eastern cliffs an hour later. Strong posts on the heights of the Tangi were made, and road-making through the gorge put in hand. The 67th Brigade then withdrew to Kotkai, and the 43rd to a new camp 1000 yards from the Tangi, known as Ahnai Camp. The fighting met with had been trivial, and the Tangi had become ours with thirty casualties, so incalculable is the course of frontier fighting.

On the 14th, the whole force passed through the defile and proceeded with caution up the valley, prepared for hard fighting.

Beyond the Tangi a steep ravine, known as Zaghbir Gul, runs into the Zam on the left bank nearly parallel to it, with heights on either side, the Zam itself being more open. To camp in safety anywhere through the Tangi, the heads of this gorge and also the steep ridge which runs onwards from the Tangi on our right must be held. The force advancing on the ridge to the right now met with fierce opposition, from the point on the entrance to Zaghbir Gul, to which the name of Flathead Right was given. The Gurkhas were now within a 1000 yards of this, but their ammunition was failing, and they were also being counter-attacked. At last, reinforcements secured their position, but Flathead Right and its opposite hill on the other side of the entrance to Zaghbir Gul, which was dubbed the "Marble Arch," remained in Mahsud hands. The brilliant bayonet charge of the 2/5th Gurkhas, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Crowdy, their commander, was killed, had secured Flathead Left, a point nearer the Gorge. Down in the valley the Mahsuds had endeavoured to rush the advanced guard from a hidden ravine below the "Marble Arch." Happily, a section of mountain guns close behind was able to deal faithfully with this.

It was now nearly 2 p.m., and the commander decided that it was too late to attack the "Marble Arch," and that he must camp as best he could in the river-bed and adjacent flats, a site entirely undesirable but tenable if the heights close round could be held. It was important to gain possession of Dazzle Hill, a mile to the west, and to do this a wing of the 109th, the only troops available, was despatched. This body could not get as far as the hill but after suffering considerably, did succeed in holding a position that would protect the camp. Up on the Eastern Ridge another fierce attempt to storm the post at Flathead

Left was in progress, bayonets, *kukris*, Waziri knives and boulders, being in energetic use. Two companies of 2/9th Gurkhas, just arrived with some transport, hurried to the rescue, and that flank too was secured. During the fighting about the Flatheads the 'planes were assisting very actively, flying low above the enemy, three being forced to land from rifle damage to them.

The encounters of this day were considered the most severe of this campaign, and our casualties were over 450, including 15 British officers. Fiercely as the Mahsuds had fought, the troops manifested a growing superiority, while the Gurkhas on the Flathead had been undoubtedly superior even at the closest range. It is estimated that the Mahsuds lost 250 and the Wana Wazir contingent 70 killed, and it is to be remembered that post-combat estimates of these matters are usually very accurate. In fact if the situation be looked at from an impersonal point of view it is not too much to say that circumstances had brought about a situation in the last few days which, in the past, Frontier commanders had always endeavoured to encompass, viz. a fight to a finish in which the tribesmen should suffer heavy casualties.

Three days did General Skeen remain at Asad Khan, clearing up, getting away his wounded down the difficult road behind him, consolidating his posts on the hills and preparing steps for his next advance, while the "Marble Arch" was unaccountably abandoned, but a strong post was built there too. The Mahsuds, or some of their *Maliks*, again made overtures, but only, it was believed, to gain time. On the 18th General Skeen was able to push on another four miles to the better camp at Sora Rogha, a bigish plain, free from stones where even an aerodrome could be completed. Here he could await supplies, but its principal drawback was that it lay 500 feet above the Zam and the water supply.

Our arrival there may be considered to close another phase or stage of this campaign of retribution and settlement, and Generals Climo and Skeen felt that the troops were feeling their feet, learning their job and gaining confidence, grim though the ordeal in which they learnt it had proved. Asad Khan appears to have been the climax of Mahsud endeavour and it had failed.

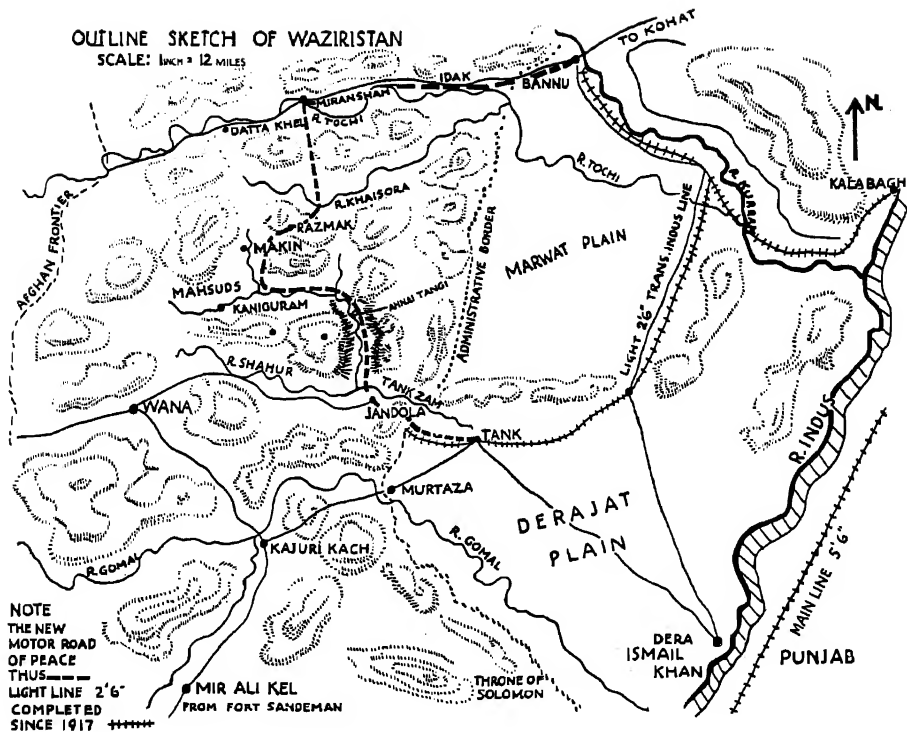
THE FORCING OF THE BARARI TANGI

One more stiff task probably lay before them, the forcing of another grim *tangi* guarded by heights that were with difficulty accessible. The Barari Tangi had been a tough nut which General Neville Chamberlain had had to crack in 1860, at a time when the Mahsuds had little but their swords and matchlocks. It would be still more so now despite the modern armaments of its assailants.

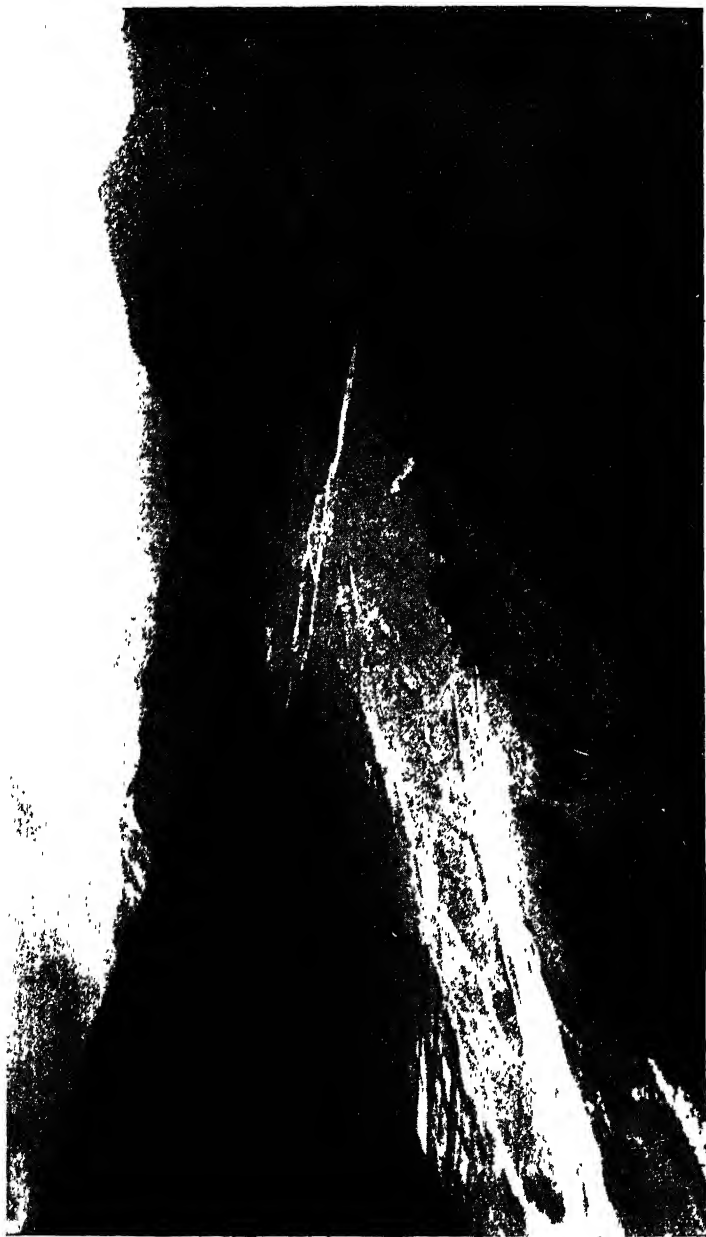
This gorge, but a mile and a half ahead of Sora Rogha, was 300 yards long and 60 yards broad, with cliffs 100 feet high. The Zam here cut its way through the Surakai range, and the gorge immediately up-stream of the river bifurcated, the Zam turning to the left and the Barari Algad to the right, while a low hill between the two, with a shrine at its base, blocked the defilement, and behind it a grim Gibraltar-like hill christened "The Barrier," and like to prove a nasty business. A small force of Mahsuds was said to be holding it for the moment but, having removed their dead and wounded after Asad, the bulk were now on their way back. On the 23rd Lucas led forth his brigade before dawn again, secured the high ground on the west of the Barari without loss, and at once set about the crowning of the defile with a strong work. The 2/9th Gurkhas engaged in covering the construction were attacked but it was not until the covering troops began to withdraw that

OUTLINE SKETCH OF WAZIRISTAN

SCALE: 1 INCH = 12 MILES



WAZIRISTAN



WAZIRISTAN PUNITIVE CAMPAIGN, 1919

The gorge of the Tank (or Takki) Zam, up which the force penetrated to the strongholds

the Mahsuds attacked in force. The Gurkhas had thirty casualties, but the help of the 'planes flying low prevented anything serious. The 24th was wet, but on the 25th an operation on similar lines secured the right bank of the Tangi. The force covering the construction of the post was attacked and suffered slight loss, but the old verve and fire seemed to have gone from the enemy. It was now necessary to attack the lesser hill that closed the defile before getting to the Gibraltar-like barrier beyond, and on the 26th the 43rd Brigade from Kotkai marched on, and the 68th from Jandola took its place.

Next morning, on marching to attack before dawn again, the Barari centre was secured and the mighty "Barrier" was assailed. This, too, fell with a roll of seventy casualties for the whole day. It was an agreeable surprise—but the end was not yet. The terms to which the *Maliks* had put their signatures at the end of December were unfulfilled.

The tribes were now told that Kaniguram could only be saved by handing over another 200 rifles more than those demanded in the earlier ultimatum—some of the Sibylline Books had been burnt!—and that so soon as the force arrived at Dwatoi, now close ahead, unless terms were promptly honoured, punitive measures would begin.

In despair the Mahsuds appealed for Afghan help. They had risen to please the Afghans, and they were now left in the lurch. The Afghans, however, were under an armistice, a serious breach of which could but mean the bombing of Kabul from the air. At last, however, two Afghan mountain guns were lent to Wana, and the Wazir *lashkar* returned to join the Mullah Fazl Din, who was beating up the more recalcitrant tribesmen.

General Skeen was now at Ahmadwan and clear of the Barari, and the Mahsuds were in camp on the Zam above. The vaunted Afghan guns had arrived, ineffective enough, with a range of but 2000 yards, but they had opened on our

outposts. Encouraged by their presence, by that of several Afghans, the Mahsuds and Wazirs succeeded in collecting another *lashkar* of some 4000 and this had now to be dealt with.

Above the camp, the country was tactically difficult, and on February 1st Brigadier Gwyn-Thomas left camp at 3.15 a.m. and secured this unopposed with three battalions, some Sappers and Pioneers on the right bank, while a similar movement was carried out on the left bank. The Mahsuds in occupation, thus surprised, fled after a feeble resistance, and General Skeen secured an excellent point for his further advance. Surprised by this little push, the Mahsuds' plans went agley. The Afghan guns planted in front of caves into which they could be withdrawn, collapsed after two rounds only from the modern British pieces, and Bristol fighters and the mountain-guns bombed and shelled the tribal gatherings. It was said that the inefficiency of the Afghan guns in the face of Afghan officials, present, quite broke the Mahsud hopes of any help from that quarter. Skeen now proceeded to plan further advances, but was held up by a spell of arctic cold and wind. On the 5th, however, despite the continuing cold, the force had reached Janjal, close to Dwatoi, whence both Makin and Kaniguram could be threatened, intending next day to search for a good camp from which further sallies could be made. This was found at Piazza Raghza, where the defence would not be too difficult, and by February 6th this, too, was occupied and the business of getting up supplies through the now covered way of the line of piquet posts was continued, while lightly equipped columns began to carry out the "punitive measures" promised the Mahsuds.

It is not now necessary to follow the tactical details further, corps were more efficient, the Mahsuds' power broken, though any final acceptance of terms was not

on the horizon. An *impasse* had been reached, and there were immense difficulties in getting any settlement. Makin, or the commencement of a valley known as such, was reached on February 16th, and punitive measures with destruction of towers set in hand, with occasional sharp fighting on a lesser scale. The British force was now on its toes and knew it. On March 2nd a force marched for Kaniguram, reaching it four days later. The Derajat Column had, after twelve weeks, reached its objective, thanks largely to the determination and knowledge of its commander.

But a settlement was another matter. The *Maliks* had lost their never very marked authority, the tribes were broken and sullen, and it was decided to remain in occupation of the country for a while and to construct a motor road from Jandola to Laddha, the main camp not far from Kaniguram, which was as yet spared.

Various inaccessible or hitherto unvisited valleys were now explored, especially the upper Ghaddar Toi beyond Kaniguram. Futile attempts to hand in ineffective rifles were made, but no great progress in settlement was reached. What the Government of India wanted was settlement and civilization, not merely punishment, and it was not required that the tribes should be *écrasé* and all their resources destroyed. Then the first stage of that policy that is now bringing progress and peace, viz. the construction of motor roads, was inaugurated by the decision to build a 16-ft. motor road from Jandola up the Tank Zam to Laddha. The Derajat Column as such was now broken up and the Waziristan force placed on a more permanent footing.

The casualties sustained by the Derajat Force during the winter of 1919-20 totalled 2286, including 28 British officers killed, 1 missing and 40 wounded. As has been explained, owing to the conditions of re-raising the British

Regular Army, there were no British troops included other than a few gunners.

In the autumn the long deferred matter of the Wana Wazirs was settled, the Wana Column being engaged from November 20th till March 21st, but with only a hundred casualties. Still, however, were final and convincing terms here as hard to exact as in the Mahsud country and a force of close on two brigades remained in occupation here also.

THE OPERATIONS OF 1922-23

Thus, because the Mahsuds did not accept terms and agree to a more civilized mode of life, the occupation of part of their territory and of a ring fence in the Wazir country followed indefinitely, and the troops remained all along the line of General Skeen's advance. The occupation of the upland Wana Plain—the scene of the tragedy of 1919—continued, and the great road up the Tank Zam grew more and more permanent. But all this was an expense that the Government of India did not relish with the need for post-war economy heavy on their hands, and it was a very hard life for many troops. It was decided to withdraw the Wana garrison and restore the militia under the new name and construction of "Scouts," since the old British word of good fame had obtained disrepute at tribal hands. It was decided to place in the Wazir country on an upland plateau, known as Razmak, within striking distance of the heart of Mahsudland, a strong force more accessible than by Jandola and the route of the Tank Zam, and to be properly housed. It is to be observed that during these two years of occupation, the Mahsuds had behaved, on the whole, well enough. The hospitals and the friendliness that both troops and

political authorities proffered were not without its compensations.

Yet when rumours of the transfer of the military centre from Laddha to Razmak arose, the Mahsuds took it into their heads that we were withdrawing to the plains. Wild excitement occurred and they broke out into hostilities of all kinds. A lesson was necessary, but it was unavoidably delayed and the tribes again grew bolder—and this is one of the phenomena which must always govern the problem and must never be forgotten.

It was decided to march against Makin with the Brigade from Laddha, and the two Brigades that were to establish the permanent cantonment at Razmak, not far from Makin but in the Wazir country. Among the marvels of new roads and new ideas two 6-inch Howitzers, throwing a 100-lb. shell to 9000 yards, were brought to Laddha. The fall of this projectile from the blue on occasion produced consternation among the Mahsuds. It was far worse than bombs from 'planes. The well-trained troops were now on all fours with the tribesmen, and modern equipments were more available than in 1919-20. This time there was to be no doubt about punishment and the whole of the Makin area was devastated. Then the Mahsud *jirga* assembled, recanted and solemnly accepted the situation that Government proposed to inaugurate, but the total casualties were well under 150. Since then, the Razmak policy has proved most effective, and the circular road completed through Razmak from Bannu and down the Tank Zam to Jandola and Tank River gives complete access to important points. The troops on their plateau live in health, and in a state of first-class mobility. At last the Waziristan situation appears to be stabilized. As the years have rolled on, Wana has again been made a Frontier cantonment, and at long last the Razmak road runs on through the heart of Mahsud country to Wana itself. American "tin lizzies,"

under private enterprise, crank up on the roads to Kaniguram and Razmak and Wana, as they do to Parachenar and Kabul, while clansmen leave their rifles behind to crowd therein, and it would seem as if "Petrol shall be your master," as it also is on the Afridi plain by the mouth of the Khaiber. When, early in 1933, a rising in Khost produced a siege of Matun by rebels and many thousands of young men from the Waziri hills went off to join the insurgents, Lord Willingdon's Government took a strong line. The Governor of the Frontier Province flew to the heart of Waziristan, summoned the *Maliks* and said that if the youths were not back in four days he would blow up the house and tower of every headman concerned.

"Ah!" said the old *Maliks*, "that is the talk we understand. Now we know!" And it was so. Troops with their lorries behind them were putting cordons all along the border at the same time in justice to Afghanistan. The air, the petrol lorry and the well-trained troops have become master. Yet, and it is a very big yet, read in the last chapter how red-shirtism and kiss-mammy handling can turn this civilizing Frontier into the old turmoil in the twinkling of an eye.

The foregoing is the Waziristan story since 1919; little known, pregnant with lessons, redolent of success, born on anvils hot with pain in which the resolute Skeen and Climo first faced the problem with their third-rate young troops and gallant raw officers—a story almost unknown among the "gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease." It was the natural aftermath, so far as its early tragedies went, of the action of that King Amanullah of whom we made so much till fate, too, overtook him in his pride. It is also illustrative of the many military and political difficulties that the World War had inflicted on the Governor-Generals and Commanders-in-Chief of India during this period.

CHAPTER XIV

THE POST-WAR REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS AND TRAGEDIES

An Outline of the Indian National Congress. The Egregious and Fatal Progress of Gandhi. The Khilafat Movement. The Terrible Drama of the Moplah Rebellion. The Horror of Nankana. The Babbar Akali Rebellion.

AN OUTLINE OF THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS

THE first thirteen chapters of this book describe the untoward but little known difficulties which the War of 1914-18 initiated and developed in India, and their immediate aftermath. They reveal Viceroys, local Governors and military commanders, struggling with perplexities which taxed all their resolution and acumen. Where, here and there, the machine broke down, there was, as shown, ample excuse.

But certain other refractory activities and untoward incidents for which less extenuation can be urged have since occurred, which, while those responsible would gladly have them forgotten, it is desirable that this sovereign people should know and remember. Lessons are derived from experiences of the past and not from hopes for the future unless the two be well and truly joined.

These sad stories which had their origin in the great consulates of Lord Reading and Lord Irwin are given in the next two chapters, and are not calculated to make an Imperial race over-proud of itself. Incidentally be it remarked that these two statesmen had a right to expect an easier and more stable seat in the howdah and a firmer hold on the sceptre than was vouchsafed to them.

At this stage the history of the Indian National Congress may well be outlined, since it lies at the bottom of most of the tragedies. It is a curious and somewhat pitiful

one, with an entirely unnecessary inferiority complex at the kernel, and the historian may some day say that the matter-of-fact Saxon missed an opportunity in connection therewith. The Indian Congress was formed so far back as 1885, by two kindly civilians, Messrs. Hume and Wedderburn, who thought that they thereby might bring educated Indians to sympathize with the Western outlook on humanity and to acquire a frame of mind which would enable them to take their share in some way or other in helping the understanding and in governing their own country. Those who are acquainted with the East know how certain seeds and certain roots transplanted from West to East, flower and flourish in a lush and exuberant manner, developing strange and unexpected characteristics in another environment, and this is what has happened to the Congress.

Those who seriously reflect on the extent of British failure to make the most of the spirit that animated this Congress, which prospered and threw out its branches and committees all over the land, must dwell, and dwell carefully, on Indian phenomena. First of all, they must realize how hopelessly Indian civilization and control had crashed a century and a half ago, as the power of the conquering Turks—all supreme and successful for five brilliant dynasties—began to totter and to fall from its own innate incapacity.

The work of reconstruction, and of pacification to be performed, what, indeed, has been done, is almost incredible. As the German piano-tuner, who was taken to tune a piano in a frontier mess, said: "It is von thing to chune a piano when two or three strings are wrong, it is another to chune it when all the strrings are wrrrong, so!" The framing of law and order, the maintenance of peace on the roads, of roads themselves, of railways, of hospitals, of methods of fighting disease, of the suppression of highway

robbery in its horrible form of Thuggism, with attention to a thousand other insistent matters ; all these labours have kept the few hundred British and Indian members of the Indian Civil Service and the allied departments working day and night for nearly 150 years. Never before has so much been done with striking success, while retaining the confidence of the people, in so brief a time. And it is not too much to say that every task concluded revealed a dozen others waiting. If you try to compress into a century that, which England, let us say, has taken a thousand years to evolve, you have little time to stop and talk.

One of the most interesting and remarkable features of Indian life is the immense difference in outlook and worth, between the average intelligentsia of India and the men who do the real hard work of the land. This class, from which the modern intelligentsia are drawn, and from which the worthies of the early days of the Congress were taken, was in many ways out of sympathy with the more virile classes. That is to say, those classes that the British could utilize for the maintenance of peace and the development of the country, and those whom they could assist and lead in agriculture. The traders and the trading classes from whom the intelligentsia have come, were never in the least regarded by any of the ruling races or classes as of any consequence. Their caste, their spiritual position in the strange Hindu hierarchy was high enough, but in the hard labour and the defence of the State, they were of little account and were regarded as entirely outside the ordinary ken of the men who mattered. Good rulers ordained that they should trade in peace, and that was about all. Since the British who go to India are mainly virile outdoor men, the clever trading classes have not had their deepest sympathy. Yet when the British decided to foster both Eastern and Western culture, it was these

very people who were to gain the advantages of culture, and in the last generation they have produced men of letters and science. It was such as these who extended the Congress, and since much of all they said and did was the result of undigested information, the British and Congress travelled to a great extent along divergent roads. Congress talked in visionary language of impossible things, especially in view of the backward condition of everything in India, including the immense amount of building, draining, and road-making on the estate, remaining to be done. Here were folk talking of erecting some chimerical edifice when the site was not yet nearly ready. Further, secure in the liberty of speech which, if not too dangerously subversive, goes with the *Pax Britannica*, these classes who, for hundreds of years had never dared say boo to a goose, were now criticizing the administration with very little understanding of what they were talking about, and, often enough with an impertinence of diction that graced them not at all. It put them quite out of touch with busy men who had a baby to hold and a plough to drive, while the virile people who mattered among Indians had and have even greater contempt for them. Thus while the men of thews and character worked, the men of words proceeded to play at elections and parliaments till they had covered the land with an effective machine for a central talking shop—an assembly of chatter-boxes, a *majlis* of *mainas*—as the great Amir of Kabul called them.

Years rolled on and many of the men in the movement included those whose help and assistance Government warmly welcomed. There was no case of antipathy to the Crown, or for the British generally. The Indian Legislative Council started in each Province and at the centre absorbed the best of the educated Indians. The Morley-Minto reforms brought more and more of them into the affairs of the State, and long before this they were very

properly included among the judges and the wise ones.

But the young men of their class fell into the hands of fanatics and some into the snares of Russian and other revolutionaries and were drawn into the political underworld of Europe. Communism, Bolshevism, irredentism of all kinds flourished as luxuriously in Eastern hot-beds as any other products in the land, and we find the Congress, long before the World War, assuming a revolutionary tinge.

That the Congress members have all been implacable is, of course, untrue. But very many of them of later years have been bemused by false analogies of Nationalism, and other forms of political ineptitude, particularly since the Armistice. But because 6 millions in Southern Ireland have been allowed to try the experiment of stewing in their own juice, or because we have created an unstable monarchy of 16 millions in Egypt, in what was once a Turkish Province; or set 3 million Arabs on the Tigris at liberty, to essay self-government, it does not follow that 353 millions in India can evolve a National State. Nor does history indicate that there is any possibility of this. The example of the little Islands which contain the 60 million people of Japan, in becoming a semi-Westernized power, provides no real analogy, nor does it afford any proof that the diverse races of the immense Indian continent can evolve a National soul.

There are two tragedies resulting from the growth of the Congress : one, the waste of energy that this particular lop-sided line of its development has been responsible for, and its quite unforeseen failure to co-operate with Mr. Montagu's generous, if none too wise, measures of reform. The other is the fact that in trying to pursue in the East the safety-valve policy of England, and the self-governing pretences of the West, with moderate co-operation and the

like, we have succeeded in making a machine that endeavours to wreck all that Britain stands for.

It is its horse-sense of the perils of this phenomenon that makes Britain dubious of the particular terms contained in the Indian White Paper proposals, proposals only suited to an India that was responding whole-heartedly to the Reform. That horse-sense prevents them from agreeing with the contentions of the constitution-mongers that all will be well in the best of all possible worlds. They have been watching baby Ireland destroying the toys and outfit its guardian provided for it, and they are not impressed.

It is hard for any Saxon who has not internal knowledge of what transpires behind the Irish scenes to understand the implacable nidus born of early Brahminism in India, which, ages ago, destroyed Buddhism, and kept Islam fiercely busy, and which still underlies a section of Congress activity, and leads the simpler folk therein by the nose. Our Politicians with the *mihurban*¹ complex cannot believe in implacables, the implacability not of British making, but simmering through the ages.

That is the history of the Congress problem, of a body which induces the municipality of a great Port made fabulously wealthy by British trade and protection, to enact that no British goods shall be used in their contracts, yet utilizes other Western commodities, and encourages the Assembly at Delhi to disallow British preference, and, *mirabile dictu*, the descendants of Warren Hastings permit this under their very noses, and allow this sorry situation to develop.

Yet that is, with the best kiss-mammy sentiments in the world, what hot-air and bad luck, for we deserved better, have brought to us. That it is a tragedy is obvious, but how to deal rightly with so complex a problem awaits

¹ Milk-of-human-kindness.

an answer. The remedy of giving votes to untouchables as a counterpoise, however, can only be born of minds long sheltered in the secure surroundings of kindly merry England.

THE EGREGIOUS AND FATAL PROGRESS OF GANDHI

The good *burniah*¹—descended professional agitator lawyer, leader of ingenuous fools by the nose, otherwise Lala Gandhi of Admedabad, had already begun his career of mischief. It was a strange medley in which a small amount of philanthropy gone wrong was mingled with other qualities. His pleading for the simple life that was past, the spinning of yarn under such a *boh* tree of beatitude and introspection as Gautama Buddha's, has charm and pathos. The coming of the sophisticated West to the East had disturbed many of the Eastern ways, where, however, the charm of the simple life had to fight for its very existence with famine and cholera, with the sword and the spear. The spiritual outlook, the *Varna-prasthra*, the sitting in the sun and the meditating on the world and its evil, and absorption into the infinite, went, when Islam swept the land, if indeed it had not gone centuries before, or ever existed at all outside the circle of philosophers and devotees.

Those who tell the story of Gandhi's life usually leave out the tragedies for which he has been responsible. The modern ones are pleased to dissect his unhappy sex life and that of his admirable wife, and account for the vagaries of his character thereby. The rebuffs which life brought to this son of the Minister of a small Indian State, chiefly due to the nature of his own outlook, are perhaps even more responsible, for his early disposition must have been highly sensitive.

¹ Money lender or trader by caste.

The Lala, to give him the title of courtesy due to his natural position in Hindu society, rather than the *Mahatma*, which the astute old man had suggested to those who slobbered round him, set himself to oppose the British. He had no reason to do so, and had he chosen to identify himself with the unremitting endeavours of the Government to induce the land to uplift itself he might have been a powerful force for good. Instead of which, his misplaced and incongruous activities, added to a strange "yaller streak" in some of those estimable Englishmen and Israelites to whom Britain had entrusted the fortunes of India, have resulted in the loss of many valuable British and Indian people of quality and many thousands of humbler folk. Like the bankers' cryptic message that flashed throughout Hindustan after the holocaust of Indian chivalry, at Afghan hands, at the last Battle of Panipat in 1761, this message runs of the Gandhi figure.

"Two pearls of great price have been dissolved,
Twelve gold mohuns have been lost, and of the silver
and copper the tale cannot be cast up."

Some day, perhaps, the spirit of Lala Gandhi may be asked to review the souls of those he sent to destruction, not only the murdered English and Indian gentlemen, the good dead constables, burnt alive to make a Hindu holiday, but the estimable Hindus forcibly circumcised by Moplahs and the thousands of excited Moplahs who paid a heavy penalty. A Viceroy or two and a Secretary of State might join his staff for the review.

The action of Lala Gandhi in suddenly defying the victorious British by his non-co-operation campaign, and the murderous results therefrom, together with the rebellion in the Punjab have already been described. But it is edifying to follow some of his actions, and inanities, including the slobber of that particular yaller party, when British folk

flocked to see and hear him ; some because they loved to hear their countrymen vilified and held up to contumely, some because his claims to piety attracted them, some because, as in the north, they want to see and hear "Blackie."

In trying to obtain a perspective of this quaint but disastrous personality, who likes to describe himself to the simple British citizen as " not a bad old fellow," let us dwell on the evil omen that should bring such a person on to the horizon at the time of launching liberal reforms. Rightly or wrongly, timely or untimely, the people of Great Britain, and Lord Chelmsford, were aiming at what, in the goodness of their hearts, they imagined would increase India's well-being. Whether Mr. Montagu was equally open-minded has been questioned, and he has been accused of an inferiority complex which urged him to destroy the picked officialdom of the British middle classes ; still, giving him the benefit of the doubt, we may say that Britain, the Viceroy and Mr. Montagu were aiming at what they believed to be for India's betterment.

Suddenly there emerges the ascetic, money-lender-born, London-trained lawyer, self-styled mystic skeleton, whom the hypnotized call Mahatma Gandhi, whom, with unerring insight, *Punch* called " Goosey-Goosey " Gandhi, and who is styled Lala Gandhi properly, on to the stage. No reason appeals to him, no suggestion satisfies him, no treatment brings consistency or even-mindedness. He comes to an Indian world, with some prestige as the upholder of the rights of Indians in Natal, with the Queen's war-medal as " body-snatcher "¹—to an Indian world which is perturbed by the economic pressure of the war years, and to that part of the continent constitutionally unfit to bear arms and face dangers, and therefore not sharing in the rewards and

¹ i.e. Stretcher-bearer, but probably office clerk of the bearer units in Natal.

pensions that fell to the surviving men of the martial communities.

To them he preaches of the piety of resistance to all the wiles and ways of the impious West. When to this is added his emaciated appearance, his countable ribs, his simple wrappings, his days of seclusion, it is not to be wondered at if he struck some chord in the imagination of India. It is already seen to be but chalk on plaster, and the history of India teems with records of such, of teachers, saints, recluses, from Gautama Siddartha, the *Buddha*, and Mahavira, the *Jinna*, to Kabir and Ramaniya and Baba Nanak, men of far greater intellect, truth and worth, than our impracticable yet tenacious friend of Lincoln's Inn.

It is not therefore out of place to recall some of the Lala's activities, eccentric, dangerous, subtle and uncorrelated as they are, he the tool without question, of the far more venomous Congress. While the Moplah rebellion was at its height, he issued a manifesto—in which he said :

"The forcible conversion of Hindus was terrible, but the Moplah bravery must command admiration. These Malabars are not fighting for the love of it, they are fighting for what they consider is religion, and in a manner which they consider is religious." Incidentally, it may be remarked, that this "religious manner" included torture of unoffending Hindus, who were offered conversion, i.e. circumcision, or the alternative of digging their own graves, with unspeakable outrage on unoffending Hindu women in addition.

Here is Mr. Gandhi, friend of Nonconformist ministers in England, *protégé* of deans with inferiority complexes—at his best in his paper, *Young India*, as follows :

"The National Congress began to tamper with the loyalty of the Indian Army in September last year (1920) ; the Central Khilafat Committee¹ began it earlier, and I began it earlier still. Every non-co-operator is pledged

¹ Of which the Ali brothers were the most prominent members.

to create disaffection towards the Government. Non-co-operation deliberately aims at the overthrow of the Government, and it is therefore legally seditious. . . . Lord Chelmsford knew it, Lord Reading knows it . . . we must spread disaffection openly and systematically until it pleases the Government to arrest us."

Now Gandhi and his friends have obviously nothing to complain about it if the Government of India takes him at his word for the sake of the unfortunate India he would devote to massacre. From then onwards the "ould reprobate" has spent his time in and out of jail, hunger-striking, inciting mobs to burn policemen to death, hobnobbing at Round Tables and generally being as mischievous as possible, without one useful act towards the help of mankind or his own country.

His most successful bluff was his persuading Lord Irwin to allow his "march to the sea" stunt, to manufacture salt on the shore, salt foul with dead fish and cholera germs. To Lord Irwin this was a harmless craze, but to India a signal full of harm and bitterness, as wiser men knew.

In 1922, on the same day on which at last the British Cabinet and Parliament got rid of Mr. Montagu—for his toying with Khilafat sedition—Mr. Gandhi obtained his heart's desire, by a six years' sentence—released after two years on account of ill-health, and having allowed the evil, heartless Western doctor to save his life by an operation for appendicitis.

When he was interned it happened, to quote Sir Michael O'Dwyer, that not a dog barked in India. The distinguished Bengali poet, Sir P. C. Tagore, wrote :

"If the Government had taken this step earlier, then perhaps a good deal of mischief would have been avoided, and thousands of ignorant or impulsive men, misled or duped by Gandhi, spared untold suffering."

One of the Bombay political leaders, Sir D. Wacha, put the case very truly and forcibly.

Mr. Montagu has made the mistake of thinking that disturbing the placid contentment of the masses was an essential preliminary for their moral and material progress. . . . We may tell Mr. Montagu that the disturbance he created is being assiduously exploited by the enemies of British rule. Of course, he did not bargain for this result, but that is generally the fate of doctrinaire politicians."

A good deal of water has run under London Bridge and the Great Bridge at Calcutta since—some crystal-clear but often turbid with the impurities of Gandhi-ism, which has witnessed so many tragedies. The Babbar-Akali rising, the tragedy of Nankana, the terrible holocaust of Cawnpore, the murders by, and subsequent execution of, excited hysterical students, the Red Shirt rebellion in Peshawur and the connected Afridi inroads, all attributable to kindly Viceroy's ignorant of men and their ways, but sufficiently self-opinionated to disregard the counsel of advisers of secretarial upbringing, whose hands were ever on the pulse.

It is a discreditable story of men of the identical race that held up the world in the War, hypnotized and chloroformed. It is also an example of bad luck, that the British Governments who meant so well, who gave so much, should have run up against this little malignant virus and this man of interminable mischief, Lala Gandhi. Thanks to British railways and British posts this virus has been able to nullify reforms which, but for it, would have worked happily and equally for all concerned.

The incidents alluded to that have succeeded the spawn that he had laid and hatched, may be briefly outlined before we close this chapter of the aftermath. That major

evil, the Moplah Rebellion of 1921, demands fuller treatment, if only for the warning it still gives.

THE KHILAFAT MOVEMENT

One of the lesser troubles which the aftermath of the World War brought on the devoted head of the Government of India was the Khilafat movement, or that connected with the Caliph. It had nothing to do with the Indian question, but proved itself an exasperating obstacle to Britain's well-meant plans. The history of the Caliphate is too involved for outline here, and suffice it to say that the word Caliph means "successor." It is, of course, the Europeanized spelling of Khalifa, the "Successor" to the Prophet Muhammad in the leadership of the Faithful on earth. It was not, of course, till the death of the Prophet that the question of succession arose, and it was found that he had left no clear instruction in the matter. It was the same rock on which many religions have split, and in a very few years arose the great division from which Islam still suffers, and the burning question arose whether or no the successor should be elected or become confined to the family of the Prophet. The orthodox party, usually known as the *Sunnis*, were for election, the other, the *Shias*, the "party" of Ali, were for inheritance. After many vicissitudes, the Caliphate, somewhat extraordinarily, for it should run in the race and tribe of Muhammad who was an Arab of the tribe of the Qoreish, fell into the hands of a Tartar, i.e. the Ottoman Sultan of Constantinople, the first Turkish holder being Selim I, who came to the dignity by questionable means at the beginning of the sixteenth century. As a matter of fact, however much it may have added to the Sultan's prestige in the Moslem world, it did not do much for the Turkish Empire. As the years rolled on the Caliphate and its importance faded from Moslem minds, while in Morocco

and in Malaya there had long been entirely independent and auto-cephalic Caliphs, who are probably what Islam really needs, after the manner of the Orthodox Church. But in the latter half of the nineteenth century it occurred to the astute Sultan Abdul Hamid that, could he revive the importance of the Caliphate as vested in the Sultan, he would increase his own importance and his bargaining power. His plans in this direction were crowned with a certain amount of success. The Orthodox Moslem world looked to the Caliph and the *Sheikh ul Islam*, the actual religious head, at his side, for governance and guidance. The Moslems of India, most devout of any, were especially seized with the idea of fidelity to the revived Caliphate. This was most natural, since Islam should always combine the power temporal with the power spiritual : and in India, since the decay of the Mogul, there was no such Islamic head to revere.

The Crimean War of 1854, waged in support of Turkey, was viewed in India with satisfaction, and when Turkey, by our failure both in action and diplomacy, sided with the Central Powers and not with the Allies, India was shocked. The Moslem India of seventy millions rallied very loyally, however, all save a few of the wild intelligentsia, inoculated with the various diseases already described. But the Arab uprising against the Turk was not received with the enthusiasm that was expected, nor was Sherif Hussain, despite the fact that he was an Arab of the tribe of the *Qoreish*, acceptable as the Caliph he eventually proclaimed himself to be. When the War was over, Turkey naturally had to endure her share of punishment. But it will be remembered how long the settlement was delayed, and how Mr. Lloyd George had encouraged the Greek occupation of so much of Turkey in Asia. Genuine Moslem friends to Turkey, and those who felt that Indian Moslems might very well make a stir for themselves, began to be uneasy

at the harsh terms to Turkey that were now adumbrated. Committees were formed throughout Moslem India and deputations waited on the Viceroy and Secretary of State. But in the genuine anxiety of the devout, there was plenty of scope for other factions and for those desirous to disrupt the generally loyal attitude of Indian Moslems. Here was a stew in which Mr. Gandhi could very well put his unclean hands. Lawyers and journalistic politicians such as the Ali Brothers saw their *mauqa*, or opportunity. The same Muhammad Ali of whom mention has been made, found a new opening for himself. The movement, heavily supported financially by the devout but genuine Moslems, fell into the hands of the seditionists, to the chagrin of the more reputable and intelligent among them. As will be described, obscure Moslem Malabar, with its ignorant but fanatical population, would be just the place to answer to the call of the mischief maker. The Frontier, equally fanatical, had too many garrisons to permit the profitable pursuit of the plan there. Out of it all came many embarrassments and the tragedy of the Moplah rebellion. The scotching of that ill-winded movement, the dethronement of the Sultan, and afterwards the extinction of the Caliphate, at the hands of Mustapha Kemal, came as a severe but wholesome shock. Without its religious instigation, the bottom was out of the agitation, all the more so when the Ali brothers were asked to explain how the vast sum subscribed to the movement had been disposed of, and replied that "accounts would be rendered in heaven." So the British Government rode the storm, more by luck than by judgment, rode it on a sea of blood, of Gandhi's spilling.

A curious *sequela* was the movement known as the *Mahajarin* and, in Northern India, the preaching, the incessant drumming in the long India third-class carriages by agitators and revilers, that the Government was foolish enough to allow. Thousands, largely from Sind, decided

that India was *darb ul haram*, unholy and unsafe for Moslems, realized all they could for their land and flocks, and must needs trek off into Afghanistan. But there is no spare land in Afghanistan for hungry yeomen, and King Amanullah told them so bluntly enough. Broken in heart and in spirit, they turned their faces India-wards. Wives and children died of hardship on the journey up, many were sold for subsistence. On the way back, too, many more lost their lives, and it was a weary and thankful remnant who found hospitable India awaiting them, and a friendly Government even prepared to take special steps to reinstate them on their lost acres. The ghosts of the departed and broken-hearted *Muhajarin* may perhaps join that company of Gandhi victims already mentioned, with Viceregal and secretarial shades in the spectators' boxes.

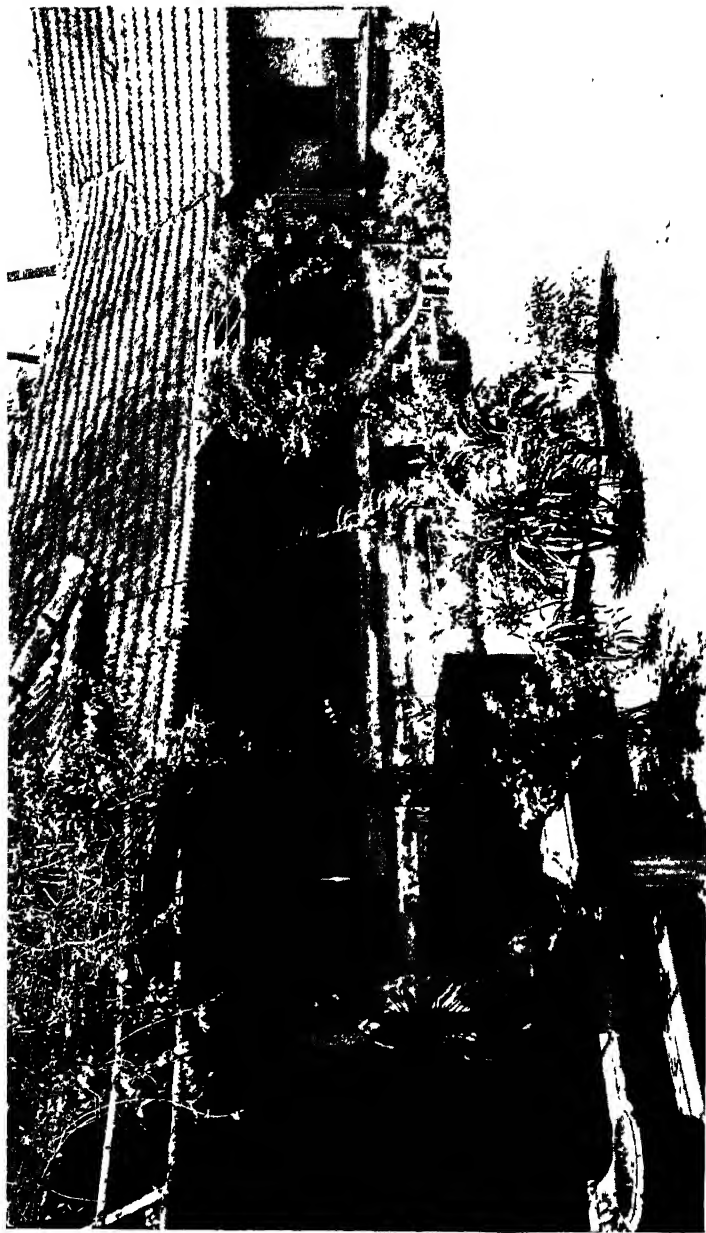
THE TERRIBLE DRAMA OF THE MOPLAH REBELLION

One of the most terrible occurrences in India of modern times has been this child of the incestuous union between Gandhi and the Khilafat leaders with Viceroy intervening, the Moplah Rebellion of 1921. It was the direct outcome of the machinations and cantrips of Gandhi, and the Ali brothers, and the gross ineptitude and paralysis of Lord Reading's Central Government in the face of the most direct representations from Lord Willingdon's Government in Madras and all who knew what was going on. The misery and horror lay in the vast amount of human suffering engendered, the terrible and cruel slaughter of inoffensive neighbours by the Moplahs, the widespread forcible circumcision of adult Hindus, with every contrivance of murder, rape and atrocity added. Then, to crown all, the loss of life inflicted on soldiers and rebels, and in the punishment for murder which of necessity



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]

A MISSION ORPHANAGE IN SOUTHERN INDIA



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]

A NAYAR (HINDU) FARM BURNT BY MOPLAH REBELS

followed. A large number of troops were required for its suppression, taxpayers money was poured out like water. For the first time, too, since 1857, a War Medal was given for extensive military operations in an eternal war which, but for those called in the vernacular *Gandhi-shandis*, permitted by weak Viceroys to inflate themselves, should never have arisen.

That brings us to what must at once occur to all who are not familiar with Southern India, and the Malabar Coast at that, viz., "Who are the Moplahs, these miserables, who must dance to a Gandhi tune on an Ali pipe, and slay their neighbours?"

In answer we must first cast our eyes down the west coast far south of Bombay and Portuguese Goa, and we shall see the mass of really high hills that form the uplands of Coorg and the Nilgherries, hills that rise to 7000 feet, and which look down over the Indian ocean. Other fine and salubrious ranges branch off and continue down to Cape Comorin at the far southern point. Between the high hills and the sea are range on range of lesser hills and valleys covered for the most part with the most inaccessible jungle, among which the British have driven roads and which the people have cleared for themselves for cultivation. Off the roads the virgin jungle, fed by the lush rains of the heavy monsoon seasons, is almost impenetrable.

Here, in the ninth century, certain Arabs settled and married the lower class Hindu and Dravidian women, and produced a Moslem race, converting more of the low-caste people, and producing a people ignorant, sullen, and given to fanatical fury. These people the country knows as the Moplahs, a term said to mean "mother's sons," and to signify matriarchal descent.

Like most people of the South they have no definite martial proclivities nor valour, capable of development by

ordinary means. Early in the twentieth century the Government, anxious for the uplift that military service confers upon depressed races, made an exhaustive experiment with them as soldiers. They proved, however, not worth the cost, since the State supports soldiers for war and not for charity. Since the British have control of them, yet while increasing in prosperity, they have been subject to unaccountable fits of fierce Moslem zeal. When stirred by some trumpery agitator, they would break out into attacks on neighbours, obnoxious traders and the like. When one of these fits were on, the offenders would usually retire to one of their strong stone court-yarded mosques, with which the country abounds, and there defy the forces of law and order so stubbornly that neither armed police nor even the Madras Sepoy could face them, and it was usually necessary to call in the British soldier on whose bayonets the fanatics generally elected to end their career. So much has this been the case that a British battalion in the Nilgherry hills has always kept one or two small detachments in the district.

It has been explained that the methods of the Gandhi-Ali-Brothers' fraternity, despairing of corrupting prosperous India as a whole, decided to explore any cesspool of unrest. Such a region as the Moplah country was obviously one of the places where spleen might be stirred by banging the drum of Islam on the fictitious sheepskin of the "faith in danger," to make the Government "sit up" in modern slang, with their pleasing motto. Now in Moplah Malabar, along the countryside, ancient custom and the survival of Hindu authority places the cultivating peasantry in the hands of Hindu landlords. Hindu landlords can be extraordinarily hard masters to even their own folk, and to rather uncouth Moslems, far more so. But, at this period, there was no real agrarian trouble. The land system and reasonable treatment of tenants had long been the care of

the British Government. When, as during and after the World War, all the world's trade and economics were upset, the effect was felt in the jungle-villages as well as in the great houses of business. The Moplahs, thus, had agrarian grievances, which made them still more susceptible to the enticements of the poison agent.

As an incentive to rebellion, the unsound policy of the timid Central Government and the Secretary of State, in releasing the worst of the Punjab rebels, was openly condemned. Government are afraid ! They dare not even punish ! Further to please the litigious in the first Indian Assembly, the Government of India, in despite of all advice, had divested itself of its emergency powers, and refused to listen to the representations of Lord Willingdon and the Madras Government to the effect that serious trouble was brewing. Government, too anxious to wrap itself in a white sheet when it seemed that the suppression of rebellion in the Punjab was unpopular, issued some contradictory and foolish regulations regarding the use of force by troops. The old rule was a good one, viz., that when the Civil authority is powerless, then rebellion and a state of war necessarily exist. That clear issue had now been obscured. It did not make the treatment of the approaching trouble easier, nor did it make the hiding of your head in the sand a sound policy.

By August, 1921, the roll of the drum ecclesiastic, working in this milieu, prone to fanaticism, and seething with resentment against all and sundry, succeeded in provoking the outbreak. Even now, as the necessity for troops became apparent, the Government of India, Montagu and Hunter as it had been, anxious to "put the soldier in the cart," and keep out of it themselves, enjoined the military commanders to show all possible leniency to the rebels. The paralysing martial law regulations aforesaid were reiterated, and thus, within a month, the murder,

massacre and outrage that ensued, beggar description. What was a small trickle, easily dammed at first, now grew to a roaring torrent, and all men felt that better the sharp lesson of Dyer at Amritsar than the flood of uncontrolled and fearless rebellion now let loose. The Central Government, Lord Reading's Government, soon perforce repudiated its earlier futilities, and within two months the military commanders were empowered to impose and carry out the death sentence of rebels, after conviction, by drum-head (i.e. summary) court-martial. In the Punjab rebellion, a tribunal of experienced judges alone did this.

Thus our Central Government, hypnotized by the excitement and entertainment of seeing a first Indian Parliament at work, forgot that its first duty was to govern, and merely applied soothing dope to itself and tried it on Lord Willingdon. In return they got drama and tragedy with a vengeance.

On July 25th, 1921, the administration first learnt that the expected trouble was coming to a head, and that arms were being collected and also fashioned locally. A search for such at Pukkotur led to a riot in which the police were overpowered.

The Madras Presidency, long the home of considerable military forces and organization, had been changing in this respect. With the march of years, the old Coast Army, drawn from local races, of lesser military qualities had been reconstituted and removed north. Such as remained were in process of reorganizing, demobilizing, or in some cases in being mustered out. The principal reserve of troops lay at Bangalore, the large military station on the Mysore plateau. The reliable and available troops were two British battalions, a British cavalry regiment, and two field batteries. But Malabar is not the terrain for cavalry and field artillery. Added to these were what was then known as the units of the "Auxiliary Force," formerly

the Volunteers, formed from the European planters and the European and Anglo-Indian Railway and business population, no mean stand-by in times of trouble. Added to these were the extremely efficient 64th Madras Pioneers at Bangalore and the Madras Sappers, while the only other effective Indian Battalion was the Carnatic one at Trichinopoly, whose attention was fully occupied with widespread strikes in and around Madras.

Here, it may be remarked, that it is worthy of note how the pouring of new wine into old bottles, the planting of an esoteric trades unionism in lush Eastern mentalities with Vishnu and Siva intervening, brings forth quite a new crop of labour troubles, full of giant nettles. In fact, the cream goes sour in a new manner. It will be found that the curse of combination, gone wrong, is one of the darkest clouds that will darken the days of Indian ministers in the future. The Moplah Rebellion and the concurrent Madras strikes are merely little foretastes of them.

That, however, is but by the way, and we must return to what small forces on the spot, in the midst of the rainy season, did to help out the overpowered police. The only military force in the area was a small detachment of the Leinster Regiment at Calicut on the coast, to the north of the zone of disturbance, and it was not till three more platoons of the Leinster Regiment arrived from Wellington in the Nilgherries that any movement was possible. Then only a platoon could be sent out into one of the centres to hearten the police. By the 19th, however, Calicut was able to send a hundred men of the Leinsters by train to Tirurangadi, fifteen miles down the coast, to help the police in their search for arms. But matters had gone too far for this to be effective, and a riot broke out at Parappangadi, a few miles north, in which 5000 Moplahs took part; a British Army officer and a British police officer were murdered, the railway station burnt, and the

railway line torn up. Next day the Leinster detachment marched back to its centre by road, and was attacked several times, losing two British officers and several men. The officer in command handicapped by the martial-law futilities, lost his initiative, confined himself to protecting his detachment from the rebels, and took no retaliatory action, which he could and would have done, had not his confidence been shaken. The rebels were triumphant, and believed, as the agitators had told them, that the Government was afraid of them, which, perhaps, it was.

But the fat of rebellion was now in the fire, the Moplahs were burning planters' houses, massacring Hindus, and creating a Reign of Terror, while the Madras Government was pouring its troops into the district and the Volunteers were assembling at wayside railway stations and at planters' headquarters. The Dorset Regiment, the 64th, and the disbanding 83rd Carnatics were hurried to the scene. For the moment, local prevention rather than suppression was now the only possible order of the day for the torrent was almost beyond control.

A period of waiting for troops to arrive now ensued, as the Central Government tardily realized the crisis it had allowed to emerge, while hampering the hands of the executive with restrictive regulations and red tape. The situation worsened each day in an appalling manner, horror and terror were spreading like wildfire. Wholesale murder and atrocity of every kind among the Hindu population was in progress as well as attacks on the scattered European planters. We need not go into the pitiful details, but it is not out of place to supply two pertinent extracts, one from the *Madras Mail*, the leading European paper of Southern India, the other from a Memorial addressed by the Hindu women of the district to Her Excellency the Countess of Reading.

The Madras Mail, November 18th, 1921.

"In point of view of magnitude, organization and the atrocities committed by the rebels, this rising in the Moplah country is unparalleled in the history of Malabar, or for the matter of that in the whole of India."

The Women's Memorial.

"Your Ladyship is doubtless aware that though our unhappy district has witnessed many Moplah outbreaks in the course of the last hundred years, the present rebellion is unexampled in its magnitude as well as unprecedented in its ferocity. But it is possible that your Ladyship is not fully apprised of all the horrors and atrocities perpetrated by the fiendish rebels . . . of the many wells and tanks filled up with the mutilated, but often by only half-dead, bodies of our nearest and dearest ones who refused to abandon the Faith of our fathers, of pregnant women cut to pieces and left on the roadside and in the jungles, with the unborn babe protruding from the mangled corpse, of our innocent and helpless children torn from our arms and done to death before our eyes; and of our husbands and fathers tortured, flayed and burnt alive; of our helpless sisters forcibly carried away from the midst of kith and kin and subjected to every shame and outrage which the vile and brutal imagination of these inhuman hell-hounds could conceive of; of thousands of our homesteads reduced to cinder-mounds . . . of our places of worship desecrated and destroyed . . . of the images shamefully insulted by putting the entrails of slaughtered cows where flower garlands used to lie . . . these are not fables . . . the wells full of rotting skeletons . . . they are all here to attest the truth . . . for five long months not a day has passed without its dread tale of horror unfolded."

There is not an allegation herein which was not proved countless times over. The execution by cutting off the heads of Hindus who would not submit to circumcision, on the coping of wells, the bodies following the head into the well, were carried out in hundreds. A great many were forcibly circumcised, and in the wells the dying wounded were crying out, often for three days. What a Moplah holiday! No wonder that the Government who could permit such a situation to develop has suffered from contempt and contumely. But only on Sir Michael O'Dwyer, who knew and who would not permit it in the Punjab, was *official* censure cast. A little less decision and there would have been the same scenes in the vast European and the Anglo-Indian railway settlement in Lahore, so rapidly infuriated can Indian mobs become, as the Cawnpore story of 1931 emphasises. The stories of flaying alive, or sawing skulls asunder and the like, are reminiscent of the worst days of Tippu Sultan; doings, indeed, which finally decided the British in 1798 to end his regime.

So far as the actual military aspect of the rebellion is concerned, there is little to relate. As soon as the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Rawlinson, was asked to take the situation in hand, he was not slow to act. Major-General Burnet Stuart had been doing his best with the few troops available under his command. But there were now sent him troops from the Himalayas and Burma, Gurkhas, Garhwalis and Kachins of the Burma Rifles, within whose breast no possible Islamic notes could be struck, and who thoroughly understood jungle warfare. A mountain battery too was hurried to the scene, but the jungle was often too dense for its use. The general method finally employed was that of the advance by slow stages of various columns along the accessible routes, the columns extending across the thick jungle and beating it out as you beat for game, a long and tedious process known as "driving." Now and



[Courtesy of Indian Railway Bureau]
AN APPREHENSIVE HINDU MOTHER IN THE MOPLAH ZONE



HIS EXCELLENCY VISCOUNT READING
(later Earl Reading)
Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

again it exposes small parties to the desperate attacks of some larger local body. Once, near the Beypore River, a detachment of the 2nd/8th Gurkhas was held up by one of those solid stone mosques which form a noticeable feature of Moplah scenery, and which figured often in the annals of the earlier risings. The mountain guns had not penetrated so far and no Stokes mortars were then available. It was not till 1 Gurkha officer and 6 O.R. had been killed and 2 British officers and 10 O.R. wounded that the troops forced an entrance. Once inside they soon put an end to the struggle ; 56 Moplahs dying fighting desperately.

To show how formidable the galvanized Moplahs could be, the instance of the attack on Pandikkah post during one of the drives may be cited. Here the post was attacked at dawn on two fronts, the assailants even penetrating. They lost 67 killed inside and 170 outside, but of the small garrison 1 British officer and 8 O.R. were killed and 2 Gurkha officers and 27 O.R. wounded. On the 7th of January Muhamad Haji, the "Khilafat King," with 21 followers was captured and shot, by sentence of court martial, with six of his followers on the 20th. This was practically the end and, by the close of January, 1922, the disturbance was over and large numbers of rebels captured and brought before the special courts. The actual troops carrying out the drive were the 1st/39th Garhwalis, 2nd/8th and 2nd/9th Gurkhas, and the 3rd/70th Burma Rifles, with the 10th Pack Battery co-operating when possible. The Suffolks, Leinsters, the 64th Pioneers and the 83rd Light Infantry were engaged in holding important points and the stops against which the drive was pushing the rebels.

The troops lost altogether 43 killed and 126 wounded, while close on 3000 Moplahs lost their lives, a total on which those who so hotly join in condemning the 300 deaths in General Dyer's severe action may ponder. In addition

to this we should add many deaths among police officers and men, and Mr. Eaton, a European planter, who was beheaded. The number of Indians decapitated, of women raped and murdered, of children cut in pieces, of converts dying from septic circumcision and the like, this runs to many hundreds.

Of the rebels, 2266 were killed in action, 1615 wounded, 5688 captured, and 38,256 surrendered. (*Madras Mail*, 23rd January, 1922.) And it is to be hoped that the two "G's," the Government and Ghandi, were satisfied.

The troops had experienced a most difficult and trying time and had behaved with great forbearance. The Police had a severe trial and though much that happened was beyond their fighting capacity or stomach, yet there were many instances of very creditable behaviour. It should be regarded as part of the Gandhi "bag," that 70 Moplah prisoners travelling in a closed railway van under Police escort were suffocated by the heat, through the thoughtlessness of their captors, who perhaps did not care. Those familiar with the story of the Black Hole of Calcutta may have some conception of what Eastern callousness, as distinct from intention, can bring about. There was a story at the time in Delhi, which is probably true, that when some Indian agitators tried to pass a vote of censure on the Government for their "repressive measures" against the Moplahs, an aged and distinguished Madrassi legislator went into the Government lobby shaking his head, and saying that though "he disliked 'repression' exceedingly, still he disliked 'circumcision' more," and we may leave it at that. It must, however, also be noted that Lord Willingdon when addressing the Madras Legislative Council on the 1st September, said: "Serious as is the position in Malabar, I feel it my duty to warn honourable members that it is not Malabar alone that gives the Government grave cause for anxiety. Throughout the Circars and more

particularly in the Deltaic districts, the same insidious propaganda has been at work, undermining constituted authority, preaching race hatred, seeking to instil into the masses, impatience of and contempt for constitutional authority."

The destruction of Government and Hindu property by the rebels was very great. A large number of the more fanatical prisoners were interned for many years, while those who might be trusted to return to their homes were released. The trials for cruel cold-blooded murder and torture were of course many, and for these the Law took its course.

That is the end of a sad story, and if in the Punjab the Government and the men involved, knew that they saved the country from far worse horrors, the Afghans assisting, there are few now egregious enough to think otherwise. Moplah-land was a very hard bitter fact, and did not smoke well in the Gandhi pipe.

THE HORROR OF NANKANA

The instance of the strange dramatic possibilities that underlie the unbalanced Indian character has had from time to time bitter and pathetic expression, always at a moment when the British Government has been unnecessarily paralysed. For generations to come the classic example must be that of Cawnpore, where, in 1931, the Hindus fell on their Moslem neighbours and murdered adults and children in large numbers in a few hours.¹ Children were torn limb from limb; infants unborn were cut from their mothers' wombs, a favourite Eastern atrocity; and every form of insensate massacre and murder indulged, so that the total outrages ran to many hundreds, augmented of course by the reprisals by the Moslems as soon as they realized what was happening. If you have

¹ See next chapter.

ever seen the corpse of a woman from whose abdomen the unborn infant has been cut to make an Indian holiday, you will realize how revolting such things are, even when associated with Gandhi and Congress. When riots are rife, the butchers from the bazaars are always active, and the favourite Eastern atrocity of slicing off women's breasts is easily accomplished with their long fleshing knives.

A dramatic and typical atrocity of the unrestrained East is the terrible episode of Nankana. It illustrates as forcibly as does Cawnpore why the administration in India must not be allowed to sink into inefficiency. It has been explained how, after the rebellion in the Punjab in 1919, and the good King Amanullah's attempt to turn it to his own advantage by invading demobilizing India, the British and Indian Governments lost their nerve. The saviour, whose name was a name to conjure with, was gone, and a paralysed administration had taken his place. That such a thing could ever have happened in the land that John Lawrence rebuilt is one of the anomalies of history, but strong provinces need strong leaders. There had been in operation for some time a perfectly natural development within the Sikh religious organization. The Sikhs are but a small coterie of folk barely three million souls, but a virile and vocative section of the twenty-five millions in the Land of the Five Rivers. No religious system operated by man seems to be able to run smoothly without schism and faction, and Sikhism forms no exception. It is not possible here to rehearse the Sikh story, but suffice to say that the simple teaching of Baba Nanak, of the time of Martin Luther, developed into the martial body of the Singhs under the Tenth *Guru*, or leader, famous in history as *Guru Govind*. But all the Sikhs or "disciples" did not embrace the fiercely evangelical teaching and rules of a military theocracy, that animated the Singhs or "Lions," as the followers of *Guru Govind* were directed to style

themselves. Sikh shrines and temples of two kinds remained : those in charge of *Mahants*, or *Abbots*, usually non-Singhs, who were Nanaki Sikhs, and at these there worshipped both Singhs, Nanaki Sikhs, and also miscellaneous Hindus, though neither Sikhism nor, at any rate, its later development, can be considered, except through reversion, as a Hindu faith. In the Sikh revival which had been in progress for some years and which the War fostered, the head Singh Temple at Amritsar and its devotees with other Singh shrines, were growing suspicious that the Nanaki *mahants* were misleading the faithful and were not maintaining the great principles and rules of *Guru Govind*. Further, the great irrigation policy of the British had made the waste lands, whose usufructs when in temple hands just maintained the *mahant* and his assistants, of great value, and the *mahants* derived, or irregularly controlled, considerable revenues and sometimes led scandalous lives thereon. The Singhs and their dominant societies were endeavouring to obtain control thereof. It was a difficult ecclesiastical problem, resembling many that have agitated the ecclesiastical systems of the West in times gone by. The existing situation was that which the British had found after the Annexation of the Punjab in 1849, and they had confirmed the customs and land grants then in existence, in compliance with the wishes of the people and customs of the time. For seventy years this had been observed. What was now needed was that the Sikh community should make up its mind as to what it now wanted and procure a new law, or else work within the machinery of the existing courts. There was no other way out, and if the Punjab Government had not been Montagued and decrepit it would have made this clear to everyone concerned. Instead of this it allowed a movement to develop and an organization called the *Akali Dal*, the Army of God, to arise, with the avowed

intention of waiting neither for laws nor courts, but to seize the temple lands and expropriate the *mahants*, putting in Singh priests. The situation was a difficult one admittedly, and a timid Governmental policy, so far as law, order and the maintenance of existing rights went, was certain to be disastrous. The facts, moreover, that Sikh opinion had not fully crystallized and that the lawyers were anticipating a harvest did not mend matters. Thus a definitely lawless and entirely improper attitude towards their own problem was adopted, owing to the obvious reluctance of the Government to grip the situation. The militant Sikhs were admittedly talking of violence and seizure. The *mahants* themselves were naturally apprehensive. Without further attempts to unravel the complicated situation, we may now turn to the story.¹

The reforming Singhs had long had the great and wealthy Sikh shrine at Nankana in their eye. Nankana, the reputed birthplace of *Guru Govind*, was naturally of immense importance, and it was in the hands of a *mahant*. Through canal irrigation the temple lands had become exceedingly valuable, and the annual income was something like the figure of half a million rupees. Obviously this was a test case worth fighting, or a prize worth seizing, and lengthy lawsuits of the "Wee Free" type² were not a pleasing prospect. Rumours that the *Akali Dal* were about to jump the place were sedulously set about. The usual faith in the Government to preserve law and order had been grievously shaken, nor apparently did the local magistracy seem to have enjoyed normal prestige, or possess information as to what was in progress. The *mahant*, nervous, but determined, actually obtained for

¹ The whole tragedy and problem, is adequately handled in *The Punjab of To-day*, by B. K. Trevaskis, of the Indian Civil Service—long a district officer in the Punjab.

² In Scottish Presbyterian life.

his own protection a force of Pathans, Moslem tribesmen from the Frontier, who are always ready to take part in any trouble, and who roam at will in the Punjab, but only after he had repeatedly applied to the Commissioner of the Division for protection. Instead of getting a definite assurance he received the feeble advice to apply to the Courts for an injunction. Of what use was a court injunction in an electric atmosphere? However, the news of the hiring of the frontier ruffians did make the *Akalis* hesitate. The *mahant* was still very nervous, and on February 19th, 1921, he was on his way to Lahore to attend a meeting of the Nanaki or non-Singh Sikhs, a perfectly valid proceeding, had the Government been functioning. But on his way to the station a woman called out: "*The Akalis are coming.*" He went back and learnt that a band was in the district, which was actually a band of about a hundred marching from one meeting to another, who intended to worship at Nankana on the way in the early morning. There was no intention of seizing the shrine, though, no doubt, there was much tall talk in the villages. That this was so was the opinion of the *mahant's* own party, and, therefore, probably true enough, though he himself thought otherwise. The shrine was in a masonry courtyard surrounded by cells and shelters, covered with flat roofs, in which the people worshipped. The Singhs arrived before dawn on a cold February morning, and the *mahant* highly alarmed, jumpy, but fervidly determined, had his guard of desperadoes arrayed on the roofs and round about. The pilgrims, for such in this case and for the moment they were, marched in peaceably enough through the great wide open gates. Then there was a sudden cry of alarm, and there began what was the most astounding and unexpected attack, which turned at once to massacre. The Pathans, many of them armed with rifles, opened fire from the roofs in the dark. The unarmed *Akalis*,

thoroughly broken up and cowed by this nocturnal firing, and with no means of escape, were then set on by the Pathans with swords and knives. A few took refuge in the Shrine, but a hole was cut in the wall and rifle fire poured in. The sun was now up and a ghastly scene was revealed by its early rays. There were no survivors. All the Singhs were dead or dying, and on to the heaps, without mercy or thought for the wounded, were poured innumerable tins of kerosene oil which were set alight. Outside, the world but knew of the shrieks and rifle-shots and the blaze of the funeral pyre. A vast pillar of stinking smoke arose from within and the stench of the burning corpses was appalling. The terrified hysterical abbot sat on the roofs, powerless to control the devil he had raised, even if he wished to. The number sacrificed could never be accurately told, but it was somewhere between 88 and 135. Incidentally it was a convenient way of accounting for the disappearance of any murdered enemy, to say he was in this particular holocaust.

Scandalous tales stirred the country-side of a Moslem courtesan cheering on the swordsmen, and were probably true enough, bravadoes have such in their train and *mahants* have not been above suspicion—altogether the most terrible story of modern times ! The trial that ensued and the excitement engendered were no credit to any administration, but, however much authority was to blame, it is obvious that the situation was so unforeseen that all and sundry may well have failed to realize how such tinder might ignite, while even those with knowledge would hardly have expected so terrible a denouement. Nevertheless, it is a solemn warning against feeble administration on the one hand, and Indian hysteria on the other.

THE BABBAR AKALI REBELLION

In tracing the strange holocaust of Nankana, we have seen the effect of this *Akali* movement, that has followed on the general weakening of authority and the psychic bond of order for which British rule has so long stood. One more of its sequels in connection with the *Akali* movement remains to outline, and that is an uprising known as the Babbar (meaning "lion") *Akali* movement, which was partly a resuscitation of the old *Ghadr* movement and partly an experiment of a section of the *Akali Dal*, just referred to, and their friends the dacoit-producing classes, to test the strength of what authority remained. Before they had finished they became aware, but this result necessitated a good many troops and a "drive" in the disturbed area in the Jullunder Doab, and in Hoshiarpur, an area that had not needed soldiers since the days of 1849. Troops in considerable numbers were moved out in 1923, and it was necessary to drive the country systematically and fight, when necessary, a fight to a finish. The clever instigators were constantly endeavouring to attach the movement to a revival of Sikh religious fervour, and a demand among quite respectable Sikhs that the *kirpan*, or Sikh sword, should be worn. This, incidentally, was an idea that struck across the whole question of civil disarmament, which had prevailed for seventy years, and which was doubly necessary among so fiery and quarrelsome a set as the Jāt Sikhs of the Manjha. The *Babbar* revolution, for such it became, caused much bloodshed. Happily many of the old *Ghadr* party who had nursed their grievances, and could never forget them, perished in the fighting, for in such mental subjects once again "Stone dead hath no fellow."

CHAPTER XV

THE AFTERMATH OF EXPERIMENT

The Dead Sea Fruit of the Years After. The Congress Rebellion, or Civil Disobedience of 1930. The Continued Outrages in Bengal. The Congress Rebellion at Chittagong. The Attempted Red Shirt Rebellion, 1930, in Peshawur. Trouble Spreads to the Border. The Afridi Inroads of 1930. The Tragedy of Cawnpore, 1931. The Haze on the Far Horizon.

THE DEAD SEA FRUIT OF THE YEARS AFTER

THE epic of India since the outbreak of the War, with its various storms and agitations, which the administration, with very great ability, succeeded in weathering, as well as those large military achievements that followed, have been depicted, with the somewhat humiliating *sequelæ*. But we must now turn to those tragic happenings of 1930, when a Hydra-head of our own causation actually threatened to prepare an active rebellion under the farcical, yet tragic, title of "Civil Disobedience." Great men had weathered the War Storm ; little, if well-meaning men, in trying to help India on her way of progress and prosperity, laid a faulty foundation, and then the great noblemen, whom England sent as Viceroys, have had an ill-winded pirl to handle and to hoe. The natural desire to enrich the East with all that science and invention had achieved for the West, the great poverty of the over-populated country, the endeavours to make it more productive, the continental nature of the problem, were all enough to tax energy and goodwill without the ill-fortune of this jaundiced and bile-bred Congress spirit. The standing and services of the British deserve a quieter and happier ride than they have enjoyed since the days of Mr. Montagu, *Alleh salaam* !¹

The more serious of these latter troubles deserve some

¹ Peace be with him.

consideration in a book that deals with *Ghadr* conspiracies, Silk Letter Plots and such wanton outbreaks as the Afghan Invasion and the post-war Waziri drama.

THE CONGRESS REBELLION, OR "CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE," OF 1930

Among the extraordinary symptoms of the steady decline of the prestige of the British in India at the hands of our politicians, which has been such a notable feature of the Post-war era, has been the Congress Rebellion of 1930, yclept the "Civil Disobedience Movement" that Mr. Gandhi and the Congress were so long allowed to prepare, to prepare too, in the face of constant warnings of what was to come, which the expert administrators had so often uttered. Just before the agitation commenced, Lord Irwin had made, on the authority, it is said, of a Cabinet which here surely exceeded its brief, that extraordinary and entirely inadvisable reference to Dominion Status for India. Inadvisable, because, as may once more be stated in this connection, India has 353 millions, made up of divergent races and religions. Our largest "Dominion" is Canada, with a population of ten millions, it is almost entirely Christian, and complies to British law and ethic, even if it has soiled its ethnology with all the "God Knows Who" from strange European States.¹

Australia, with its six and a half millions, is almost all British and Christian, while New Zealand has but a million and a half, and, except for a few hundred thousand Maoris, all British. What parallel is possible, and how unstatesman-like to urge India to adopt so trivial and misleading an expression. Incidentally be it remarked, that declaration, even if the British people are prepared to honour the extraordinary implications of the unguarded statements of their ministers, was made before the somewhat premature

¹ Cf. The Bishop of London's speech in Canada a few years ago.

"Statute of Westminster" altered that status, with De Valera tapping hard therein to find a crack.

However, the point is that immediately after the Viceroy had made this statement, made in the hope of creating a favourable atmosphere for the Simon Report and of placating implacables, the Congress and Mr. Gandhi declare, and are allowed to re-declare, that the goal of the Congress is complete independence for India.

Then, as already described, Mr. Gandhi begins his comic but significant march to the sea to make salt contrary to law on Dandi Beach. Lord Irwin, with a knowledge confined exclusively to the futility of such ravings on Tower Hill or at the Marble Arch, let it flow and swell from the small trickle to the great devastating torrent. Allied with religious claims, Civil Disobedience burst into a wave of hysteria that threatened to surge through India like a forest fire, and which, as the address of the Governor of Bengal to the Police, quoted later, states, aimed at paralysing all forms of administration. But Civil and non-violent disobedience is something that cannot possibly exist. Though a contradiction in terms, the outbreak became immediately violent to the dismay of those egregious and more simple souls who formed the less influential section of the Congress body. The story of the "Civil Disobedience" Rebellion Movement is to some extent known in this country, and need not be described in detail. Its absurdities will indeed be remembered; how hundreds of people lay down in front of railway trains, and picketed European shops and assaulted people who would not listen to them. But a few of the more serious acts that this evil thing, the Congress, succeeded in inducing its dupes to commit against the Government and still more to the detriment of its own people, may be enumerated for our instruction and remembrance. They form an illustration of the wise old saying that you can always have as much trouble in India as you ask for. Three generations of

Secretaries of State and their Viceroys invited a great deal, and they got it—Cawnpore, Peshawur, Civil Disobedience, and at an earlier stage, after that great and disregarded warning, the Moplah Rebellion.

It was on the 5th of April that the saintly Gandhi sat on his haunches in conclave on Dandi Beach and inaugurated the sacrament of the illegal salt. Now watch the tragedy in a peaceful land :

- | | |
|-------------|--|
| April 11th. | Disturbances in Bombay and Calcutta. |
| „ 14th. | Riot in Belgaum (Bombay side). |
| „ 15th. | Serious riot in Calcutta. |
| „ 16th. | Serious riot in Karachi and also disturbances in Poona. |
| „ 18th. | The rebellious military attack on the armouries and civilians of Chittagong, referred to a little later. |
| „ 20th. | Disturbance at Patna. |
| „ 23rd. | Occurred the serious rioting in Peshawur and attempted Congress Rebellion which will be described later. |
| „ 27th. | Serious riots in Madras. |
| May 2nd. | Disturbance in Amritsar. |
| „ „ | Disturbances at Bombay, Ranighat (Bengal), Jullunder (Punjab). |
| „ 8th | Exceptionally serious riots at Sholapur in Bombay, which got out of hand and called for Military action. |
| „ 15/17th. | Serious riots so far apart as Bengal and Jhelum. |
| „ 24th. | Disturbances at Calcutta, Karachi and Multan. |
| „ 25th. | A British Police Officer was killed under scandalous circumstances near Peshawur. |

During the rest of May and the whole of June similar riots engineered by local Congress Committees continued.

The Congress machinery was now engaged in bomb-throwing and train derailing. Industrial disputes in Calcutta and Bombay occurred, with a peculiarly savage tinge. At Dacca there were several days of ferocious civil war, while on the 19th of May an outbreak of bomb-throwing occurred in six towns in the Punjab. The local Congress cell was always able to inflame students and incite the criminal classes in the towns to demonstrate, the mass of the well-intentioned standing helpless, as in most other countries except England, when extremists cause trouble. An interesting point is that this period of rioting was followed by one of intense Hindu and Moslem enmity, which, added to local Congress malevolence, had its crisis in the Cawnpore horrors of 1931, and produced that humiliating hint to Britain from the well-disposed of "Govern or get out."

During all these engineered disturbances, though it was evident that the Congress had a wider measure of support than was surmised, yet the great administrative machine went on without breakdown. Central authority, it is true, was, as indeed it has been for some time past, somewhat as the juggler with several balls in the air, thankful so long as one did not fall to the ground.

No ball did drop to the ground in the really major sense, thanks to the good foundations of early British rule, the staunch police, the steady army and the great sentiment of goodwill that has always supported our rule. There was now, however, ample reason for Lord Irwin's reluctant Government to regard the Congress as Public Enemy Number 1, and to put the leaders into prison and keep them there.

The chief incidents connected with this outbreak are so serious and were so dramatic in Bengal and on the Frontier as to merit description in fuller detail.

THE CONTINUED OUTRAGES IN BENGAL

The crisis in Bengal was intensified by civil disobedience, but it was simply that which existed pre-war and which had now become endemic, with lulls and rests, it is true, but with disconcerting insistence, the more modern feature being the participation of girl students in the murder system. As the earlier symptoms have been described in detail, the later ones may be studied with profit. Since 1930, ten Europeans, six Moslems and three Hindus, all holding some public or official position, have been murdered. The homicides have almost all been students, and some of them girl students. Messrs. Garlick, Douglas, Horne, Peddie, Burge and Stevens, of the Indian Service, have all fallen victims to this vindictive cult. Sir John Anderson, the Governor of Bengal, was shot at lately, it will be remembered, at the Darjeeling races, by four Bengalis, who discharged six shots at him. His train, in July, 1933, was imperilled by a bomb placed on the line. His predecessor, Sir Stanley Jackson, was fired at by a girl student while making a speech at a prize-giving in 1932.

It is a new form of "the burden" which loyal officials of all races have to bear, and it is most disquieting, all the more so that the conspirators have extremely subtle intellects, and a gift of devising something new, which, in other spheres, might make their fortunes instead of leading to the gallows.

The most serious happening of recent years has been the Chittagong outrage and revolt. This and all its display of violence, were especially encouraged by Mr. Gandhi and the Congress' "Civil Disobedience." The outrages at Chittagong are described in the next paragraph, but they also continued to the winter, and a few of them must be mentioned, if only for the benefit of sentimental deans who show Gandhi over cathedrals, and the edification of

cardinals who stand with him below crucifixes. This must be done, lest we forget. Oblivion is one beautiful ideal, and forgiveness another, but not to the persistent slayers of those who do their duty, not to the champions of a system of murder which has been in progress for some quarter of a century. Moreover, the troubles break out worse when any amnesty to prisoners or repeal of ordinances giving special powers to authority is promulgated, but rarely with the fierceness of this 1930 outbreak. Here are a few of the ordinary items of that winter's crop. In October four young Bengalis rushed a merchant's shop to secure arms, shooting the door-keeper dead, while an assistant inspector and constable were shot by absconders. A bomb thrown into the Police Station at Khutna injured two policemen. In December, two young Bengalis mortally wounded an Indian Inspector of Police, and three Bengalis in European dress rushed into the office, in Calcutta, of Colonel Simpson, the Inspector General of Prisons, and fired several shots at him, killing him on the spot, and wounding Mr. Nelson, the judicial secretary, who came to his assistance. Justice on this occasion, however, was done by the criminals on themselves. They went into an empty room, and one took poison, the other two shot themselves, one, Binoy Bhose, who was the murderer of Mr. Lowman¹ dying of his wounds, the other recovering to be tried and executed. This terrorist outbreak, resembling that already recorded of the days before the War, resulted in 350 policemen being wounded and 11 killed. The terrorists also killed 19 persons, and a good many of them were shot in the affrays. The Indian ranks of the police experienced many attempts to lure them from their allegiance, and much duress put on their families when these could not be protected. The incidents described were a very minor part of this particular outbreak of terrorist

¹ The Inspector-General of Police—see below.

hysteria and rage. The number of burglaries and dacoities committed to obtain funds, quite apart from the normal criminal activities, was considerable, and also, as in the earlier days, many thousands of rupees were thus secured for the revolutionary chest. Lord Irwin found himself compelled to issue, under his special powers, many ordinances to prevent customary law and order breaking down in a country where public opinion is easily deflected and intimidated from supporting authority.

We find the Governor of Bengal this year complimenting the police when addressing them: "I fear that it will be long before the police regain their ascendancy over the ordinary criminal, established by long years of hard work, and largely destroyed by the action of those who have launched Civil Disobedience. Dacoities have increased in large numbers and the record of ordinary crime has steadily mounted . . . throughout the Province an attempt has been made to bring Government to a stand-still, to let loose the forces of disorder and to break the prestige of law, which is the only protection for the ordinary citizen. It is the police force of Bengal that has stood between its inhabitants and chaos . . . you have been subjected to harassment and insult, to persecutions and annoyances, many of you have been injured, some of your number have been murdered, and all of you have been worked almost to breaking point. Your loyalty has stood firm against all temptations, every officer has testified to the unflinching courage, the unbroken discipline, and the wonderful self-control the force, as a whole, has shown."

And so, when those officers, of wide experience and far greater knowledge of the manner in which this great continent has been led from chaos towards peace and prosperity, inform the constitution-mongers that a plan to put the police under Indian ministers, and, at the same time, deprive the Governors of all real power, is suicidal—well—

perhaps they have some sound sense on their side. Nor are they impressed when they hear that the author of all this folly gazes solemnly at crucifixes, and is taken to the bosom of the Church in the city that witnessed the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket.

THE CONGRESS REBELLION AT CHITTAGONG

The Chittagong trouble in 1930 was so serious, so atrocious in its aim, and so pronounced, that it should not be permitted to sink into oblivion, much as the good-atmosphere merchants desire this forgotten state. It is the tragic story of what the extremists of the Civil Disobedience group, with the saintly Gandhi assisting it, although, perhaps, as its unwitting tool—succeeded in enacting.

This is the Chittagong episode. On April 18th, 1930, at about 10 p.m., four batches of terrorists set out from the Congress Office and the shop of a conspirator named Ganesh Ghose. One was to take possession of the Police Armoury, another to capture the Auxiliary Force Armoury, the third to massacre Europeans in the club, and the fourth to destroy the Telephone Exchange and Telephone Office.

The Club party, however, discovering that at that hour the club, a daytime more than an evening one, was deserted, broke up into two parties and joined the Armoury expedition. The Police Armoury body, consisting of about fifty youths, all in khaki, with officers in uniform, rushed the sentry and shot him down; the party then broke into the armoury, secured the breech-loading muskets and revolvers, with which they drove off the unarmed constables in the lines.

The party attacking the Auxiliary Force Armoury consisted of seven persons. The leader, dressed as an officer, went up to the sentry, and after replying to the

challenge, shot him and another sepoy fatally. Sergeant-Major Farrell, hearing the reports, came out of his quarters nearby and was shot dead. The Armoury was then forced open, and pistols, revolvers, rifles and a Lewis gun were taken away. The ammunition which was in the magazine was fortunately overlooked. The raiders, after setting fire to the building with petrol, and piling the looted arms into cars, drove off to join the larger party at the police lines. While in the Armoury they fired on all motor cars and killed a railway guard, the driver and assistant driver of a taxi, and a constable in the District Magistrate's car. This party thus murdered seven people and wounded two others. There still remains the Telegraph Office group, which consisted of six men. They seized the telephone operator and chloroformed him, and hacked the telephone board to pieces. They shot at the Telegraph master, who came to the operator's assistance, but he drove them off with his gun without their destroying the actual Telegraph Office. This party then joined that at the police lines, which now numbered over sixty persons. The leaders then set about issuing the arms and instructing the conspirators in their use. About midnight three British police officers and a member of the Auxiliary Force opened fire on them with a Lewis gun from a subsidiary armoury. The raiders returned the fire and threw a bomb. They then made for some hills north of the town, and a series of skirmishes occurred with the armed police who had been summoned. Authority, however, was now in the ascendant for, in this skirmishing, nineteen of the raiders were shot dead, but not without killing and wounding several police.

A further batch of terrorists had destroyed the railway and telegraph wires at Dhoom Station, 40 miles from Chittagong, and another had cut telegraph wires and tried to derail a train.

Five days later, four young men were arrested at Feni Station on suspicion of being concerned in this raid, whereon they opened fire on the police with revolvers, wounded a sub-inspector and two constables, and escaped.

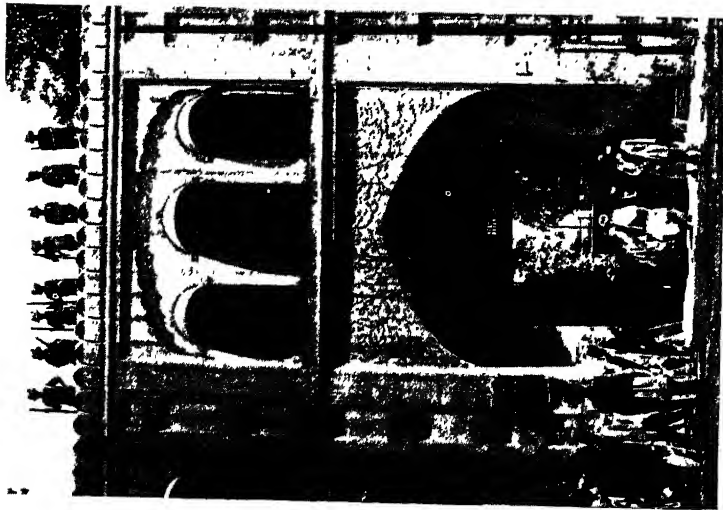
The Chittagong Raid fired the imagination of inflammable youths and during the subsequent summer innumerable outrages occurred. In August two bombs were thrown at Sir Charles Taggart's car, though happily one of the culprits died on the spot and the other was taken. On August 24th a bomb was thrown on a police post in Calcutta, injuring four persons, of whom one died. A few days later, Mr. Lowman, Inspector-General of Police, was fatally injured and Mr. Hotson wounded, while visiting a hospital at Dacca.

Since this raid, a considerable force of troops, British and Indian, have been marching and camping in Eastern Bengal to reassure loyalists and spread good will. Their appearance has been widely welcomed.

THE ATTEMPTED RED SHIRT REBELLION ON THE FRONTIER PROVINCE, 1930

It has already been related how the activity of the sedition committee in the Punjab and in distant Kabul had culminated just after the Rebellion in the Punjab in 1919, in an attempt to ally itself with the invasion of the Afghan Amanullah. The cancer was then treated by the knife, but had formed again with the general decline of respect for authority, which the pacific character of the Montagu Reforms, allied to acquiescent Secretaries of State and Viceroy, had induced. In our own House of Commons, Mr. Maxton, in protesting against the "Seduction of the Forces" Act of 1934¹, declared himself a revolutionary, and protested against interference. He was told that he

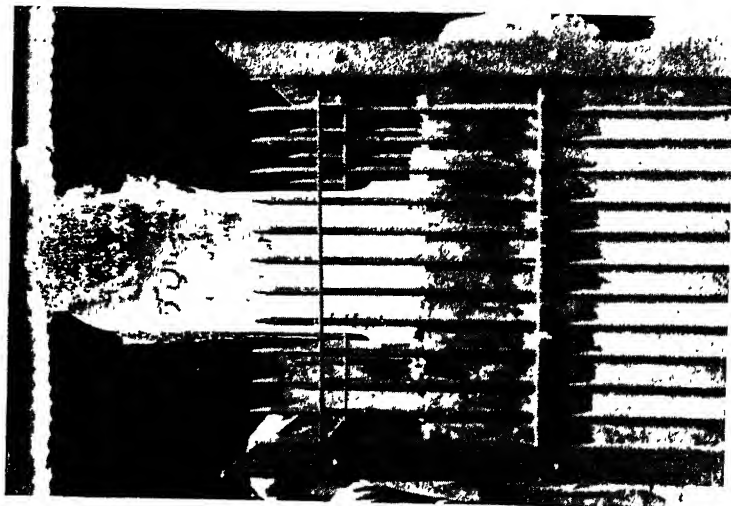
¹ Which only simplified the procedure and did not alter the Law.



The Ghor Khatri, Central Police Station, garrisoned by British troops during the attempted rebellion.

THE CONGRESS REBELLION IN PESHAWAR

A bogus memorial to the Moslem martyrs, erected by Congress Hindus to get Moslems implicated when the Chief Commissioner weakly abandoned the city to the rebels.





Artillery recruits.



SOME WHO BELIEVE IN THE BRITISH RAJ

An Outcaste mother



A Sikh Railway Guard

might urge in a constitutional way his revolutionary ideas as much as he pleased, but to attempt to seduce the troops from their allegiance—he must not. This really brings us to the root of the trouble. You *cannot* allow revolution to be preached constitutionally or otherwise, in an emotional, ill-educated Eastern country of 353 millions. It is madness so to do ; and yet, since it has been the fashion to appoint Viceroys from the political class, and since Secretaries of State interfere with Viceroys, no one is man enough to bang the table and say so. So the customs of British kerb-stone politics are being pressed on India. In addition to the bitter heritage of 1919 and the whoring after Bengal, we have leaders of sedition allowed to propagate it under the pretext of party politics. The permitted poison of the Congress underground “ Civil Disobedience ” Movement had come to the frontier cities to revel in the offal of disorder that is endemic therein. The Congress had, among other things, the impertinence to endeavour to come and “ inquire into the working of the ‘ Frontier Crimes Act.’ ”

Further came the complication of the *Sarda* Act, which regulated the age of marriage, as the result of the hysterical anger aroused by the revelations contained in Miss Katherine Mayo’s world-renowned *Mother India*. That Act, framed and fathered by Westernized Indians, was intensely disliked by the people of India, for reasons which do not concern the reader. To agitators it was welcome as a stick to beat the Government, to whose initiative it was attributed. The Act, was, of course, grossly misrepresented. The countryside was told that it involved the examination of girls, Hindu and Moslem, by British doctors, and the countryside shook with indignation.

In this milieu a body of agitators, including a certain Abdul Ghaffar Khan, found sedition easy. An embarrassing body, *The Khuda-i-Khidmatgaran*, “ The Servants of God,” known as the “ Red Shirts,” because its members

affected this garb, drilled, equipped and at times armed, sprang into being. So, close to the border and the Pathan tribes within the border, the news, sedulously spread, that the British were going, brought thousands of tribesmen, excited by the usual roll of the drum ecclesiastic, to arms. Peaceful, contented agricultural and pastoral tribes lit up at once, such people as the Khattaks even catching the *furor*.

So dangerous had become the movement, so *laissez faire* the administration—a Viceroy's visit coinciding—that matters became very grave. At last it was decided by the agitators that they had now so raised the city of Peshawur that they could stage a mass demonstration. This was too much even for those who had supinely allowed this pestilent growth. The two leaders, some editors, and members of the *Nau-jawan-Bharat-Sabha* or "League of Youth" were taken into custody.

In the adjacent cantonment of Peshawur was the finest body of troops in India, European and Indian. There the tradition has always been disciplinary. There, in 1857, as mentioned in Chapter XII, Brigadier Cotton and Colonel Herbert-Edwardes had blown from the guns mutinous Sepoys of the Bengal Army, while all the frontier cheered and wondered, flocking to enlist with men who plainly knew their own minds and their duty.

The troops in 1930 were already seething with indignation at what was being tolerated by the administration.

After the arrests, the Deputy Commissioner called on the Military authorities to send the "City Disturbance Column"—a force always held in readiness—into the city. There, peculiarly savage rioting, always liable to occur in Peshawur, had broken out. The troops were received with a shower of bricks and stones, a British despatch-rider on a motor cycle was overturned and murdered, and an armoured car was set ablaze. As peaceful means were out of the question the troops fired, and after

having been kept for the most part inactive under great provocation, moved to their various stations. Next day was reasonably quiet, but in the evening a disconcerting episode occurred. Two platoons of the 2nd-18th Garhwal Rifles, who had been greatly ill-treated by the mob, against whom they might not act, the day before, refused to obey orders. On this occurred one of those proceedings best calculated to lose India. The Chief Commissioner decided, for some quite unintelligible reason, to withdraw the troops from the City. Thereafter the situation grew rapidly worse. The sedition leaders proceeded to enrol Congress Volunteers and to take every possible means to sustain the populace in a state of violent agitation. For several days the City was entirely in the hands of the Revolutionary Body (April 23rd to May 4th). Then the troops re-occupied it and a number of leaders and hooligans arrested.

The Military authorities, aghast at the behaviour of the small party of one of the most famous Indian Regiments, disarmed the whole battalion and sent it away under guard, until a Court of Inquiry was able to acquit it of general insubordination, when it was re-armed. The circumstances which had produced so staggering an incident need not be detailed here. But it may be said that when soldiers are submitted to gross indignities without being allowed to take action, discipline is apt to disappear.

THE TROUBLE SPREADS TO THE BORDER

The news of this amazing spectacle of British Authority flouted in the great frontier town, long famous for suitable and prompt action when trouble emerged, flew round the border like wild-fire, where plotters and agents were hard at work. The Frontier had heard the tale so often that it was incredulous ; it had hurled itself on defences, said to

be deserted or feebly held, so often to its own undoing but now the story came from its own reporters that authority really was paralysed, that the big *sahib* in the big house was afraid, that the old breed of deputy commissioner and police officers was extinct, and that any dog might bark as he pleased. All along the border the trouble spread. At one village the assistant superintendent of police was most brutally done to death, a shame and scandal such as to make old officers turn in their graves.

Across the administrative border the tribes began to get busy. There was a severe clash near Bannu with tribesmen. There, a local mullah had been preaching violence, and demonstrations were to be held just across the border. 300 troops and 100 Frontier Constabulary marched to the scene. By a series of circumstances quite immaterial the mullah's supporters fired on the party at close range while *pourparlers* were in progress, killing Captain Ashcroft and killing and wounding 18 men of his regiment the 6/13th. In the fighting which followed, however, Nemesis overtook the authors of the treachery, for the mullah and 40 of his followers were killed, 30 wounded and 80 taken prisoners.

While the Peshawur folly was in progress, 2000 Mohmands collected just across the Peshawur border with the object of moving on the city, occupying the bomb-proof caves on the river cliffs, watched by a military force and bombed, when possible, by the Air Force. Further north along the border, a *Lashkar*, or Commander of the powerful tribe of the Utman Khel, threatened Shabkadr, was observed by troops, but was kept off by bombing. In Waziristan 4000 Wazirs attacked the fort of Datta Khel, and some 1200 Daurs fired on Boya. But these were but small and incidental happenings, merely illustrating the danger of allowing any lessening of authority in such inflammable surroundings. The big trouble was now to follow up the



THE AFRIDI INROAD, 1930

The Peshawur Moveable Column trying to bar the invaders' escape to the hills.

THE CONGRESS REBELLION IN PESHAWUR, 1930

An armoured car burned by the mob, and the British motor cycle whose soldier rider was murdered. (Note the motor cycle lying directly behind armoured car.)



THE REDSHIRTS IN THE PESHAWUR DISTRICT
The "Red Shirts" parading at Charsadda close to the Mohmand border outside Peshawur.

A view of Peshawur City from the old Mogul (and British) citadel.

invading of the Plains by the Afridi, an undertaking hitherto quite unknown to history.

THE INROADS OF THE AFRIDIS IN 1930

The Afridi clans for the greater part inhabit the extensive mass of hills immediately south of the Khaiber Pass and have been the subject of much fostering by the British Government who, for many years, encouraged them to join the local and general military forces. Since then, they have been an attractive element in many of the good regiments, though none too famous among their own neighbours as fighting men. Their power came when the long range rifle became accessible to them, often by sheer theft, and also by local handicraft industries copying by hand the modern rifle. They became, and are, famed as marksmen; in 1897, in the great frontier risings, their contraction of the infection subjected them to a severe punitive expedition into their highlands, known as the Afridi Tirah. That over, they were gradually restored to favour. The World War, however, did not add to their reputation, for they deserted freely, though there were probably certain tribal reasons, which, to some extent, may have mitigated the charge of infidelity and pusillanimity which their conduct suggested. At any rate, after the War they were practically, to their intense surprise, and with the approval of the whole army, barred from both general and local corps. The result was that their young men were out of employment, which naturally meant trouble, and the pension roll which, for three-quarters of a century, had brought well-being to the country-side, had become exceedingly small. However, through the solicitations of their friends in the British services, and by the active interest of the Commander-in-

Chief, Sir William Birdwood, the ban on enlistment was to some extent withdrawn, and in 1930 they were re-appearing in the forces.

That they should have selected this time to make trouble is a curious fact, but there has long been a factor in operation which was changing the old conditions. Their chiefs, those to whom the tribal allowances—allowances for services rendered in maintaining order and abstention from raiding, sometimes spoken of as “Dane-gelt” by the scurrilous—had taken to residing in luxury in Peshawur, rather than among their own people, and taken to themselves more of the allowances than public opinion approved of. Their influence, therefore, was waning. Certain of the young men, too, were ready to believe that the British had begun to retire from their established business of governance and insistence on decent behaviour. To them, of course, came the agitator and the banger of the drum of Islam. Therefore, they decided that they would, with all the impertinence in the world, come into Peshawur, shoot up the cantonment, and help to spread despondency and alarm.

The story of the abandonment of the city to the Hindu rabble of the Congress party, tickled them, and confirmed their belief in the degeneracy of the modern British. All the more so, that the Viceroy himself, the Lord Sahib, had just been visiting, and had actually encouraged the farce, or at least, so the bazaars said. Consequently, at a price which was alleged to include the number of valuable cartridges to be fired, the Afridi *lashkars* began to assemble unmolested, it is almost incredible to say, by the Air Force available. That was just another instance of how failure to govern, to insist, and to play the man, as in the Moplah Rebellion, brought swift misery to the masses and contumely on authority.

It may be well to explain here the details of the so-called

"Afridi Plain." The position of Peshawur strikes most people with renewed surprise when they look at the map. The road to the Khaiber runs out due west, that by the Kohat Pass due south to Kohat, and the Bara road runs south-west, between the two. Beyond the city of Peshawur, and before the foot-hills to the south-west, lies what is known as the Afridi Plain. This slopes almost imperceptibly upwards to the hills, aforesaid, for ten miles or so, and rises in the process a thousand feet, though no one would notice it as one rides or drives across it. Down this plain comes the Bara River, cutting its way through steep conglomerate cliffs, while several other water-courses, usually bone dry, also traverse it with similar, if lesser, cliffs. These cliffs admit of admirable bomb-proof caves, some natural, many scooped from the softer layers. Now in most places the administrative British border runs at the base of the foot-hills, but on this little bit of frontier, the Afridi Plain, for the most part, lies without the border, and has been regarded as tribal territory. Into this plain came, perforce, each autumn a mass of the Afridi clans with their flocks and families to escape the bitterly inclement winters of the Afridi Tirah. It is essential that they should do so for their very existence. The reason for not bringing the plain within administrative territory is that in summer it is empty, and that it is a convenience to have the migrating tribesmen outside our magisterial and revenue jurisdiction all the year round. But that need not have prevented what has so often been urged, the placing of military posts far out in the plain, so that the tribes *must winter within them*, a certain guarantee of good behaviour. The soft side of frontier policy, however, dictated otherwise. Thus it was quite possible for the *lashkars*, or tribal mobilization and armed gatherings to assemble across the administrative border, and unless interdicted, legally so. The right, however, to interdict could never have been disputed,

however much resented. But as *lashkars* only assemble for hostile and illegal purposes against the paramount power, to forbid them is the proper course, especially now that the frontier air force makes attacks as well as observation a simple matter.

A few weeks after the Red Shirt scandal and the abandonment of Peshawur city to the rebels, an Afridi *lashkar* of some 5000 men assembled on the western side of the plain between May 31st and June 3rd, and some 2000 of the choicer spirits invaded the Peshawur district and reached the outskirts of the city. They were bombed and attacked by troops and found it not so amusing as they imagined, but the authorities were alarmed since a large force had succeeded in getting in close touch with the rebels of the city. The actual bombing produced little effect since, at this season of the year, high crops, over six feet high, sugar cane and the millets, afford plenty of concealment. Huge quantities of bombs were now expended where a little earlier a tenth of the number would have broken up the *lashkars*, as the Army and Air commanders had recommended. In a few days the Afridis had oozed back to their hills, but the news of this invasion, for such in effect it was, seemed unparalleled in its presumption, had spread to the neighbouring country, and even in Hazara trouble occurred. A party of Afridis a little later succeeded in invading loyal villages in the disguise of Frontier Constabulary.

That was the first Afridi inroad, but it had created a taste for more, a taste which the *comitadgis* of rebellion were anxious to increase. On August 1st, at a *jirga*, or tribal assembly, it was decided to launch another attack on Peshawur. Within a week 5000 men again assembled, and, advancing by a dry water-course, succeeded once more in evading the military force watching the border. Another *lashkar* joined them, and at least 2000 armed Afridis were

in the gardens round Peshawur and engaged in attacking military posts.

Troops from behind had come up during the interval between the two inroads, and though hampered by the pusillanimity of local and central authority, they succeeded in sweeping the country round and attacking the tribesmen wherever possible, in addition to a widespread, but not too effective—in the nature of things—bombing. In fact, in the intense heat to which the earlier failure of the authorities had now condemned their unfortunate troops, accompanied, as it always is, by dust and tropical haze, neither troops nor 'planes can be very effectively used against well-armed marksmen, lurking in high crops, behind walls and irrigation ditches, and in a country intersected with the covered ways which dry nullahs furnish. However, after a week of extended operations, sweeping and turning movements, drives and bombings, the now disappointed filibusters began to realize that successful revolution was a chimera, that intelligentsia secessionists had no real stomach for fighting and that the British Army, European and Indian, despite bad direction from above, was a very serious antagonist. By August 15th, you could not see the tribesmen's heels for the dust. Their appeals to other tribesmen, who had already been drubbed, failed. The Mohmands, Orakzais and Chamkannis held back.

Authority now began to reassume its forsaken dominion. The Chief Commissioner who had failed to grip had been removed, though he was possibly not so much to blame as his Government and the haunting Montagu ghost. A stronger Commissioner was appointed, but even he was handicapped by the dead hand above. Nevertheless, public opinion and pressure from the military authorities, who were contemptuous of those who made the Great Victorious Army of 1918 a laughing stock, now produced

their effect. What had long been wanted was at last done, and the Afridi goose cooked for all time, or at least for such "all time" as Britain remains Britain and competently governs. The Afridi Plain has been girded by a motor road running round the border and between the Khaiber and Bara roads out of rifle shot of the foot-hills. On the circular road two strong military posts with 4.5 howitzers and a moveable column, well built and well watered, have been erected, and properly huttred. Further, a radial motor road connects the centre district with Peshawur.

The Afridis may come down for the winter with their families, "their ox and their ass" and their flocks, as before, but only *passing through and camping within the chain*. Thus, not only must they behave themselves, but, if they are under interdict, they will jolly well stay in the snow. More amenities, more medical assistance will be the lot of the well behaved, but the unruly will "get it in the neck." The Afridis, for the moment, are more than sorry that they listened. But to make this "holiday," many a British officer and soldier, many an Indian soldier and policeman has lost his life, and many a tribesman too, who could have been better employed. So much for sending nice kind gentlemen to rule and mouth platitudes in places where platitudes spell disaster.

Incidentally, it may be added that during the week that the Afridis had assumed the office of the Government, a good deal of damage was done. Military mobilization stores partly destroyed, railways torn up and breached, and much loss incurred by the state. These and the military cost of the operations that followed, which were so important as to be deemed worthy of an issue of the Frontier War Medal, must in the great Book of Fate and Judgment be written up against those who negligently allowed this situation to arise, even if one cannot mulck their bodily pockets in compensation.



ATTACK ON MOSLEM PROCESSION BY GANDHI FOLLOWERS IN BOMBAY TWO YEARS
OR SO AGO

Police rescuing injured Moslems Out of 900 casualties there were seventy-two dead in three days' rioting.
Lala Gandhi fasted, but that did not restore their life to the dead.

There must be many who still remember a lesser occasion of humiliation, when all India pointed the finger of scorn at Lord Elgin and the Commissioner of Peshawur, for allowing the Khaiber forts to fall, in 1897, when the Afridi garrison of Fort Maude marched into the huge force assembled at Jamrud and spat on them for not coming to their assistance, and the soldiers hid their heads in shame. A distinguished Administrator, when lecturing at Simla before the Viceroy a little later in that year, taunted the Government of India with that "day of shame and humiliation to the whole British race," when the Khaiber Militia were left to their fate.

THE TRAGEDY OF CAWNPORE

The long list of tragedies which the lapses of Lord Reading's and Lord Irwin's Governments were to bring about, now perhaps culminates in the revolting communal riots that occurred in the tragic city of Cawnpore in May, 1931.

This tragedy is a fully documented one, as a special Government - of - the - United - Provinces Commission of Inquiry, consisting of two British and two Indian officials, sat thereon, and their report—a command paper presented to Parliament—may be purchased and perused for 1s. 3d. at Adastral House, Kingsway, in London, by any whose jaded taste refuses to react to Edgar Wallace, or the murder novel.

The occasion was one of those in which the tolerated treason of the Indian Congress, added to the various fantasies of the Gandhi movement, as this Commission clearly points out, gathered the fruit that was ripening.

This was the way of it. In April, 1929, a young Punjab revolutionary, Bhagat Singh, during a sitting of the Legislative Assembly, otherwise the Indian House of Commons,

in company with an accomplice, flung bombs from the gallery upon the Government benches. He was tried and sentenced to transportation, but, from clues that came to light during the trial, it appeared that he and two others were the authors of the dastardly murder of Mr. Saunders, the revered and popular police officer in Lahore, a few months before. By this time the general debility that our Governments had induced, resulted in a great attempt to defeat justice by means of various devices—hunger striking, threats to witnesses, terrorization of juries, etc. Eventually a special commission of three judges appointed “by Ordinance” became necessary. Bhagat Singh and his accomplices were sentenced to death on the murder charge. Exactly as the leaflet flung from the gallery in Britain was superseded in the lush Indian sedition hot-beds by bombs, so was every conceivable legal device employed by the seditionist’s lawyer to defeat justice.

Great efforts were made to gain a reprieve, and to discover legal flaws in the long-drawn-out judicial proceedings, while the Congress in Session extolled the bravery and sacrifice of the murderers. Lord Irwin found it necessary to make a public statement to explain why he could not reprieve such dastardly criminals; the murderers, therefore, at long last went to the gallows, and no one thought of the gallant Saunders done to death to make this Congress happy. The Moslem community, however, naturally held grimly aloof. They had a more developed sense of proportion and respected the rule that deliberate murderers must die.

On March 23rd, at Cawnpore, a *hartal* was proclaimed by beat of drum by the Town Congress Committee, and a procession of mourning was announced to take place at 3 p.m. In the course of the *hartal*, Hindus and Moslems came to blows. To quote from the report of the commission “this developed into a riot of unprecedented violence

and peculiar atrocity, which spread with unexpected rapidity throughout the city and even beyond it." Murder, arson and looting were widespread for three days, before the rioting was definitely brought under control. The loss of life and property was great. The number of verified deaths, viz., bodies burned or buried by authority was three hundred, but the death roll was known to have been larger, and was probably between 400 and 500. A large number of temples and mosques were desecrated, burnt or destroyed, and a very large number of houses were incinerated and pillaged. The deliberate killing of women and children, even to tearing them asunder by one householder on his neighbour, was a peculiar feature of the enmity displayed.

It was a pathetic finale to Lord Irwin's reign, and his prolonged efforts to bring sympathy and understanding to an enormous problem.

THE HAZE ON THE FAR HORIZON

The outlined story of the little known incidents of the World War and of the embarrassing and untoward happenings, that have so clouded the horizon later, may now be concluded. The War gave opportunity for the perverted nationalism of Deccani Brahmins and Bengali youths to inflict severe injury, and enabled Congress to incubate outrage in a vicious medium, and to vitiate by sinister means the benevolent plans of Great Britain for India's development. The disturbances and ill-minded agitations since 1919 disclose the trials and difficulties in which successive Viceroys have been involved, when trying to complete the building of the Montagu House, *pari passu*, with the introduction into India of as much of the discoveries and inventions of science as her revenues and her other abilities could assimilate and support. The pouring of new wine into old bottles in a land so vast as the Indian

continent could only be followed by a fermentation whose potentialities for good or for evil no man could estimate. Nor do doubtful experiments, such as that in Southern Ireland, provide any index of the giant energies which may be liberated when operating on a vast scale. Those familiar with the orderly Government and immense progress of India between 1859 and 1914 can but marvel at the terrible disorders that the slackening of administration and the breaking of the great Civil Service—the “steel frame”¹ that held India together, have permitted to take place. Troubles that a quarter of a century ago would have occasioned censure of Viceroys, dismissal of Governors and retirements of local officials are now accepted with a shrug of the shoulders. As the prophet Jeremiah said: “My people love to have it so,” and it is entered to the account of the dead and gone Edwin Montagu, to Lala Gandhi, or to natural disquiet, as may be. But it has given rise in some Indian quarters to the scornful remark that “If you cannot govern, ‘get out.’”

The annals of the Afghan War and the aftermath of Waziristan are really part of the epic of the World War, the remainder are the product of the fermentation of the “New Deal,” and are given here to prove how hard have been the trials of the eminent men that this country has sent to her proconsulate since the War ended.

The years between 1914 and 1919 embrace the doings of many great men, both British and Indian, who served the Empire’s cause comparatively unsung. India’s difficulties have been superlatively great and, as we have seen, all Britain’s efforts for the continent’s well-being have been hindered or even prevented by the obstinate and criminal antagonism of Congress and its confederates. The great vista of the past World War and that astounding story of the rebuilding of the crashed Turkish Empire

¹ The description used by Mr. Lloyd George.

must always occupy an outstanding position in human annals.

Let it again be emphasized that neither Lord Reading nor Lord Irwin should have been called upon to face the troubles that arose during his Viceroyalty, and this without prejudice to any question of the extent to which their Governments and the Secretaries of State reacted thereto.

There are only two incidents in the Viceroyalties just mentioned that posterity will hesitate to forgive, the Moplah Rebellion in 1921 and the Redshirts' *débâcle* in Peshawur in 1933. There is the third terrible episode of the Cawnpore Massacres, but this Congress and Gandhi must share between them. The other difficulties that have been surmounted during the last fifteen years have been enormous; the energy that has been expended in the reconstruction of this land of Siva tremendous, and the fruitful results are before us. The task of adding the coping stone to British architecture has been undertaken fantastically enough, and the political consequences are yet to discover, but every achievement, we may be sure, will be brought to judgment and whether it be good, or whether it be evil, let us trust that the evil will be placed to the account of the real authors thereof.

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